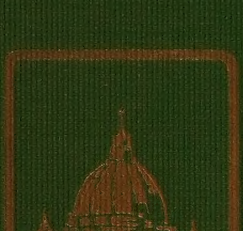

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SO YOU'RE GOING TO ITALY!

CÆSAR CROSSING THE RUBICON
By Paul Chenavard

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ITALY!

AND IF I WERE GOING WITH YOU THESE ARE THE THINGS I'D INVITE YOU TO DO

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

Author of "So You're Going to Paris!" "The Martyred Towns of France," etc., and of the Clara Laughlin Travel Courses

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TO

FANNY RIGEL EVANS, JR.

MY DEAR COMRADE

IN ITALY

AND

ELSEWHERE

PREFACE

THERE is, certainly, no lack of books about Italy; and most of them are good, many of them are superlatively so. Italy has, I think, no corner that has not been 'covered'; no object of interest that has not been many times described. The greatest masters of writing have put their best, maturest efforts into books about Italy; and the masters of each succeeding day will continue to do so. Italy has everything about her which makes her guests sing her praises. And as each new one breaks into song, he seems (lover-like!) jealously conscious of all the other singers; so he strives to make his praise different from theirs — to strike a new note; to chant in an unwonted key; to celebrate some glory of his Lady that her other lovers have overlooked or slighted.

All this is very interesting. But when an average sort of person is about to make his first invasion of Italy, hoping to gather there at least an average share of her bounty, and asks, 'What book shall I take?' it seems impossible to name any single volume which meets the general want.

Guide-books we must have (I have always carried three Baedekers for Italy), and most of us want a good handbook on Art. And as the majority of travellers in Italy restrict themselves to hand-luggage, they cannot carry a great number of books. Usually, too, they are *en route* to or from Switzerland and France; which means that all through Italy they must carry their guide-books to those countries, too.

And yet — however many of those books on Italy one may have read, at home, in preparation for the journey —

how many, many, many times a day, in Italy, one does wish there were a friendly little book with just the things in it that an average newcomer would most like to feel a bit more sure about when he's 'there, where it happened.'

Our guide-books have to be very comprehensive; so they tell about hundreds of places and things which can never concern us in our little month or so in Italy; and about the places and things we do see, the guide-books are, necessarily, so concise that we often wish for 'the little more, and how much it is!'

In the Loggia dei Lanzi, at Florence, for instance, it seems that very few of us are avid to know the names of the probable architects of the Loggia, but almost every one of us, looking at Giovanni da Bologna's 'Rape of the Sabines,' wishes that he could remember a little more of what he once learned in school about the Sabines and who raped them, and why. And Cellini's masterpiece, 'Perseus with the head of the Medusa,' would be a good deal more interesting if we had a few details about its making and about its vivacious sculptor.

And if, in Venice, we were helped to recall the thrilling story of Marco Polo, how much more it would mean to most of us than knowing where there's another altarpiece by Pordenone or which of the palaces on the Grand Canal belonged to the Contarini.

And so on.

A large proportion of the books on Italy were written by specialists — archæologists, or authorities on art, or antiquarians — and are for the special student rather than for the general traveller. Of the other books on Italy, a great many deal with unfrequented places which only the sojourner in Italy can hope to visit. Almost everybody who writes on Italy seems fearful of comment on the obvious things; and it is the obvious, the outstanding things that

we must know first, before we can pass on to the unusual.

So, as I'm not at all afraid to be ordinary, to repeat what has often been told before, I'm offering you my little book on Italy. It is made up of the things *I* like to think about when I'm in Italy — and when I'm away from Italy. It has little, 'remindful' bits culled from scores on scores of the books about Italy that I love best, and that mean most to me as I try to comprehend Italy. It has all of my personal experience there that I think would be interesting and helpful to you — and none of it that cannot serve you.

Many thousands of you have liked my 'So You're Going to Paris,' and that has encouraged me to believe that you may like as well my suggestions when you're going to Italy.

I have tried to keep in mind, in this book, the requirements of the average traveller making a first or second visit to Italy, and trying to see some of her greatest attractions in a period of three to six weeks.

All the practical details of travel in Italy — apportioning time, daily programmes, transportation, hotels, pensions, shops, restaurants, and so forth — are in my Travel Course on Italy, in the small booklets wherein frequent changes can be more easily made as they are necessitated; and subscribers to which (being listed) can be reached from time to time with fresh information as I gather it on my successive trips.

The matter I have put into the book is more standard and such as will, I hope, continue to be helpful to pilgrims in Italy for many years to come. It is, practically all of it, matter that I have used in innumerable lectures on Italy, as a result of which I have learned what it is about Italy that a great many people want to know.

The delightful truth about my discoveries as to what interests many people is that I find their tastes identical with my own. So that, in writing my little book, I have

had the happiest sort of feeling that I was writing, not for an indefinite, problematical 'public,' but for us who really know one another pretty well and find that we travel together most companionably.

I hope that you, as you read it and carry it with you, will feel the same way about it!

Sometime, I hope I may write a second book on Italy, dealing with Sicily, with the hill-towns, with the Riviera, etc. To include them in this volume would have been to make it as terse as a guide-book.

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SO YOU'RE GOING TO ITALY!

* * *

PART I
NAPLES AND VICINITY

'O land of all men's past!'

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ITALY!

* * *

PART I

NAPLES AND VICINITY

I

NAPLES AND HER BAY

The tide of travel through Italy has always flowed both ways, and still does so; although the changes in shipping conditions have greatly curtailed the number of regular Mediterranean sailings by which voyagers may land at Naples, and in consequence of this more people now than formerly go overland to Italy and begin their acquaintance with her at the north.

There are both advantages and disadvantages to this latter. Two overland journeys instead of one make it possible to have Provence and the Riviera one way, and the Italian Lakes and Switzerland the other way. But, on the other hand, it is not easy to be compensated for loss of the approach to Naples from the sea, and that headlong plunge into Italy's most vivid picturesqueness and most romantic past.

Those who like to 'wade in' and grow gradually accustomed to strange elements may make their Italian beginnings at Genoa or by way of the Lakes and Milan, and feel no privation in so doing.

But those who love the exhilaration of a plunge should get their first impressions of Italy at Naples and come northward as our civilization did.

All travel is more illuminating if we can make it like an unfolding story; and, as that is what we shall try to do in our Italian travels, there is really no conceivable place to begin except at Naples.

So, please imagine yourself in the Bay of Naples, approaching the city. If you want descriptions of what is all about you, they are to be had in abundance. Half the eminent colorists of the past two thousand years have attempted to paint this bay, in words or pigments; and every book on Naples reproduces some of their efforts besides adding some new ones. What has been so well done, we won't duplicate here. Read all you can, before leaving home, of those glowing descriptions; there is no doubt that the vision of the poet, the painter, helps the view of the mere mortal — they make us see more than we could see without them; and therefore we bless them. My effort shall be to help you *feel*, rather than to help you see, by nudging your memory and perhaps adding a bit, here and there, to your store of interests in Naples. (I'm always finding new interests for myself, in familiar places; so why shouldn't I suppose that some of mine may be new to you?)

What amount of time you have allotted to your stay in Naples, I cannot guess. I'm afraid that three or four days for this whole vicinity is an average stay. In four indefatigable days you can glimpse about half of the main sights hereabouts; in eight days you can have a rapid-winging bird's-eye view of most of them. If four days is your limit, you must choose, individually, which half you will leave out.

Of the sights to see, the greatest — of course — is Naples herself; so very 'strange' she is, with her opulent natural beauty and her dirty, slatternly ways.

As you go through Italy, making acquaintance with one after another of her cities, you will find that each of them

has an absolutely distinctive personality. And perhaps, when you begin to define their characteristics, you will say, as I do, that Naples, with her bewildering loveliness, is sensuous in her appeal, as Rome is intellectual, and Florence is spiritual, and Venice is romantic.

Naples's beauty is God-given and owes little or nothing to her own effort; she doesn't even keep herself clean, and, when she tries to deck herself out, she usually does it in barbaric bad taste. She has, indeed, suffered much because of her beauty — has been much coveted, much laid-siege-to; and has yielded, with but feeble resistance, to an almost infinite number of those that desired her; but she seems to have loved few, if any of them, and to have endured their cruelties to her because she was too slothful to resent them.

I have seen it stated that, in her twenty-seven hundred years or so of history, Naples has never been ruled by a Neapolitan. But when I have tried to verify, or disprove, the statement, I had to give up, dizzy, bewildered; the mere enumeration of her masters makes my head swim. Greeks there were, and Romans; barbarians and Byzantines; Arabian pirates and Norsemen; German emperors and Angevins; Aragonese and Hungarians; Bourbons and Bonapartists, and what-not!

At any rate, it is safe to say that Naples has lived under a long succession of foreign masters; that she has always relied on her physical beauty, and has made almost no efforts to be intellectual, spiritual, or artistic in her appeal for admiration; that she has, of herself, produced an irreducible minimum of loveliness; and yet —! that year after year, age after age, she goes on intoxicating mankind with her charms and making them, under her spell, paint, write, sing, sculp, design, love, as they never dreamed they could do until they knew her.

Careless and conscienceless she is; but there's something

about her gayety, her love of life, her very lack of scruples, that limbers us in every muscle, mental as well as physical, and sets us free to feel, to do, to be. I don't know how much of her influence we may hope to feel in four hectic days. But some of us are not slow in responsiveness, and we can get, in a very brief association with a new personality, that which will alter all the rest of life for us — remake all our valuations forever afterwards.

The truth about many visitors to Naples, however, is, they permit themselves to be so offended with the squalor underfoot, that they do not see the glorious beauty above; they are so full of condemnation for certain things in the behavior of many Neapolitans, that they cannot feel the lessons which, all unwittingly, the Neapolitans teach.

If you mistrust your ability to see beyond dirt, you would best confine your sight-seeing in Naples to the Museum, the Royal Palace, the Aquarium, and the opera.

But if you are there to get the best of Naples, to let her do for you what (with all her squalor!) she has done for many of the elect of the earth, you will learn, even in a few days, to love so ardently some of the characteristics of those dirty, thieving, cut-throat Neapolitans that, as you move on in your way through life, you must always be gladder than you could have been if you had not known Naples.

I'm presuming, now, that the squeamish have eliminated themselves from our more robust company, and that we who set forth together are a congenial company, out for a happy, folksy time. There are, of course, some learned and very superior persons who'll sniff at what they'll call our superficiality, and will hold themselves very much aloof from us, as they go off to dig deep in the Phlegræan Fields and to look for traces of the Saracens and Lombards. But being sniffed at doesn't hurt anybody, and being sniffy does. So I'm not depressed. Are you?

There are two principal hotel centres in the city: one, high up, on and near the Corso Vittorio Emanuele; and the other down on the water-front, on Via Partenope (Vee-ah Par-ten-o-pay). The higher location is airier and quieter; the lower is a little more convenient. Both have excellent hotels and pensions. For a sojourn of any length, I think most persons choose the higher quarters. And it is perhaps true that a majority of those who have but a few days to stop find Via Partenope their headquarters.

So, although I have always stayed in the upper town, I think I shall serve you best if I guess that you are in the lower, and that your first stroll abroad in Naples (probably your first in Italy) will be along the water-front and into the beautiful Villa Nazionale (Veelah Nadzee-o-nah-lay) or park, where the Aquarium is. And this is a good time for you to remind yourself that in Italy a *villa* is not just a house, but always an elaborate pleasure-ground — more than a mere garden, however lovely; I suppose that our English word nearest to it in meaning is 'estate' used as we use it when we speak of a mansion and its grounds.

But, first of all, you must not be allowed to walk along your street (Vee-ah Par-ten-o-pay) without a reminder of what its name signifies. If you remember your mythology much better than I remember mine, you may know without 'looking it up' that Parthenope was one of those singing sirens who lured sailors onto the rocks and — probably — devoured them; you remember that Ulysses, warned of their wiles, had himself lashed to the mast, so he could not seize the rudder and heed their call; and ordered the ears of his sailors stopped with wax so they could not hear the sirens' song. Parthenope either died here, on this shore, or was brought here for burial; for as late as the beginning of our Christian era, her tomb was seen here by an eminent historian and geographer, Strabo.

There is a very considerable literature about sirens; and some writers say they were hot winds, named from Sirius the star of the dog-days; while others say they were various things, including penguins! Can penguins sing? Or can a hot wind have a tomb? You may believe what you like; but I like to believe that Parthenope was a lady (according to her lights) and that she died of love for a mortal man, as the stories say, and that her seductive ghost walks hereabouts where her tomb used to be.

About the Villa Nazionale you can read in your guide-book, and about the Aquarium. I am content, here, to urge them both on your attention. Don't despise this Aquarium because you have seen others and found them only mildly interesting. You have never seen anything like this; it is an experience in sheer beauty, whether you do or do not care about the home-habits of your under-sea neighbors.

And, whether you gaze or merely glance at the antique granite basin from Pæstum, I hope you will not fail to have your fortune told by a tiny green love-bird — one of those that frequent the park for this purpose; you may never again have such a chance, close to a siren's tomb.

You will probably go into the Galleria Vittoria, here at the water-front between the Villa and Via Partenope, and begin your acquaintance with this type of modern structure wherewith Italy seems to be restoring to her citizens something of the forum pleasures that their ancestors enjoyed. The modern galleria, spacious as it is, and costly, is far from the magnificence of the old fora, and has no temples, no law courts, in whose stately shadows the populace gather to discuss communal things. But there is a large element of the same social sort; and after you have loitered about a number of Italian gallerias (in Naples, the Galleria Umberto Primo is much more characteristic than the Galleria Vittoria) I think you will feel less lonely in the ruins of

the Roman Forum; you will be able to repeople it, in your imagination, with men very like those you watch so interestedly in the gallerias of to-day. If these men, discussing Mussolini's policy in Greece, could be divested of their sack suits, and toga-clad, they'd probably be surprisingly like the men who gathered in the Roman Forum to discuss Cæsar's imperial aspirations. One of the greatest classical scholars I know assures me that every one is missing a great deal of delight in ancient history who thinks that there was an enormous difference between those times and these, between those humans and ourselves. And I'm sure he's right, and that this is an important thing for us to be convinced of at the very outset of our brief wanderings in Italy.

Some time very early in your Naples stay, I hope you'll go a-riding, not in a taxi, but in a horse-drawn cab. Never before (if this be your first visit to Naples) have you ridden behind such a dressy equine. Now you know what the slang expression means: 'All dressed up like a horse.' If it is summer, your steed wears a broad-brimmed hat; at other times the distinguishing feature of his head-gear is a pheasant tail-feather several feet long. The rest of his person is gay with ribbon rosettes, paper flowers, and other Christmas-tree styles of decoration. The generic name for 'horsey' in Naples is 'Macaroni.' When you give cabby a tip, instead of it being (as in France) a pourboire, or 'for a drink,' it is 'for macaroni' — presumably to buy him food or feathers. And suddenly there flashes on you a real significance in what you had always supposed mere doggerel:

> 'Yankee Doodle came to town
> Riding on a pony,
> He stuck a feather in his hat
> And called him macaroni.'

And when you go forth on foot, I hope you will feel

properly impressed and duly appreciative if one or two small boys clear the way before you by turning a series of cartwheels. Think how much you would feel that you should be rewarded if you made an equal expenditure of skill and energy — and give the gentlemen a penny each. Nor count it alms! It is part of the price of an 'experience,' and they certainly earn it.

Mr. Howells called Naples the city of 'joyful noises'; and she is that, indeed. But whereas all cities are noisy, and all Italian cities doubly or trebly so, the noise of Naples — or so it seems to me — has an operatic quality which gives me a feeling of having left behind me the world where I am a mere spectator and auditor at opera, and entered a world where I am somehow a part of it — no more than a 'supe,' perhaps, an item of the mob, but at close quarters with the principals and the chorus.

I wander along a street, and from somewhere 'off stage' I hear the Tenor approaching, singing an aria of the most impassioned sort. And then, suddenly, from far overhead, I hear the Soprano answering him. Now he comes in sight, pushing a cart of oranges and lemons; but such a cart! — green leaves and pale blossoms make it indescribably lovely, and give the golden fruit a look of being from the Garden of the Hesperides. And the jauntiness of the Tenor as he swings into view! He loves life, and finds it very good; and I, as I watch him, feel that living is a delicious adventure.

He is looking up to where the Soprano sings, leaning from her high window. And what he is telling her (literally) is the price of lemons. And what she is telling him is that he is a thief and the son of a bandit (or some such coquetry). But presently she lets down a basket, at the end of a very long string; and he, having satisfied himself that the coin in it is current (which a great many coins in Italy are not!), puts her fruit in the carrier and she draws it up.

A great deal of marketing is done thus, in Naples. Your first sight of it may be when a Baritone driving a cow is interrupted in his praises of warm, fresh milk, by a descending basket and a recitative ordering a cupful — which Bossy yields, then and there, and goes on her way.

Or, it may be a goatherd who is hailed from above; and that you will see him drive Nanny indoors and upstairs, to call 'in person' with her offering.

After your walk and your drive behind Macaroni, and your dinner, you will find that another section of opera has taken the boards, and you are having your introduction to something which you may (possibly!) take lightly, casually, at first. But, some weeks hence when (at the Italian Lakes, perhaps) you hear these songs sung, and realize that on the morrow you'll be crossing the border of Italy, there'll be an unbearable lump in your throat, and an intolerable ache in your heart, for all you're leaving behind you. And always, on the rest of your way through a world where too few of the noises are songs, you'll find that the smallest strain of 'Santa Lucia' or of 'Maria, Mari.' or of 'Solo Mio' brings rushing to you recollections of marvellous moonlit nights at Sorrento, on the Arno, on the Grand Canal; and your eyes will fill with tears of a 'homesickness' more poignant than any other I know — the overpowering longing for Italy.

Night after night, in Italy, you'll hear those Neapolitan songs sung, here and there, until they're inwoven with all your memories. So, listen to them lovingly to-night; and smile your friendliest smile upon the singers — who cannot live on smiles, 'tis true, but who'd rather have a friendly, *simpática* smile and a small coin than a larger coin with a grudging air.

Perhaps this is as good a time and place as any to remind you that smiles are more magic in Italy even than they are

otherwheres. They are the best possible substitute for a knowledge of the Italian tongue. Everybody can understand smiles; and the Latin has a peculiar gift for knowing when we're smiling *with* him and not *at* him.

Dozens of times I've contended that, failing all others, two Italian words are sufficient to carry one happily from Naples to the Alps: *Molta bella!* 'Very beautiful!' Feelingly and smilingly murmured, they are the key to most Italian hearts. If an Italian believes that you are finding his country 'very beautiful,' he is delighted to do all he can to facilitate your findings.

Try it, and see! Only, don't try it on the hotel-keepers, who are usually *not* Italians, and whose hearts are made of flint (most of them are thus, though not all) from which nothing draws a spark except the rubbing of a large gold coin.

Now, then! Let's talk about some of the 'sights' in Naples that you will want to see.

Almost every one who goes to Italy is under some necessity or other of economizing in the expenditure of time. There is so bewilderingly much to see!

And most travellers have heard and read a great deal about Pompeii, Vesuvius, and the Amalfi Drive. These, they feel they *must* 'do.' About sights in Naples itself they hear less; and the tendency seems to be to conclude that there is nothing much in the city that is worth tarrying to see.

And yet, when I lecture about Naples, those auditors who have been to Naples, and have not seen the things I tell about, invariably express the keenest regret — and determination to go again and see more.

Those who can spend even so little time as three days in the city of Naples will get a great deal for that expenditure. Or, so it seems to me.

Take, for instance, that Castel dell' Ovo you see from your hotel window. It is a military prison, now, and even if we could get into it we should not find it interesting. But —! He is a poor traveller indeed who sees only with a 'camera eye.' And if you know how to cast those 'backward glances' which make travel truly fascinating, you can sit in your window overlooking Naples Bay (bathed in moonlight, I hope!) and see a long succession of story-folk passing in and out, not merely of the structure that's there now, but of those that preceded it.

Your guide-book tells you that Lucullus had one of his famous Neapolitan villas here. What do you recall about Lucullus except that he gave marvellous dinners? It was as a soldier and a colonial administrator that he won his laurels and his vast wealth; but it is as a prodigal spender that most people know his name.

He was a great friend of Cicero (who also had a residence near here), but he had been dead for some years when Brutus came here, in the spring of 44 B.C., on his way to Philippi; and, meeting Cicero in the island gardens of Lucullus (the property, then, of Lucullus's brother who was Cicero's ardent champion), discussed with him the situation in Rome since Cæsar's assassination. There is, you doubtless know, a story — unverified, but probable — that Brutus was Cæsar's natural son. We shall recall this, in Rome, 'at the base of Pompey's statue'; but it is interesting to think of here, too — because, on another island in this beautiful bay, Brutus and Cassius planned Cæsar's murder.

Can you, as you look seaward to where dell' Ovo stands, see gorgeous Roman gardens, rich in those gleaming marbles Lucullus had sent from Asia Minor and from Africa; dark with ilexes and palms; honey-sweet with the flowers of spring; the lapis-lazuli waters of the Bay bathing the base of balustraded terraces; songs of fishermen floating

shorewards; and Cicero's keen face, as Brutus tells of Antony and Octavian, and the struggle to keep the Republic.

Other pictures that dell' Ovo recalls, are made by persons whose association with Naples we shall recount elsewhere. You'll see them from your window when you're saying Good-bye to that view.

First morning in Naples, give your attention to a group of her old churches (most of which can be seen in the morning only), not so much for their interest as churches, but for the phases of Naples history that they recall.

Go first to the Incoronata. Your drive there will take you through the Piazza del Plebiscito, past the Royal Palace and the San Carlo opera house, and the Municipio (or Town Hall), all of which you may look up in your guide-book — where, also, you will find all the facts about the Incoronata.

What you will not find in your guide-book is the story of Joanna who built the Incoronata — a story which has many points like that of Mary, Queen of Scots, and, like Mary's, will always be debatable: Did she, or didn't she, cause her husband's murder?

Joanna, like Mary, became, in her cradle, heiress to a kingdom when her father died leaving her to inherit in his stead, from his father Robert the Wise, the kingdom of Naples and the rich French province of Provence.

There was another possible claimant to this great heritage — little Andrew, son of Charles Robert, King of Hungary, whose father had been the elder son of Charles II of Naples, whereas Robert the Wise was Charles II's *younger* son. Charles Robert (or Carobert) of Hungary was first-cousin to Joanna's father; and, when Joanna's father died, Carobert thought he should be King of Naples, in virtue of his father's claim, instead of baby Joanna. Old King

Robert the Wise believed he was protecting little Joanna's heritage when he married her to her second-cousin, Andrew (then seven years old), and united their claims.

Joanna was only sixteen when her grandfather died; and immediately Andrew declared himself sovereign and Joanna his consort. Joanna was beautiful, spirited, fond of admiration — the sort of girl who makes ardent partisans as well as bitter enemies — and she had been brought up to regard herself as a sovereign lady. She didn't like the second place to which Andrew tried to relegate her; and, what's more, she didn't like Andrew! She had another cousin, Louis of Taranto, whom she greatly preferred.

One night, when the young King and Queen were at Aversa, twelve miles north of Naples, Andrew was dragged from bed where he was sleeping beside his girl-wife, and into the next room, where several assassins fell upon him and threw him out of a window.

At once, everybody — not in the Kingdom of Naples, alone, but pretty much throughout Europe — 'took sides,' for Joanna or against her. She showed some haste, it's true, in marrying her cousin Louis, almost immediately; but no doubt she felt dire need of a protector. And when she heard that Andrew's brother, King Louis of Hungary, was coming to avenge the murder, she moved, hastily, to another of her capitals, Avignon in Provence, where the Popes were then living in their so-called 'captivity.'

Joanna's story is too long even to outline here. But she had both Boccaccio and Petrarch for champions — which is more than enough, methinks, to give her claims on remembrance. And she died a violent death, smothered in her bed by order of one of her relatives impatient to be her successor. It was toward the close of her life that she was a siege-prisoner in dell' Ovo, as your guide-book tells you.

This Church of the Incoronata was the one chosen by her, in 1352, to commemorate her union with Louis of Taranto. A brief visit to it will suffice you, I think.

Go thence to Santa Chiara, founded by Joanna's grandfather, and containing his tomb and those of her parents, and of her sister who was Empress of Constantinople. Finer Gothic tombs you will see at few places in Italy; and you should have Santa Chiara in mind — a mental picture of it—for your reading about Naples, whose Pantheon it is.

That grandiloquent name, however, seems even more pertinent to San Domenico Maggiore, which I hope you will not fail to visit even if you omit one or more of the other churches I name. One of the reasons for going there is that it is probably the last resting-place of Vittoria Colonna, whose husband is certainly buried there and she is believed to lie beside him, in the Sacristy. Vittoria's name is the most illustrious of all the great ladies of the Renaissance; and many pages of her life-story were written at Naples. Her father was Constable of Naples, and Vittoria was betrothed here, when she was five, to the five-year-old Marchese de Pescara. Her marriage did not occur till she was nineteen, and it was solemnized on the island of Ischia, here in Naples Bay, where Pescara had a castle and great properties. Great receptions and rejoicings were held in Naples when they came here to live, at the beginning of 1510. Practically all of Vittoria's wedded companionship with her husband was enjoyed at Naples. After two years he went off to the incessant wars of his day, and until his death, of wounds received at the battle of Pavia in 1525, they were scarcely together at all. So that the deathless love and passionate grief for him which Vittoria expressed in so many poems was really a memory of these Naples years — the 'perpetual adoration' of an Ideal then set up.

We shall recall Vittoria at Rome, in association with

Michelangelo, who loved her as only he could love. But I'm sure you'll like to see her here beside this sapphire bay which she knew so well in her happiness and in her long, sad widowhood.

It was a little before her day that a Neapolitan girl named Lisa became the third wife of a Florentine named Gherardesci, and went to her northern home to be painted by Leonardo and immortalized. Many people supposed that Mona Lisa was a Tuscan lady; but she was a daughter of these shores where the siren sang, and loved, and died.

There are many fine monuments in San Domenico; and in the monastery of Saint Dominic, beside the church, Thomas Aquinas lived when he was professor of philosophy at the University of Naples, in the thirteenth century.

Aquinas was of a noble house allied to several of the royal houses of Europe, and was one of the earliest students at the University of Naples which was founded about the time he was born.

No theologian save Augustine has had so great an influence on the thought of the Church; and he is the patron of all Roman Catholic educational establishments. Dante says that he was poisoned by order of Charles of Anjou; and in his 'Purgatorio' tells what he thinks of the crime. Saint Thomas's cell and lecture-room still exist, although the one-time monastery is now secularized.

Nearly three hundred years after Saint Thomas's death, another very young and very brilliant Neapolitan entered the Dominican Order here: Giordano Bruno, who became the great rationalist of the Renaissance, and was burned, at Rome, by the Inquisition — or, in other words, by his fellow-Dominicans. We shall have several occasions, in Rome, to recall him.

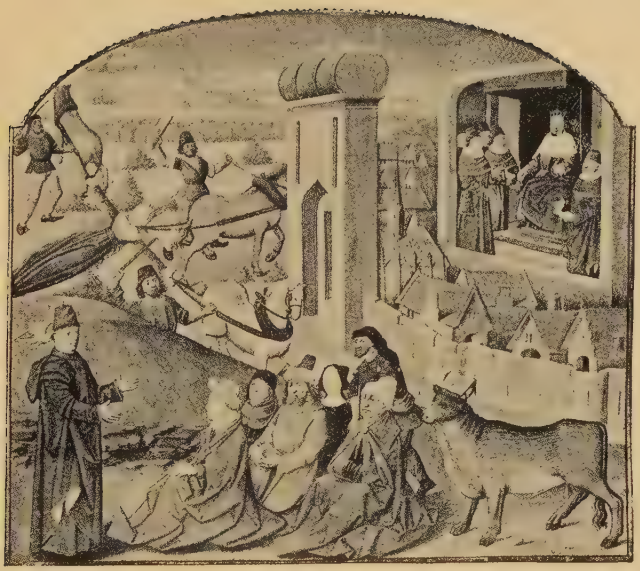
Now, a few steps and you are in the Strada de' Tribunali, generally described as the dirtiest street in Naples. On one

side of it, as you face toward the Castel Capuano into which the street runs, is the Church of San Lorenzo into which I would not ask you to step were it not that here, on Easter Eve, 1341, Boccaccio first saw Marie, a natural daughter of King Robert the Wise, and fell instantly in love with her, as she seems to have done with him, although she was married. She it was whom he immortalized as Fiammetta, setting her in the great trilogy of adored ladies, with Dante's Beatrice and Petrarch's Laura. Like himself, she was illegitimate; like his, her mother was a Parisian.

He had been writing verses since he was seven, and with all his soul yearned to be a poet. But his father ordered otherwise, and Boccaccio was in Naples in some mercantile position, which must have been a good one, because he seems to have mingled in high society and to have had his literary leanings confirmed by association with the French and Italian men of letters who frequented King Robert's Court — Petrarch among them. Perhaps it was the honors paid to Petrarch at Naples before he went up to Rome to receive the laurel crown that made Boccaccio swear, at Virgil's grave, to dedicate himself forever to poetry. But it was meeting Marie that made poetry live within him; and it was at her command that he began, and continued, his career as a writer of verse and the 'Father of Italian prose.'

That is why San Lorenzo seems to me a place of deepest interest. In the monastery connected with it, Petrarch lived while he was Papal Ambassador to Queen Joanna's Court.

On the other side of Strada de' Tribunali is San Páolo Maggiore on the site of a beautiful temple of Castor and Pollux, two Corinthian columns of which still stand in the façade of San Páolo and are all that remain, to the eye of to-day, of the glories of Parthenope and Neapolis, the Greek cities on the siren shore. The cloisters of San Páolo,



BOCCACCIO DISCUSSING

From a miniature in a fifteenth-century French manuscript

which have twenty-two ancient granite columns, are said to cover the site of a Roman theatre in which Nero once sang and played. And to insure audible evidence of success, he hired more than five thousand robust young men to applaud him.

A very short distance along Strada de' Tribunali and you come to Via del Duomo up which you turn (left) a few steps to the Duomo or Cathedral which you really ought to look at, for reasons your guide-book makes clear. It isn't a great cathedral, nor even a notable one; but as you journey northward and see many others that are great, you will — I think — find it interesting to recall this one and to reflect on why it is so different from the others.

Continue along Strada de' Tribunali to Castel Capuano, begun by the Norman King, William I, and completed by the German King, Frederick II.

I confessed to you, a while back, that trying to 'straighten out' in my mind the successive rulers of Naples made me dizzy — although many people seem to think genealogies are my favorite food. I'll tell you, now, what I do: whenever I come upon a situation in history where not to understand relationships and dynasties is to muddle the whole point of a story that's often met with in romance, drama, art, biography, I 'diagram' the family or national 'tree,' and stick it out until it's clear to me.

I found that I must do this with some, at least, of the multitudinous rulers of Naples; so I picked out a few periods in which occurred those phases of Neapolitan story most interesting to me, and got them fairly well in mind. If you don't mind my very simple, almost childish, methods, I'll tell you to what few, outstanding facts I cling so that the stories about Castel Capuano and Castel Nuovo have some satisfactory definiteness for me.

With the centuries that intervened between Roman rule

and the coming of the Normans, I don't try to do much.

The Normans, those hardy adventurers, began coming about 1030 — first as mercenaries; then, when they saw how good the prospects were, as invaders. And within twenty-five years they were immeasurably the most dominant and powerful race in southern Italy and Sicily, having been greatly aided by the Popes, who saw in them good fighting allies to hold in check the German Emperors.

We may as well, 'here and now,' make sure that we have some sort of understanding about that long-standing quarrel between the Popes and Emperors. Because if we haven't, our whole way through Italy will be a muddle of Guelfs and Ghibellines.

Briefly, it was the struggle for the mastery of Christendom. The German Emperors, holding themselves the successors of Charlemagne and of the Cæsars, wished to strengthen their power by appointing their vassals and favorites to the rich bishoprics and monasteries of their realm. This meant that in time of need every abbot and bishop, with all his wealth and all his influence and all his fighting forces, was the Emperor's man.

The Popes, contending that Christendom should be one great family united under one spiritual head, the Vicar of God, contended that only they had the right to appoint bishops and abbots. If this right were undisputed, then — should any 'differences' arise, any temporal sovereign forget that over him there was one indisputable lord, the Pope — every bishop and abbot, having got his holding from the Pope, would be the Pope's man. And to insure this, the Pope usually appointed to those great church benefices, persons who were the least likely to be won over to the Emperor's cause; and between those persons, governed from Rome, and the Emperor or King upon whom they were 'saddled,' there was continual friction.

We shall have occasion, at Rome, to recall the struggle between Pope Gregory VII (Hildebrand) and the German Emperor, Henry IV. We shall see the Pope besieged, in his Castel Sant' Angelo, by the Emperor, and rescued by Robert Guiscard, the Norman adventurer, whose fortunes the Pope favored for just such purposes.

It seems to me that that is enough to get in mind, for a beginning, as we stand looking at Castel Capuano — which is now used for law courts.

The Normans became all-powerful hereabouts, and in Sicily, and remained so for about one hundred and fifty years. Then their line of succession failed. The last of their kings had married a sister of Richard the Lion-Hearted; they were childless. And this king, known as William the Good, tried to secure the succession for his aunt, who was married to King Henry VI of Germany, son of the Emperor Frederick I. That seems a strange thing for an ally of the Pope to have done — doesn't it? But it was probably a family squabble, directed against Tancred, William's cousin, illegitimately descended from the same grandfather Roger. Tancred was a good soldier and had a strong popular support; but he didn't live long — and then the Germans came. You probably remember Tancred in 'The Talisman' and other stories of Richard the Lion-Hearted's crusading. Tancred was King of Sicily when Richard made his Third Crusade.

Well, the Germans lasted hereabouts for seventy-four years. Henry, the first of them, needn't concern us much, here. But his son, who became Emperor Frederick II, was a great ruler. He it was who finished Castel Capuano. He was succeeded by his son Conrad, who had a son known as Conradin; but the real ruler of these parts after Frederick was his illegitimate son Manfred, about whom so many dramas, poems, stories have been written.

Manfred was only eighteen when his father died, and strikingly handsome, notably intellectual, and of a noble nature. His father may or may not have married Manfred's mother just before he died; but Manfred seems to have believed that he did. The Emperor's will made Manfred representative in Italy of his half-brother Conrad, and Manfred was loyal to his trust. When, eight years later, he had himself crowned King of Sicily (and Naples), it was because his little nephew was reported dead.

But the Pope seems to have felt that this was a good time to reopen his feud with the German rulers (the late Emperor having been so strong that he was hard to oppose), and he called on Saint Louis (Louis IX) of France to aid him, offering the crown of Sicily to Louis's brother, Charles of Anjou.

Manfred fell in battle against Charles's troops. He was thirty-four years old. His nephew Conradin attempted to regain his rights in southern Italy, but was defeated, captured, and executed here at Naples.

With him ended the Hohenstaufen dynasty in southern Italy. He was only sixteen when he was beheaded, in the Piazza del Mercato, to which we're coming; and his contemporaries said of him that he was 'as beautiful as Absalom.' His burial-place is in Santa Maria del Carmine, near the scene of his execution, and he has a fine modern monument there, by Thorwaldsen.

All this was very recent history when Dante was a little boy; and as he came, after his exile, to favor the German Emperors against the Popes, of course he was very bitter about it.

So, these were the Hohenstaufen of whom our books about Naples speak so much, and with whom this Castel del Capuano was closely associated.

And with Charles of Anjou began that Angevin dynasty

which ruled Naples for almost two centuries. But we'll talk more about the Angevins when we go to Castel Nuovo.

Take a good look, now, at the Porta Capuana, one of the handsomest of Renaissance gateways; and walk under it, through the swarming crowds, to the Corso Garibaldi, and down the latter to the Strada del Carmine which will take you past Conradin's burial-place and the scene of his execution.

Then, back to your hotel for luncheon.

In the afternoon, see the shops, and the Castel Nuovo which Charles of Anjou built, and where he and his successors sometimes kept their brilliant courts, although sometimes they, too, lived at Castel Capuano.

Charles was married to Beatrice of Provence, one of a quartet of sprightly girls who made a great deal of history. Their father was Raymond Bérenger, Count of Provence, and their mother was Beatrice of Savoy. Both were poets, and so it was natural that they should employ for their daughters' tutor and for the major-domo of their household, one, Romeo, whom Dante called one of the greatest poets of his time!

> 'Four daughters, and each one of them a queen,
> Had Raymond Bérenger; this grandeur all
> By poor Romeo had accomplished been.'

So Dante sang a generation later.

Marguerite of Provence was married to King Louis of France; Beatrice, to his brother Charles; Eleanore, to King Henry III of England; and Sancha, the youngest, to Henry's brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who became King of the Romans.

Beatrice, although the eldest, was the last of the four to wear a crown; and when she, too, became a queen, she was anxious to show the others how well she could play the part.

So this new castle that she and Charles built was the scene of much pomp and many splendid pageants.

The last of the Angevins who lived here was King René of Anjou, father of Margaret of Anjou.

Was Margaret one of your youth's heroines, as she was one of mine? Do you remember how, when her father was a prisoner of war, at Dijon, her mother went to Naples to present René's claim to the throne just left to him by Queen Joanna II; and how she caused him to be proclaimed; and how she and her two children (Margaret and Louis) were borne through the streets of Naples in the triumphal chair of state; and how, when René was released, he came to join them, making his entry into Naples on a stately white charger, and rode up, with his good queen and their little Margaret, to this Castel Nuovo, where Margaret spent the next five years of her life?

But René was very poor, and unable to defend his claim to the throne against the counter-claims of Alfonso of Aragon, King of Sicily, to whom Joanna II had first willed her kingdom before she quarrelled with him, disavowed and disinherited him, and left it to René instead.

The House of Aragon had ruled Sicily since Manfred's death; his daughter Constance having married a scion of Aragon.

Alfonso laid siege to Naples for six months, sacked it, and to celebrate his triumph ordered the erection of that splendid arch by which the Castel Nuovo is entered — 'one of the masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance.'

The Aragon rule at Naples was not long — only a little over half-a-century. Then came the very interesting, picturesque, and fruitful days when the French Kings, as heirs of Anjou, came into Italy to claim the crown of Naples — and went marching back to France flaming with ardor for the glories of the Renaissance.

When we are in Florence we shall remind ourselves what a blessing to our western world it was when the Eastern Empire of Rome fell, in 1453, and her most learned men (ripe with the philosophies and the humanities of classic literature) came over into Italy, were made welcome by the Medici, transformed Florence into a newer Athens, aroused the love of learning, and gave birth to the Renaissance.

Italy brought forth the Renaissance — the great New Birth; but, until France came, it was not overflowing, to any great extent, from Italy into the rest of the world.

When France gets an idea, she has a genius for making it universal. She did it with the Renaissance. And that is why it is so important for all of us that Charles VIII of France came marching down here to annex another kingdom. And why it is important to us that Charles's successor, Louis XII, after having made an agreement with Ferdinand of Spain (Isabella's husband!) for the conquest of Naples (which Charles hadn't been able to hold), quarrelled with Ferdinand and started those French-Spanish wars on Italian soil which made so much history for the next hundred years or so.

Naples was ruled by Spanish viceroys for over two hundred years. Some of them were good, and good for Naples; and some of them were horrid. It was one of these Spanish viceroys who began the present royal palace, or Palazzo Reale (Pa-la-tzo Ray-ah-lay) which is close to Castel Nuovo, and which you may visit on Thursdays and Sundays from eleven to four, if you have got yourself a permit (at the palace) the day before. It is the residence, now, of the Duc d'Aosta, cousin of the King.

The principal reason for visiting it, in my humble opinion, is a certain English nursemaid who used to be there a great deal, and who there wheedled out of the Queen of Naples

(queens were 'in again' — the Spanish Bourbons were Kings, now — and this one was a sister of Marie Antoinette) a certain 'secret letter' which did much to change the history of Europe.

You know that nursemaid, of course! There are few stories so fascinating; and it has been well told in fiction, lately — or, rather, in novelized facts — as 'The Divine Lady,' by E. Barrington.

Emma, the base-born English girl, the illiterate little nursemaid, who waded through mire unmentionable and became the inspiration of great painters; the wife of the English Ambassador at Naples (Sir William Hamilton, one of the most elegant and highly cultured men of his time); the bosom-friend and bedfellow of Maria Theresa's daughter; and the adored of Nelson, England's greatest sailor.

Emma came to Naples in 1786, 'shipped' here, you'll recall, by her protector, Lord Greville, younger son of the Earl of Warwick. Greville wanted to marry a rich girl, and Emma was in the way. So she and her mother (who was Greville's cook) were sent to Naples to visit Greville's uncle, Sir William Hamilton — an ardent admirer of beauty, whether Beauty could spell or not. Emma couldn't spell, but she was no slouch. Beauty was hers by gift of the gods, such beauty as they have given to few women at any time, but Emma didn't rest content with that. She sedulously improved herself; studied all the arts and graces; and she did more: she schooled herself in tact.

The story of Emma in Naples is far too long even to outline here, I'm sorry to say. But you will certainly wish to recall that it was here she first met Nelson, then an obscure captain in the British Navy; here she got for him, from Queen Caroline, that 'secret letter' enabling him to revictual his fleet in any port of the Two Sicilies; here she saw

LADY HAMILTON AS CIRCE
By George Romney

him set forth with that letter in his breast, to sweep the seas searching for the great fleet of Napoleon, who had boasted that he would 'make the Mediterranean a French lake,' and then would turn his attention to England; here she waited for word, then went out with the King and Court to welcome Nelson; here she nursed him in his illness resulting from his arm having been shot away; here he laid at her feet the laurels offered him as the victor in that decisive Battle of the Nile; here their romance had its earliest chapters.

She was a familiar figure in this royal palace; and surely the loveliest it ever knew. Her own palace, the Sessa, was near here, and she had a villa at Posilipo, and a residence at Caserta which is sometimes called 'the Versailles of Naples.'

Goethe visited her at this time and has left us a charming picture of her surroundings, her beauty, and her ability to entertain.

Naples did a great deal for Goethe. 'You may say, narrate, paint what you will,' he declared of it, 'here there is more than all of it put together. . . . I pardoned all who had lost their minds in Naples. . . . I hardly recognize myself. Yesterday I said to myself: "Either thou hast been crazy hitherto or thou art crazy now!"' In Rome he had wished to study; in Naples he wished only to live.

Napoleon made his brother Joseph King of Naples, you'll remember (the Bourbons having been chased out), and two years later he transferred Joseph to the throne of Spain (whence Napoleon had chased more Bourbons), and gave the Kingdom of Naples to his brother-in-law Joachim Murat, husband of Napoleon's youngest sister, Caroline. Murat, who had been an innkeeper's son, was a dashing King, with some comic-opera extravagances which disgusted Napoleon who called these strutting pomposities

'monkey-shines'; but Murat was a dashing soldier, too, and deserved a better fate than that which befell him — for, when he tried to regain his kingdom, in 1815, from the returned and restored Bourbons, he was defeated, made prisoner, and shot with short shrift.

The elder of his two sons, who was for seven years prince royal of the Two Sicilies, emigrated to America about 1821, settled at Tallahassee, Florida, became postmaster there, and died there, in 1847. The second son also came to the United States, and married here, but returned to France, was made a prince by his cousin, Napoleon III, and was the grandfather of the present Prince Murat who loaned his mansion in Paris to President Wilson on the latter's first Paris stay.

If we began recalling the famous visitors to Naples during the last century or so, there would be no end to our already-long chapter; but I think you will like to be reminded of Shelley's stay here, in the winter of 1818–19, and why he wrote his beautiful and terribly prophetic 'Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples.'

There is, I am glad to say, an intense revival of interest in Shelley, due in part to Maurois's Life of him, called 'Ariel,' in part to the recent presentation of 'The Cenci,' in London, and in part to the centenary of Byron's death and the many articles it brought forth; and so on.

I have, these many years past, gone on countless Shelley pilgrimages in Italy, looking up one after another of his backgrounds there, and his presence is always very much with me, from Naples to the north. If you find me taking for granted that you, too, wish to be everywhere aware of him, I hope you will not mind.

His 'dejection' at Naples had causes enough! He had come over to Italy bringing his wife Mary and their two babies; and her half-sister Claire Clairmont and the latter's

child, by Byron, Allegra; and two nursemaids. In addition to the cares of this household for a 'sensitive plant' like the young poet of twenty-six, there was the irritation that Mary felt (and expressed) because gossipping tongues said that Shelley was the father of Claire's nameless child.

Then, there was an English lady of high position who was enamoured of Shelley and who, in spite of his gentle remonstrance, his assurance that her feeling was in nowise reciprocated, followed him to Naples, pursuing him with her wild declarations. She died, here in Naples, that winter — probably by her own hand. And, as if that were not enough distress for Shelley (still horror-smitten over the suicide of Harriet, his first wife), there appeared from some place most mysterious, a child — another little girl — the care of whom Shelley felt bound to assume. Perhaps she was the unhappy lady's child; perhaps some other unhappy lady used Shelley's boundless good-nature to rid herself of that which she could not explain nor justify. At any rate, there was Shelley with a female infant suffering from a teething fever! And Shelley's manservant thought this an excellent occasion for blackmail — this, too, after he had cheated Shelley inordinately and had seduced the Shelley children's nurse.

Shelley's generous impulses were forever leading him into horrid messes which gave scandal-mongers apparent foundation for the stories they loved to tell against him. He suffered acutely in this one, and tried to take his life with laudanum, but was discovered in time and kept walking until the effects wore off. *Then* he wrote his lines 'in dejection'!

> 'Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
> Nor peace within nor calm around,
> Nor that content surpassing wealth
> The sage in meditation found,

And walked with inward glory crowned,—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround —
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure; —
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

'Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

'Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament — for I am one
Whom men love not — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.'

The second whole day of a short stay in Naples should be spent in the upper town, beginning with the marvellous Museum, lunching at one of the hotels in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and continuing with Castel Sant' Elmo, and the church and museum of San Martino. But as directions for all these are abundant in your guide-book, I won't repeat them here — much as I'd enjoy writing about them.

Combining Herculaneum with Pompeii makes an impossibly fatiguing day. Those who would like to see both 'buried cities' (and, to the student of other days, Herculaneum is in many ways more interesting, more rewarding than Pompeii) will find the former easily accessible by train or taxi, and the visit of the excavations may be made in an hour or so.

It might be that you would prefer to spend thus, rather than at Sant' Elmo and San Martino, the afternoon after your morning in the Museum.

The ascent of Vesuvius, to which many travellers give a day, seems to me infinitely less rewarding than a day given to the excursion I shall describe in our next chapter. For those who must choose between them, it is my opinion that there can be no difficulty in making a choice.

II

ON VIRGIL'S SHORE

This chapter is not for adult readers, unless they're the sort of person I am — with a very small amount of l'arnin'. Those who went to college and consorted familiarly with the classics and passed examinations in mythology can have no possible use for my observations on this storied shore. They may read about it in dozens, scores, of books written by savants who toss about desiccated mythologies with a juggler's skill, and never fumble a single god or sibyl. Most of those books I can't read. They take me back, at a bound, to a dreary classroom in a high school built like a packing-case; a room with high windows that seemed always dirty (though I suppose they were sometimes clean), through which one looked (when one got up to consult the classical dictionary, which was usually on the window-sill) out upon an abominable street that was the quintessence of ugliness and uninterestingness.

And when I try to read these books about the Phlegræan Fields and the Chalcidians and the Samnites, I seem to be one, again, with a weary small girl getting up to look in the classical dictionary, and staring through the dirty windows at the dismal street, her soul full of protest against 'all this foolishness about old gods that nobody believes in, *anyhow!*'

Nobody told that small girl what a world of beauty and delight they still rule — 'those silly old gods and goddesses!' — and always will. Nobody ever made her realize that some day she'd step (straight from a trolley car perhaps!) into that world of theirs; 'and *then* how she'd wish she knew more about them!'

She 'parsed' Virgil, and 'scanned' him, and translated him — wearing out a Latin dictionary a-doing it — and never once was thrilled by him, never once felt him as a real person, never dreamed of getting a map of the shore near Naples and realizing that the places he wrote about were, many of them, the places he knew best.

It wasn't till she came to these shores that she knew how stupid she had been, and how they had defrauded her who should have made her *feel* Latin poetry instead of just translate its words.

Not even to-day (after a good many years of realizing her lack) can she think of writing about Virgil and his shore for persons who know anything about their Latin classics — and much less for those who know geology and can comprehend the natural phenomena of this volcanic region.

But if she could hope that this chapter might help (even ever so little) to do for some high-school students what nobody did for her, how happy she'd be! And how proud!

So, 'skip it,' please — all you who were better taught, or studied to better purpose — and make your excursion here in more adult company. The only grown-ups who are invited are those who, like me, spent their Latin-studying days fruitlessly; and who, like me, are resolved that, if we can manage it, the young persons we love best of all shall *start* their Latin and their mythology with a keen zest, because they understand something of what it will mean to them.

With all my heart I wish that every youngster could be brought here between grammar school and high school, in charge of some teacher too great for pedantry, and helped to feel the reality out of which our great ideality grew.

For instance:

We are on our way to Baia where Ulysses landed and Hercules captured the oxen of Geryon and Æneas came

after he had buried his trumpeter at Miseno. And our first stop is at Solfatara which the ancients used to call the Forum of Vulcan.

Now, when I 'looked Vulcan up' in that classical dictionary, and then stared through the dingy windows into the drab street, I thought he was a very silly and far-fetched invention. But when I cross the Solfatara, which is the crater of a half-extinct volcano, and the Lower Regions boil and bubble about my feet, and the sulphurous vapors rise, is Vulcan 'far-fetched' to me? I see him at his fires! And if no one had told me about him, still I should have known that he was there. Who else could have kept this whole region seething for thousands of years? And never again shall I use the word 'volcano' (corrupted from 'Vulcano') without a sense of awe. What can a smoking, belching, flaming mountain mean to a person who can't remember whether Vulcan was the god of fire or water?

Some persons may get their strongest impression of him on Vesuvius; but I like him better here, close to where the entrance to the infernal regions was supposed to be.

Yes, and here, just beyond the Solfatara, where we see the Monte Nuovo, more than four hundred and fifty feet high, which loomed up one September morning nearly four hundred years ago, on ground that, the night before, was as flat as your hand! Ground on which, probably, Cicero's villa stood, wherein Hadrian was first buried.

If that small girl I spoke of had lived hereabouts instead of in Chicago, could she ever have thought of Vulcan as a mere 'reference' in a classical dictionary?

And, quite aside from his ability to throw up sizable mountains with a single 'heave,' think what Vulcan does for our modern world with his vulcanized rubber!

How vast his area of furnaces may be, beneath the crust we live on, I do not know, nor care. When he spouts from

Popocatepetl, it is, for me, a mere apprentice working at the bellows; when his sparks fly from some crater in Japan, I am willing to believe that some quite impersonal convulsion is the cause. But on this shore it is Vulcan's very self who does such things, I'm sure. No wonder that Virgil, living here, could write so superbly about the Lower Regions! Nor that Dante, when he wanted to write about them, came here, and invoked Virgil's spirit to lead him through Inferno!

The gods are mighty; but they owe a lot to the poets, and I hope they're properly grateful!

A mile-and-a-half from this Monte Nuovo is Lacus Lucrinus about which the poets wrote and which was celebrated, in ancient times, for its oysters — which may have been why Lucullus had another of his numerous villas on its banks.

But Lucrinus gives us few thrills when we know that we are but half-a-mile from Lake Avernus!

Now, not to have the Sixth Book of our 'Æneid' fresh in mind (or, better still, actually in hand) when we are here, is to miss one of the finest experiences that all our European travel can give us. And to those who will consider this, I recommend the E. Fairfax Taylor translation, published in Everyman's Library, in a small pocket-size volume. But for those who won't do it, who'll plead the rush of things to do in getting ready for a trip abroad, I'll summarize here, as well as I can.

First of all, let's talk a bit about Virgil himself, and try to realize him, not as a text-book, but as a man. Make yourself stop thinking 'how long ago it was.' It wasn't, really! You'll gain more than you miss if you forget — for a time, at least — all about dates.

To an Italian farmer near Mantua, in the North, there is born a boy who, almost from his babyhood, begins to show

signs of being unusual. The father is a hard-working husbandman, but he's not one of those who scorn everything that can't be sold by measure at the market. He is a man who feels the beauty of his vineyards as well as their fruitfulness, and who has a deep, quiet appreciation of the blessedness of his lot in life. He enjoys a real comradeship with his little son, and is proud to see that the little chap not only shares his feeling for many things, but has what he has not: a gift for expressing what he feels. The boy must have a good education! So, after some early schooling near home, the lad goes off, when he is twelve, to the neighboring town of Cremona, and thence to Milan, and on to Rome. And father goes with him! (No wonder that this boy became the author of the greatest father-and-son epic ever written!)

The young man has a glorious dream, and the older man shares it. Just what the older man does while his boy studies, I cannot tell you — nor what becomes of the rest of the family. I don't know whether the son is in Rome when the Great Dictator is assassinated, or not. He is twenty-six, then, and has already begun to be known among the intellectuals of the Capital as a young man of extraordinary mental gifts and also of the highest idealism. His tastes are for the quiet, simple, natural things; his conduct is of the purest. In a day when every one seems mad for riches and power, he is not for a moment tempted by them; when the cry is for excitement, change, thrill, he goes his way serenely, glowing with enjoyment of his kingdom that is his mind, and with the hope of being able to make his joys enviable to others.

Italy is full, as it always has been and always will be, of contending opinions as to which way her greatness (and the profit of her rulers) lies. But our young poet knows that the hope of Italy as of any country is the ideals which burn

steadily for great numbers of her citizens; and these he means to shape as only a poet can shape them.

He is intensely proud of his Roman citizenship. Born a provincial — of those Italian people who had just resisted further 'taxation without representation' and won their struggle for a voice in the ruling of Rome — he is more ardent in the enjoyment of his privilege than they are who never were without the pale. No man — scarce even young Cæsar's self — is so proud as he of Rome's story, all the greatness of which he now feels as his inheritance. If that pride can be engendered in all Rome's citizens, the older as well as the newer among them, what a unifying power it will become! (No, no! this young man born of humble parentage in the North, is not named Mussolini; this one of whom I write is named Virgil.)

And, since pride is valuable only when it has a proper expression, what shall Rome's citizens *do* to show their valuation of their heritage? ('It is not enough,' said Henry Thoreau, 'that I gather the sticks and build myself a fire. But I must then ask myself: "What did you *do while you were warm?*"') What does Rome most need of her proud citizens? Our country-bred poet knows! 'Back to the land!' The farmer is the backbone of prosperity; and the happy farmer who loves his lot in life and glories in its usefulness is one of the most valuable citizens any nation can have. This son of a happy farmer knows that!

The minds of men are filled with thoughts of war, adventure, conquest. Rome's sway must be extended so; but to maintain it and hold high the standards of Roman civilization, there must be millions of Romans quietly but steadfastly devout in filial piety, love of home, veneration of the gods. And it will not do to let those virtues seem bread-and-butter-ish; to let militancy color all the tales of heroism and glory. There must be an epic exalting the virtues of peace

and industry and family life; and our young man to whom all those things are so dear must write it — some day.

Meanwhile, the farmers of his native place are punished for having upheld the dying republic against the imperial idea, by having their lands confiscated; and our poet's father is dispossessed. To redress this wrong, the poet goes before young Octavian (not yet become absolute, nor Augustus) and succeeds not only in getting the paternal farm restored, but in winning respectful attention for himself on the Palatine. Perhaps Mæcenas was at Court that day. At any rate, we find a friendship springing up, now, between our poet and that outstanding rich man of all Rome's 'multi-millionaires.' We'll talk more about that, when we get to Rome.

Octavian, too, is impressed by the poet.

Perhaps it is on a visit to Mæcenas, or some other wealthy Roman in his villa on the Neapolitan Riviera, that Virgil gets his idea of making this shore his home. But we know that what attracts him is not the luxury and magnificence of man, nor even the luxuriance and grandeur of nature, but the *story-interest* of this little section of volcanic soil.

So, here he makes a home (a bachelor home) for himself; and here he lives his serene life of thought and study and a few rare fellowships.

I 'see' him hereabouts, leaving 'the gold coast' behind him on many a stroll — solitary or in company with one who comprehends — and taking the toilsome path up to Cumæ's ruined Acropolis, or turning in the other direction to the Capo Miseno; and there on that elevation, surveying the vast naval harbor that Augustus is building, I hear him (I know his voice is melodious; for how could a man have put so much music into a language unless he had tried its beauty and revelled in it?) saying the lines he has most recently written:

'A lofty mound Æneas hastes to frame,
Crowned with his oar and trumpet, 'neath a tall
And airy cliff, which still Misenus' name
Preserves, and ages keep his everlasting fame.'

And then they walk — Virgil and that one who comprehends — to Avernus, where Æneas walked when he had done last honors to the ashes of his dead trumpeter, Misenus, who had been 'Hector's co-mate' till that mighty hero died, 'stricken by Achilles,' and then, 'loath to a meaner lord his fealty to yield,' had followed Æneas.

'This done, Æneas hastens to obey
The Sibyl's hest. — There was a monstrous cave,
Rough, shingly, yawning wide-mouthed to the day,
Sheltered from access by the lake's dark wave
And shadowing forests, gloomy as the grave.
O'er that dread space no flying thing could ply
Its wings unjeopardied (whence Grecians gave
The name "Aornos"), such a stench on high
Rose from the poisonous jaws, and filled the vaulted sky.'

Now, as we stand on one of the wooded slopes by which 'the descent to Avernus is easy,' I see another figure with Virgil — that of a lean man with an aquiline and melancholy face; much sadder than Virgil's own calm countenance. Dante has come here, and found Virgil, and they are making their way toward that portal above which is inscribed:

'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'

Here is a cave which, some say, is the one that both Virgil and Dante visited and which they described as the entrance to the infernal regions. This, then, would be where Dante 'wept at entering,' so piteous were the woeful sounds he heard — the cries of those wretched souls 'who lived without praise or blame.' (We shall think of this in Florence, some day, when we're standing in a certain square and repeating certain lines of Browning's, from the 'Statue and the Bust':

'. . . the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is — the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.')

Nothing in hell, as Dante pictures it, is more dreadful than the eternal fate of 'these wretches who ne'er lived'; and so many were they that he said:

'I should ne'er
Have thought that death so many had despoiled.'

Nor are they of that sort all dead yet! — as most of us can testify. We shall find large numbers of them wandering wearily through Italy sighing for a buckwheat cake or a piece of apple pie.

But you won't find many of them on Virgil's shore! That is not the least of its lovelinesses. One may make the descent to Avernus in quiet, exclusive dignity.

If Baia were what it once was — the Monte Carlo of the Roman Riviera — 'those wretches who ne'er lived' would be here in multitudes; for opulence awes them, and never was there opulence such as Baia flaunted in the early years of the Roman Empire. But Baia has little to flaunt now, except a charming view; and if you don't mind, we'll be on our way to Pozzuoli which was the great commercial (as Miseno was the military) port of Rome.

Here in this harbor the vessels of the known world lay, discharging their cargoes to gorge the stomachs and the storehouses of republican and imperial Rome. Here landed, through many centuries, the voyagers to Rome. And here, one day in the spring of 63 A.D., a ship from Alexandria dropped anchor, having among her passengers a Roman centurion named Julius bringing from Asia Minor certain prisoners who had exercised their right as Roman citizens (that citizenship whereof Virgil had been so proud) to appeal direct to Cæsar — who, in that year of grace, was Nero! What were the names of these prisoners (except one)

and what were their cases and the outcome, I do not know. But one of them, destined to die in Cæsar's capital, was to have a preponderating influence in reshaping the thought of the western world. His name was Paul, the Apostle.

We shall be much in Paul's company at Rome, where we shall (I hope) get a great sense of his *reality;* so we won't tarry long with him here at Pozzuoli, where he stayed seven days before starting his walk to Rome.

But not to be keenly aware of him on this shore is to miss a most important connecting link between Virgil and Dante, among those who have led mankind into the kingdom of the spiritual life.

Pozzuoli has a Roman amphitheatre second in size only to the Colosseum at Rome; and here, in 305, under Diocletian, Saint Januarius, the Bishop of Benevento, after having passed unscathed through the ordeal by fire, was thrown to the lions, who laid themselves down and tamely licked his feet. The judge who, unmoved by these manifestations, ordered Januarius to another bout with Death was thereupon stricken with blindness — and immediately healed of it by the touch of the forgiving martyr; which so impressed the onlookers that five thousand of them became converted on the spot. But the ungrateful judge, made more than ever furious by seeing his prisoner exalted and venerated, ordered the head of Januarius to be struck off with a sword. This was done on the spot where the monastery of San Gennaro now stands, on the slope of the Solfatara.

San Gennaro, or Saint Januarius, is the patron saint of Naples, whose Cathedral is reared above his tomb. You were, doubtless, in the gorgeous Chapel dedicated to him, and built at a cost (three hundred years ago) of more than a million dollars.

There is also at Pozzuoli the so-called Serapeum (or Temple of Serapis) which was probably a magnificent mar-

ket-place. But as we know very little about it, and only archæologists can conceivably enjoy conjecturing about it, I recommend it rather as a picture and a place of revery than as one of those 'ruins' which too soon begin to irritate the unaccustomed traveller.

I am always meeting people who, fresh from an Italian tour, exclaim: 'I got so sick of ruins!'

This comes, I think, from starting out with a conscientious but unintelligent attitude. Said a charming young woman to me, recently: 'I think the gluttony of people who try to see everything in Europe on one short trip, or everything in any one place on a single stay, is as disgusting as the gluttony of people who try to eat everything on the table-d'hôte bill-of-fare.'

There's a little more to be said in defence of the travel than of the table gluttons; because mealtimes are thrice daily, and European trips are few and far between.

But I do feel, strongly, that 'cramming' is a pity; and I am sorry that so many travellers are urged to it rather than restrained from it.

Why *let* one's self get 'sick of ruins'? Why not be temperate about them?

In the case of a ruin like this Serapeum, why pucker our brows about what it was? Why not just feel it as it is now, vaguely, deliciously, like the lovely ghost of a day that is dead?

Why not save what digestion we have for ruins, for such as the Forum and the Palatine, whose story is full of elements that our intellectual life craves and our spiritual life flourishes upon; and, on a shore like this, be content to feel something of the poetry it has inspired.

Our way back to Naples leads us through Posilipo, where Virgil's villa was (near one that belonged to Augustus) and where his tomb is. He lived here for eighteen years, the last

THE TOMB OF VIRGIL
From Isabey's *Voyage en Italie*

ten of which he spent on the 'Æneid.' When he had completed it, but not 'finished' it, he set out for Greece intending to pass three years there and in Asia perfecting his poem. At Athens he met Augustus, who persuaded Virgil to go back with him to Italy. It was late summer, and very, very hot. Virgil suffered something that seems to have been sunstroke, and died a few days after landing at Brundisium (Brindisi). While he lay ill, he called for the manuscript of the 'Æneid,' intending to burn it as he could not live to perfect it; but he was unable to carry out this desire. He had, however, made a will in which he directed that nothing of his should be published after his death which he himself had not given to the world.

But Augustus decreed that the poem must be saved, and published. We know that Virgil had read to him the Second Book, the Fourth, and the Sixth (the one we have been especially recalling to-day), and it is probable that the Emperor was familiar with the whole poem which celebrated him and what he believed to be his lineage. It may have been his literary judgment to which we are indebted for the preservation of the 'Æneid,' or it may have been his vanity; but whatever it was, we are deeply grateful for it.

Its effect upon Virgil's beloved country was greater than he could possibly have hoped for. The Empire of Augustus is broken up; the religion of old Rome is obsolete; but the ideals of conduct that Virgil celebrated, the pride in Italy's traditions that he fostered, are serving his countrymen to-day as they did nearly two thousand years ago.

And, since the Roman Empire of to-day and of all days to come is not geographical but intellectual; and since we all, in our western world, are children of that empire by so many strains of inheritance (as we shall realize more and more wonderingly on our pilgrimage through Italy), to-day's experience should have given us a sense of visiting the old

home, the home of our forefathers, of whom Æneas was one and Virgil was another and Dante a third. If we have got this feeling, we are indeed then well started for our tour of Italy.

III

POMPEII TO PÆSTUM

Pompeii is one of the best-advertised 'sights' in the world, one of the most completely and frequently and variously described. Almost every one who goes there has a fairly definite idea of what he is going to see. It may, when he is there, impress him more or less than he had expected; but in the main he is quite well prepared for what he sees, and feels curiously 'at home' with much of it — so accustomed to it has he become in pictures and reproductions. What further impression Pompeii makes on him depends on the sort of person he is.

I have tried to think what I could offer you, at Pompeii, that might help you to get from it just what will give you most pleasure and profit; and I may as well admit that I haven't come to any conclusion.

I have explored Pompeii with and without a guide. It is, distinctly, a place for a good guide — on one's first visit, at any rate. But most of the available guides are far from good, and they irritate one more than they serve him. Perhaps I shall be of most use to you if I suggest that you explore Pompeii — a little of it — by yourself.

A little of it serves most people's purposes even better than a lot. It is a fatiguing expedition; I know of few sight-seeing experiences more wearying than a day spent on Pompeii's hot, rough stones, with the strong sun of Naples beating down.

There is, we must remember, little or nothing about the city which makes it important — much less sacred — except its misfortune. It wasn't a place where great things

happened; it wasn't a centre of art or learning. It was of ancient foundation, by the Greeks who colonized these shores; but nearly everything of the old city that was not 'modernized' by the wealthy Romans, who lived there in the early imperial days, was destroyed by earthquake only sixteen years before Pompeii was buried from the sight of men. So that the city which was snuffed out by Vesuvius in 79 A.D. was largely a product of those times. The people mainly responsible for its rebuilding were a 'showy' lot, but many of them were of the 'new-rich' sort wherewith Rome abounded; they had money to buy anything they wanted, but not many of them had distinguished taste.

Most of them escaped, in the great disaster, with their lives. Of the two thousand or so who perished, many had gone back to save valuables.

The value of Pompeii to us is that it was blanketed with ashes and preserved just as it was. Other cities suffered slow decay or gradual transformation; we know only by hearsay, or from records, what were the daily habits of their people. Pompeii tells, in minutest detail, how life was lived in a city of this sort when Titus was besieging Jerusalem. (It is, for many reasons, a pity that so much which was found in the shops and houses has to be seen, now, in the Naples Museum, in glass cases or against backgrounds very different from those Pompeii furnished. But I dare say it is far safer thus.)

My recommendation for Pompeii is that you see it *en route* to Sorrento and the Amalfi Drive. Leave Naples by an early morning train; take your overnight bag, packed for a three-day trip, and carry a luncheon to be eaten in Pompeii. If you reach Pompeii by 9.30 or 10, you will be able to get your first impression of it before the excursion crowds arrive; and you should see as much as the average

person can 'take in,' on a single visit, by one o'clock, when the heat and glare begin to be most wearying. Then, lunch in a shady corner, and start on, rested and refreshed, for Sorrento.

Your train from Naples (the journey is fifteen miles) sets you down close to the Porta Marina, just within which is the Museum, where you will wish to spend a few minutes. Then, up Via Marina, with the Basilica on your right; and through its fore part into the Forum.

Now, the suggestion I am about to make to you will probably horrify many persons. I'm sorry — but I'm going to make it, nevertheless.

It is that, unless you're an ardent archæologist, you don't try to 'do much' with the ruins at Pompeii except in an impressionistic way. Walk among them on some such lines as I shall indicate, as jauntily as you can — unharried by a feeling that you ought to know what they're all about. All the enthusiasm that you can muster for a forum, save for the one in Rome; every ounce of effort and minute of time spent trying to comprehend that forum, yields rich returns forever after; this one is just 'a forum' where nothing in particular happened of any moment to us; save as any part of the story of Rome is in some sense our own story.

I am not belittling the interest of Pompeii. I am merely remembering how stupendous an undertaking it is to see something of Italy in a month or so, and to *enjoy* it at the same time. And with that in view, I think that the chief thing to get, at Pompeii, is a general idea of the 'lay-out' of a fairly typical small Roman city; and then to concentrate on the dwellings — for we shall not, in any other place, have such an opportunity as we have here for realizing how people lived when Virgil and Cicero were hereabouts. (These houses are of nearly a century later than

their day; but it is not likely that domestic life had greatly changed in that time.)

Back of the Temple of Jupiter (at the far end of the Forum) are some baths, which need not detain you because you will find more interesting ones farther on. And across the street (Strada di Nola) from the baths is the house of the Tragic Poet, which Bulwer-Lytton made the house of Glaucus, in 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' Next to this is the house of Pansa, one of the largest in Pompeii.

If you are an indifferent walker, this is the place to begin curtailing your programme. Energetic persons will wish to visit the Street of the Tombs, which they may reach by following the street to the left of the house of Pansa, crossing Vicolo di Mercurio, and going past the so-called house of Sallust (the historian, Cæsar's friend) toward the Herculanean Gate; then back to Sallust's house. This 'loop' is well worth making if you don't tire easily. If you *do* tire easily, see the house of the Faun, on the same street as that of the Tragic Poet; and, across Vicolo di Mercurio from it, the celebrated and beautiful house of the Vettii. Then along to the Strada Stabiana, and down that to the Stabian Thermæ, or baths, where you will, I think, get a better idea of that interesting institution, the Roman Bath, than you can get anywhere else. And, once you have it in mind, you may (I suggest) regard other thermæ in your course through Italy with no more than a passing glance — except where they happen to have present uses, like the Baths of Diocletian at Rome, which are now the National Museum.

Now, you may either return to the entrance by way of Strada dell' Abbondanza, or continue down Strada Stabiana toward the theatres and the quarters of the gladiators; then back through Vicolo dei Teatri to the Forum. I do not recommend you to see the Amphitheatre, because you

will see others much more interesting. If you are going up through Provence, and will see the Roman theatre at Orange, I say, 'Wait for that as an example of theatres.' But nowhere else in Italy that I know of, except at Verona, are you likely to get a better notion of what a Roman theatre was than you'll get here.

What will impress you, I think, is that a city like Pompeii, with a population estimated at twenty thousand, should have had an amphitheatre with a seating capacity equal to the whole population; and a big theatre accommodating five thousand, a smaller theatre accommodating fifteen hundred. When we get to Rome, which gave the pattern to all her children, you will realize what a great extent of her area was occupied by vast and splendid structures for the entertainment of her populace.

Of all those whom the Pompeii disaster carried off, I know of only one notable — and he wasn't in Pompeii; he was observing the phenomenon from what he hoped was a safe distance — the elder Pliny. You will be reminded of him again at Como, where he was born; so you may as well refresh your memory with regard to him.

He was a man of many parts — a philosopher, a rhetorician, an advocate, a military man, an historian, a great student of natural history — and a prodigious worker in all of them. His nephew, Pliny the Younger, wrote of him: 'He began to work before daybreak. . . . He read nothing without making extracts; he used even to say that there was no book so bad as not to contain something of value. In the country, it was only the time when he was actually in his bath that was exempted from study. When travelling, as though freed from every other care, he devoted himself to study alone. . . . In short, he deemed all time wasted that was not employed in study.'

The only book of his that has come down to us is his

'Natural History,' which he was engaged in polishing and perfecting when death overtook him. It is an encyclopædic work containing, the author's preface claims, twenty thousand facts gathered from some two thousand books on nature and art. He had dedicated this work to Titus, an old-time comrade of his; and soon afterwards he was appointed præfect of the Roman fleet at Misenum, across the Bay from Pompeii.

Immediately on noting that Vesuvius was in eruption, he ordered some many-oared galleys and set forth in command of a fleet bent on rescue and also on close-hand scientific observation. Soon they neared the port of Herculaneum, but the coast was unapproachable; so they sailed on, and managed to land at Stabiæ, which is now called Castellamare. And there Pliny perished, of the heat (it was August 24th, and probably torrid before Vesuvius began belching Vulcan's fires) and asphyxiating gases.

Your way to Sorrento lies through Castellamare.

I hope you are not too tired, when you arrive in Sorrento, to stroll about for an hour or two. The shops are fascinating; and whether you buy silk here or wait to buy it in Rome, you will certainly want some articles in the inlaid woodwork for which Sorrento is famous.

And you can't be in Sorrento many minutes without being reminded of Tasso, who was born there. His tragic story haunts the place. Yes! and many another that you'll come to on your way through Italy.

His mother was a Neapolitan of distinguished birth, and his father was a nobleman of Bergamo in the far north of Italy, but employed as secretary by the Prince of Salerno. When their son, Torquato, was a small child, the Prince of Salerno got into some difficulty with the Spanish viceroy at Naples, and was deprived of his properties and declared a rebel. The elder Tasso shared the same fate, and went to

Rome. The mother took her two children (Torquato and his sister Cornelia, whose home here in Sorrento you will doubtless go to see in the Strada San Nicolà, back of the Tramontana Hotel) to Naples, where the extraordinary precocity of the boy attracted so much attention that he was famous as a mental prodigy by the time he was eight years old.

About that time (1552) he went to Rome, to his father, and this part of the country saw very little of him thereafter. His mother died so mysteriously as to suggest that she had been poisoned by her brother. Cornelia stayed with the mother's people and was 'married off' by them as soon as possible, coming here to Sorrento to live.

Bernardo Tasso, the father, was given a secretarial position at the court of Urbino, and Torquato (who was an exceedingly handsome lad, as well as brilliant) grew up a petted prodigy in that distinguished circle. When he was eighteen he wrote the narrative poem 'Rinaldo' which, along with 'Jerusalem Delivered,' wherein also Rinaldo figures, is the perpetual theme of Italian marionettes; I hope that somewhere or other in your progress through Italy you may see a section of one of them enacted by those extraordinary puppets, and hear the lines declaimed. Once when I marvelled at the lifelike action of the puppets manipulated by so many strings, the proud director told me: 'Sometimes, since Crusades, in one family — marionettes!' He may have been swaggering a little, as people usually do when they brag of their ancestry; but I, who hate a carefully measured story, didn't mind. You, of course, may discount it as you like. Only, do see a puppet-show in Italy, and try to see Rinaldo, if possible. (Tony Sarg has demonstrated, right here at home, that it doesn't take centuries to develop marvellous manipulation of marionettes. But his are much smaller than the Italian sort, some of

which — when clad in armor — weigh as much as a hundred pounds.)

Well, with the publication of 'Rinaldo,' young Tasso became a more than local celebrity. And when he was twenty-one, he entered the service of Cardinal Luigi d' Este and went to that great castle at Ferrara where he was destined to enjoy and to suffer so many things. We can't begin to recall them all here; but one episode you will surely wish to think of in Sorrento:

Tasso completed his great epic, 'Jerusalem Delivered,' when he was thirty. Virgil had been his model as he had also been Dante's; and the great movement known as the First Crusade was his theme. So anxious was Tasso to make this poem all that it should be, or could be, that he sent the manuscript to several literary men of eminence, asking their criticisms and suggestions. When he had these in hand and began trying to reconcile them, he went mad! Probably there were other reasons — his was always a melancholy nature (as poets incline to be) and too high-strung; he lived a far from reposeful life; his mental powers had been overtaxed when he was very young; and so on — and if, as he complained, malarial fever had something to do with his maddening headaches, you will incline to believe him after you have seen Ferrara castle with its stagnant moat beneath all the windows. Also, it was whispered that he had to feign madness to escape full culpability for a compromising love affair with Leonora d' Este, sister of his patron.

At any rate, he seems to have been, either for his health or for his indiscretion, in some sort of duress in a convent at Ferrara; for he escaped thence, disguised as a peasant, and came wandering on foot all the long way to Sorrento, to his sister's house in Strada San Nicolà.

But he couldn't rest content here; he yearned for Ferrara.

TASSO READING HIS POEMS

By Domenico Morelli

It may have been because they pardoned a good deal at the court of Ferrara (these grandchildren of Lucrezia Borgia — who, however, was not so black as she's been painted), or it may have been that the sole cause of Tasso's first duress was mental, not moral; at any rate, they let him come back. But Tasso's relatively happy and productive days were all behind him. Henceforth he was to spend his time between the madhouse and 'wandering like the world's rejected guest' till he died, at fifty-one (Virgil's age!) in that chamber on the Janiculum to which we'll go some day in Rome, toward sunset.

Sorrento was for many years the home (or *a* home) of our distinguished American novelist, F. Marion Crawford, whose stories of Italian life are, I'm afraid, less popular than they used to be. Travellers through Italy will, however, be very glad of all they can remember of these stories — particularly of the Saracinesca series. Mr. Crawford, who was born in Italy, died in his beautiful white house on the cliffs here above this sapphire sea, in 1909.

And when you have wandered about Sorrento for an hour or two, buying inlaid wood with Pompeiian designs, and thinking of Tasso, you'll go back to your hotel and sit on a balcony above that sapphire sea, and watch (I hope) a gorgeous sunset, and wonder why anybody should go farther than Sorrento in search of perfect bliss. In the evening, the *tarantella* dancers will come to the hotel; perhaps they'll dance and sing in the courtyard that is dripping with wistaria blooms and pungent with citrus perfumes.

They wear gay costumes, these who sing and dance for us to keep alive the romance of other days; and they are full of that joy in living which seems the gift of these siren shores.

By day, they ply prosaic trades: Giovanni, whose rhyth-

mic abandon and flashing smile haunted us all through the war days (whenever we read of Italian battle losses, we used to wonder if Giovanni's laughing face, turned gray with staring at horror, was somewhere among the dead), was a barber in his hours of prose.

If your hotel is the Tramontana, you will enjoy recalling that there Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson laid the scenes of their very popular play 'The Man from Home,' which William Hodge played for innumerable seasons.

In the morning, you'll embark for Capri — going out in a rowboat to board the small steamer which has come from Naples.

Capri has had more 'gush and goo' printed about it in the last hundred years than any other place I know of. I can see how, a century ago, it may have seemed the veritable isle of enchantment it is usually called. But as the majority of travellers see it nowadays, it seems to me much more like Coney Island than like an isle past which Ulysses sailed, still lashed to the mast so he could not heed the sirens' song. I have never been there when it was not overrun with picnic crowds of the least endurable sort; so I do not comprehend why so many persons of rare sorts — artists, writers, and other worshippers of beauty and devotees of quiet reflection — have chosen it for a home. There must be times during the year when the excursion boats do not land their chattering hordes; when the 'resort' hotels are not full of cackle and clap-trap; but of such times I am unable to report. Norman Douglas lives on Capri in summer, I believe. And no one could hate cackle more than he does. Elihu Vedder lived here for years; and *he* was not the man to bear it patiently. Perhaps if one has a home on Capri he learns how to keep aloof from and uninvaded by the excursionists. The nearest I have been able

to attain to this has been to lose no time getting from the landing pier up onto the winding road of magnificent views, which leads to the Eden Hotel on the heights of Anacapri.

I have never been in the Blue Grotto except in the usual fleet of rowboats which meets the excursion steamers. I won't say that it is better not to see the Blue Grotto at all than to see it so. But the giggles and titters and silly shrieks and inane remarks of a flock of excursionists are hard, indeed, to bear in a place like that. Some time, I mean to see that gorgeous cavern when it is a temple of Nature and not a side-show. And meantime, to any traveller whose time on the Bay of Naples is limited, and who appreciates an 'experience' above an excursion, I unhesitatingly say: 'Choose Ravello, or Pæstum, and let Capri go.'

But if you can have them all, there are things a-plenty to reward you for a day at Capri; and for two days there, much more — because then you would have time for a row around the island and a visit to some of the other grottoes.

Many personages have been identified with Capri, but most of them are infrequently recalled there, being overshadowed by the Ogre of the Island, Tiberius. And now, if you please, after we have shivered and otherwise expressed our terror at those tales of the Ogre which the island cherishes, along come certain scoffing savants who tell us that Tiberius wasn't an Ogre at all, but a humane old gentleman who retired to Capri to lead a simple life after his long years of incessant toil and family troubles.

I don't know how you feel about it, but I must confess to a relish for the gentle exercise of exchanging new opinions for old; I find it at least as invigorating as a 'Daily Dozen.' And I particularly (although I am not ever so remotely related to Pollyanna or any of the Glad Girls) am always rather chucklingly pleased when the new opinion unmasks an Ogre and discloses nothing worse than a Grouch with

the gout or some other good cause for his terrifying growls. I like Ogres; but I find that I can get on very well with just a few. I have relinquished Bloody Mary: I have yielded somewhat in the matter of Catherine de' Medici; I realize the reason for Louis XI's cruelties; I sometimes waver a bit about Robespierre. Nero is still a cruel egoist, in spite of all the efforts to exculpate him; but Tiberius has my pity. If he was a little mad, it may well have been the result of trying to remember what relation to him sundry persons were.

He was Augustus's step-son and also his son-in-law. His first wife, the mother of his son, was the step-daughter of his second wife. His successor, Caligula, was his step-grandson and also his grand-nephew. And so on.

He was a little boy, only four, when his very young mother Livia, captivated young Octavian (not yet Augustus), Cæsar's grand-nephew and heir; he was still a youth when his step-father became emperor. But, though Livia gave Augustus no heir, he considered that the succession was assured in the three sons of his daughter Julia (whose mother he had divorced to marry Livia), so Tiberius grew up in no reasonable expectation of mounting the imperial throne. It was, however, a bitter blow to Tiberius when, the father of the young princes having died, Augustus forced Tiberius to divorce his wife (their step-sister!) and marry their mother. A few years later, Tiberius sought permission of his father-in-law and step-father, to retire to Rhodes and devote himself to study; and no amount of opposition could break down this determination. It was his one possible escape from the scandalous behavior of Julia, his wife, and the prodding ambition of Livia, his mother. He lived simply and studiously at Rhodes; and when Augustus at length learned Julia's depravity, and punished her severely, it was Tiberius who interceded for

her and with dignified kindliness did what he could to alleviate her wretchedness; this, too, although he had been granted a divorce from her by her father.

Tiberius came back to Rome, after some seven years of retirement, when he was about forty-four years old; and soon afterwards, two of his step-sons, the heirs-apparent of Augustus, died: the third son was about fourteen and an incompetent — which caused his grandfather to adopt Tiberius as well as the boy. And by the time Augustus died at Nola (near Naples — in the very room in which his father had died), there was none to dispute with Tiberius the claim to the imperial crown; his co-heir was in banishment on a desolate isle, and soon after was put to death. Perhaps Livia had something to do with this latter. But it cannot be said of Tiberius that he showed any appreciation of his mother's ambition on his behalf; and he had scarcely ascended the throne (at the age of fifty-six) when his relations with his mother became strained beyond repair. His withdrawal to Capri is said to have been caused by his desire to escape from her tyranny.

The year after his accession, Tiberius lost his only son, Drusus, born of his first marriage. And thereupon he adopted two sons of his nephew Germanicus (his brother's son), who had married Tiberius's step-daughter, Agrippina, Julia's sole remaining child.

The aunt of these young men was the widow of Drusus, Tiberius's son — whose death she had caused. Next, this pleasant lady conspired with her father-in-law's minister of state, Sejanus, to get rid of her nephews and their mother. She succeeded — in part! Agrippina and two of her sons perished, but one of them was left, to become the horrible Caligula; and her daughter, Agrippina the Younger, survived to become the mother of Nero.

Livia, who was the progenitress of all these persons

(except the elder Agrippina), outlived her august husband by fifteen years; with what satisfaction she viewed the prospect of her great-grandson, Caligula, on the throne, I am not able to tell you. But it is a matter of common knowledge that her son, Tiberius, received the news of her death without a tear, and refused to attend her funeral.

In justice to Livia it should be said that she apparently gave great satisfaction as a wife. But in her other relationships she must have been — to put it mildly! — meddlesome.

I think there is something to be said in extenuation of Tiberius — don't you? Even if he did occasionally have somebody dropped from this rock a thousand feet above the sea — which story the scoffing savants say is just a myth.

I wouldn't have asked you to recall all these genealogies and family squabbles here, if I didn't know how much you'll want them when you get up on the Palatine, in Rome.

What you will the more gratefully be reminded of is that Tiberius was here when report was made to him (doubtless among a mass of minutiæ relating to minor affairs in his vast realm) of the execution, at Jerusalem, of a Jew named Jesus, who had presumed to call himself a King and who had therefor died in apparent ignominy.

Early on the morrow of your Capri visit you will, doubtless, start on the famous Amalfi Drive.

The first stretch of this, winding inland from Sorrento and across the peninsula toward the Gulf of Salerno, will be disappointing to you; but it is soon over; and when you come in sight of the sea again, be sure to look out over it to Li Galli, the Siren isles which lie off-shore just about opposite where you strike the coast road for Amalfi.

Concerning Amalfi it does not seem necessary to say anything except that it looks like its pictures, which every-

THE EXILES OF TIBERIUS

By Félix-Joseph Barrias

body in the wide world knows. You will lunch at the old Cappucini monastery, unless you are motoring — in which case, noon-time will find you much farther on your way.

Amalfi is interesting, the pergola of the monastery is lovely, the oranges are supremely good, and the *Lacrimæ Christi* (sparkling white wine) is memorable.

But the greatest attraction of Amalfi is that from it Ravello can be reached in about an hour.

When we are at sea-level, looking up at the monastery two hundred and thirty feet above, we feel that we are going up quite high. But Ravello lies one thousand feet higher, and, besides being in itself one of the loveliest, most picturesque spots in Europe, offers views incomparably fine. Spend a night at Ravello if you possibly can. And, in spite of the incontestable excellence of Pension Palumbo, go beyond it to Pension Belvedere, kept by Signor and Signora Caruso in the old Afflitto palace. I ought to mention the view from the Belvedere, first; but nobody does, in the select body of travellers one meets, the world over, who sing the praises of the Caruso pension. The things everybody praises first are the marvellous wines that Signor Caruso makes (and serves) and the ambrosial food he and the Signora cook. In truth, nothing less than ambrosial food and wine like nectar could be fitting here; for this is as near Olympus as we shall ever be — we who, three days ago, were at Avernus and the Lower Regions.

You will visit the old Cathedral, of course, and note the famous pulpit. You will linger awhile in the Piazza, and will ring at the gate of the Rufali palace and ask to see that enchanted house and garden which were already venerable when Boccaccio made love here to Fiammetta. Mr. Francis Nevill Reid, to whose heirs the place belongs, was a son-in-law of Lord Napier. He had a passion for Italy and ardor for exploration. One day, in the eighteen-forties, he scram-

bled up to this eyrie, Ravello, to which nobody came but a few peasants who lived here, and was transported with its loveliness. He was like the prince in the garden of the Sleeping Beauty; his love (and his bounty) restored Ravello to the world.

Your way to Pæstum lies through Salerno where you will be well repaid for a visit to the Cathedral, which is both architecturally and historically interesting. Pope Gregory VII (Hildebrand), who fills so many stormy pages of European history, is buried here; and what are believed to be the bones of Saint Matthew are interred in the crypt. The Cathedral has an atrium, or fore-court — a feature of few remaining churches in Italy — which will interest you more now than it would have done before you had seen the houses at Pompeii; and around it are twenty-eight antique columns from Pæstum.

And now, what can I say to you of Pæstum, which to my mind is one of the supreme experiences of European travel?

It is, fortunately, nearly sixty miles from Naples, on a desolate shore. The train service is infrequent, inconvenient, and poor; the journey, however it is made, is expensive and arduous — for picnickers! For all these things, thank God! And if, in spite of all that deters idle sight-seers and chatterers from Pæstum, you still find one or two there, you will the more readily comprehend why the Thibetans kill unbelievers who try to reach Lhassa, their sacred city.

Pæstum should be visited only by the deeply reverent in whom appreciation tends to silence and not to utterance. Almost any talk at Pæstum is profane.

If it is approached in this attitude, Pæstum becomes a great spiritual experience. I know nothing quite like it in effect upon one whose soul craves quiet and a brief detachment from the problems of this swift-rushing age.

From those great, golden-brown Greek temples, glori-

ously weathered by nearly twenty-five centuries, the tides of life had turned away before Rome's empire was born or the Christian era had begun. Two thousand years of silence has imbued them with its calm. All the violences, natural and of contending men, by which these shores have been shaken, have not prevailed against the enduring grandeur of these vast temples reared to gods who have been mere myths for fifteen hundred years and more.

Two or three hours spent among these golden columns, beneath this azure sky, close to this sapphire sea, will cause the true worshipper (I think) to reckon his days, thereafter, as 'Before Pæstum' and 'After Pæstum.'

PART II
ROME

PART II

ROME

I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Travel of almost any sort is a touchstone — it finds the alloy in us, and discloses it pitilessly. But no place I know is a more perfect touchstone than Rome; it leaves us few illusions, few false estimates, of ourselves or of our companions there.

Most of us are, I think, rather uncomfortable in Rome. We feel ourselves shrinking into awful insignificance — and we don't like the feeling. It is impossible to walk a dozen steps, in any direction, without being reminded how little we know; and how little difference it makes, anyhow!

If we stayed in Rome longer, our attitude would change. The longer we stay, the more we realize how much there is that we don't know; but we cease to feel oppressed by it, and we cease to feel insignificant. The resident of Rome tends to take on the pride of the citizen of Rome, and to feel half-scornfully sorry for every one who lives anywhere else. Rome performs a motherly miracle for her successive broods, and wraps them one and all in the royal purple of her own grandeur. It isn't necessary for them to comprehend her; her mantle has made them great.

I've known very mild-mannered, modest persons to be transformed, after six months' residence in Rome, into prideful creatures who might awe a Cæsar. Delightful! I wish there were thousands more of 'em! But a shabby fortune forces too many of us to gallop through Rome so fast

that we come away feeling pygmies instead of monarchs.

I think this is a pity; and I've spent a great deal of time in Rome helping one and another of my friends to overcome their 'inferiority complex' and walk with the proud delight of an heir-at-law come to survey his inheritance.

For Rome is *ours!* It is not just the Capital of United Italy; not just the Capital of Christendom; it is the Capital of what we are pleased to call Civilization — by which we mean the Western World. The only proper spirit in which to approach it is that of one coming into his own.

I suppose that most of us, if we came into a vast inheritance of material riches, would soon begin to feel the responsibility of caring for them and sharing them. But first we'd enjoy them a bit! I say, Let's do that with Rome! Let's not be too solemn about her. She doesn't expect to be comprehended. There must have been lots about her that even Mommsen didn't know; and I'm sure she didn't hold it against him.

If you take me for your guide on ten or twelve rambles about Rome, I warn you that I'm not going to tell you all that Mommsen knew and didn't know. I'm just going to try, in my very simple way, to make you as proud as you should be, and to help you have a very good time.

There were nine Romes before Rome, they tell us. But I can tell you that it isn't until one has been here a very long time that he feels any urge to go back of the present one and sigh for more Romes to conquer.

If we begin with Romulus and get down to Mussolini, we shall be doing very well for a week or even for a fortnight. Nigh on twenty-seven centuries, that is. But there are a great many of them that we can 'skip' altogether, and a good many others whereof Rome has little to remind us.

I find that the time spent in Rome by the majority of her visitors averages one week or less. A great deal of Rome can

be seen, and an infinite amount can be *felt*, in a week if it is wisely used; but it is hard to restrain one's self and be content to leave absolutely alone many things which would only confuse what should be the sharp-cut memories of others that are more essential.

On my most recent stay in Rome, about two months before beginning this book, I had great interest and pleasure in helping an American friend and her little twelve-year-old daughter (both on their first trip abroad) see something of Rome in just exactly a week's time. I think they followed a far more leisurely schedule than the average tourist does; but I am sure that their impressions of Rome will compare very favorably, in vividness and variety and satisfyingness, with those of many persons who have spent a month in Rome, or more.

I'm not going to offer you their programme; but most of the places I shall tell about in these chapters on Rome were seen by them in what was, for sight-seers, a comfortably leisurely way.

I have considered many possible ways of presenting to you in a few chapters, material which, if treated as we did our Paris, would fill at least two whole books this size. And after a great deal of shaping and re-shaping have concluded that I shall probably serve you best if I group the sights according to localities and leave you to determine how much time you'll spend on them.

That being settled, I'm going to ask you to come down with me, late on some afternoon when the sun is about two hours from setting, into the Forum — not to toil about, laboriously, over its rough stones, trying to remember what the Tabularium was used for and what happened at the Tarpeian Rock; but to sit down on whatever looks most inviting to you in the vicinity of the Temple of Castor and Pollux (the one, near the middle of the Forum, with three

columns familiar through many reproductions and much picturing) and give yourself up to a delicious revery, letting a thousand years or so drift by you, fleeting yet vivid, as in a dream.

If you have your guide-book with you, look at the map or plan of the Forum for long enough, at least, to get yourself oriented — to note that the hill on the northwest is the Capitoline; that the Palatine is southeast of you. Never mind about the other hills of Rome, for the moment; but keep your map spread open so that you can refer to it from time to time as the shades go flitting by.

Here comes the first of them, a sinewy brown shepherd scrambling down from the Palatine. His name is Romulus, and we call him the founder of Rome. A few years ago, smart people said he was a solar myth. But he has fooled them; recent excavations on the Palatine have made him very real indeed. If you want the word of a great archæologist on it, you may have Lanciani who says: 'Late discoveries have brought forth such a crushing mass of evidence in favor of ancient writers, and in support of their reports of the kingly period, that every detail seems to be confirmed by monumental remains.'

Perhaps this hardy shepherd 'improvised' the familiar tale about kingly ancestry and the sucklings of the wolf, to give himself more indisputable authority over those he wished to command; but I, for one, am not going to be incredulous about any details, lest the very next spadeful of earth upturned here, under the direction of Senator Boni, should bring forth the mummy of the wet-nurse to shame me for my unbelief.

Other hills hereabouts were held by the Sabines, mountaineer people from the Apennines, and (as Senator Boni's uncovering of the necropolis in the Forum shows) by the Etruscans.

THE SABINES
By Louis David

When the men who came with Romulus, from the Alban Mountains near by, needed wives, Romulus invited the Sabines to some games, in the valley between the Palatine and the Aventine (you can't see it from where you sit; it was where the Circus Maximus was, thenceforth), and they helped themselves from among the Sabine girls, carrying them off up to the Palatine. That was what's called 'The Rape of the Sabine Women.' Probably the girls didn't greatly resent this 'cave-man stuff,' nor did their people greatly deplore this cheap and easy way of marrying-off daughters; for fairly amicable relations do not seem to have been strained for long. Romulus, of the Palatine, and Tatius, the Sabine chief, of the Capitoline Hill, ruled jointly for a time. And after Romulus, the next kings were Sabines, and the last were Etruscans. What is no less significant is that for many centuries thereafter Roman brides were carried or lifted across the threshold of their new husband's home, to commemorate the Sabine incident which meant so much in their history, because then and there Rome began that great policy of absorption which made her the mistress of the world, not by force alone, but by impenetration.

Perhaps, as you sit musing here, you get a later glimpse of Romulus, grown very splendid, as Plutarch describes; dressed in scarlet, with the purple-bordered robe over it, and carrying himself with kingly arrogance.

It may have been Romulus himself who, flushed with the success of his wolf-story, arranged his melodramatic disappearance from the sight of men, giving rise to the story that he had been snatched up by the gods, to be of them forevermore. (Press agents certainly ply one of the oldest trades in our known world!) Some of the Romans believed in his translation. Others said he was buried beside the ancient rostra, to which I shall direct you presently.

This valley between the Capitoline and Palatine was consecrated to the friendly communal life of the Latins and Sabines, after Romulus and the Sabine chief made peace on the Comitium, at the foot of the Capitoline. I think you will be well rewarded if you make the slight effort to 'place' the Comitium (which owes its name to two words meaning 'to go together') because of the part it played in the building of our social institutions. There Rome voted; and there, from the earliest days of what we now call Rome, the voice of the people was heard, and their ballot was taken even in the election of kings and consuls. The Curia, or Senate (the patrician assembly), was above and beside it, you see; and the ancient rostra (perhaps, as we're writing English, we ought to say *rostrum;* though just why it helps to use the singular instead of the plural, I can't see; and on the maps, as in most books, you will find it called 'rostra,' as the Romans did — meaning not the platform, but the *prows*) was between them. It was from this rostra that the great speeches were delivered down to imperial times; this was the one from which the Gracchi spoke and Cicero thundered against Catiline. (The rostra from which Mark Antony declaimed over Cæsar's body was elsewhere — you shall locate it in due time. And *rostra*, you know, means *beaks*, or *prows;* the speakers' platform was called 'rostra' because in the fourth century B.C. it was adorned with the beaks of vessels captured in a great naval victory.)

The Sabine king, Numa Pompilius, who succeeded Romulus, was a great mystic, and you're bound to 'see' him hereabouts, for this part of the Forum that you're sitting in is where he set up the most sacred centre of Roman religion. It was he who built the round temple of Vesta, the Sabine goddess (marked Ædes Vestæ on your map), put therein the holy fire, and instituted the order of Vestal Virgins whose duty it was to see that the sacred fire never

went out. Close to the round temple, he built the Regia, or house of the high priest, whose title was Pontifex Maximus. (The Pope bears that title now; the Roman Emperors bore it; it was Cæsar's when he died, and that is why the Regia was his dwelling-place. Look well at that spot; it teems with interest.) And whenever you use, or hear, the words 'pontiff,' 'pontifical,' etc., recall the Regia (which was Numa's residence, as Pontifex Maximus) and the fact that the high priest was so named because one of his chief functions was to build the bridge and to conduct sacrifices thereon to the greedy river-god of the Tiber who had such a dangerous disposition to overflow and undo the work of settlers on these banks — sweep away their homes and their lives.

Numa, as Pontifex, was guardian of the vestals. And one way that he strengthened his authority in such matters was by telling that a certain goddess or mountain nymph named Egeria was in love with him, and instructed him in those mysteries which he revealed to the Romans. The next time you hear the expression of some eminent man's lady-love, 'she was his Egeria,' it will make more distinct pictures for you, because of this sunset hour beside 'Vesta's fane.'

Whether it was from Egeria that he learned his statecraft, or from another, he was exceeding well counselled in that; and Plutarch says that 'during the whole reign of Numa, there was neither war, nor sedition, nor any envy or ill-will to his person, nor plot or conspiracy.'

This, though he ruled over Romans and Sabines with their abundant 'differences,' which he greatly diminished by reorganizing the people into companies or guilds according not to their racial origin, but to their trades and crafts.

There were seven kings, in two hundred and forty-four years, whose names have come down to us; probably there were others who failed to get themselves remembered either

for good or evil, and passed away into that limbo which Dante encountered on entering Inferno.

The last three kings were Etruscans, of that mysterious race which has left such enduring traces in Italy. They were great builders, you know, and great artificers. They built an immense temple to Jupiter, on the Capitoline. They drained the marshy lands of Rome that Tiber (in despite of the Pontifex Maximus) periodically overflowed, and installed a system of sewers which served Rome for twenty-six centuries. Note, on your map, the course of the Cloaca Maxima, or Great Sewer, through the Forum, close to your viewpoint — between Castor's temple and the Basilica Julia. That ancient Rome was a clean city, of clean people, whose self-respect expressed itself thus in no merely negative manner. It was a big city, too; for when Servius Tullius, the second Etruscan king, built his wall around Rome, it was six miles in circumference; whereas the wall of Romulus, two centuries before, had enclosed only twenty-four acres.

Some ancient writers said that there were about eight hundred thousand inhabitants in Rome under the Etruscan kings. Certainly the Cyclopean magnitude of their building operations argues an available supply of human energy scarcely below that which had built the Pyramids. The Servian wall (which served Rome for five centuries) was fifty feet high, and twelve feet thick. Many fragments of it are still standing — one of them in the railway yards, close to where you alighted from your train.

Under the Etruscans, our Forum grew splendid. It was still lined with shops, and was the chief market-place — devoted to trade as well as to statecraft and religion. But the pomp of the Tarquins here foreshadowed that of the Cæsars.

And now, with the last of the Tarquins, who was also the

last of the kings, we come to a period full of great and familiar stories. This Tarquin was called Superbus. Rome was probably ready for uprising against him when that pretext presented itself which Shakespeare described in his long dramatic poem, 'The Rape of Lucrece.'

Lucretia was a beautiful and virtuous Roman matron of high degree, whose husband, Collatinus (made indiscreet by wine, perhaps), boasted of her, in the tent of Sextus, Tarquin's son, in such a manner that Sextus stole away from his camp, and went to Lucretia's home, and ravished her. Lucretia sent for her husband and her father, greeted them in mourning, told them that which had befallen her, and then killed herself.

Her husband and their kinsman, Lucius Junius Brutus, thereupon led the uprising (which was of the nobles rather than of the people) whose result was the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, and the election of Brutus and Collatinus as consuls — thus inaugurating the republican rule of Rome which lasted nearly five hundred years.

You may imagine the excitement in the Comitium and the Curia in those days! And the speech-making on the rostra! And the discussions here in the Forum!

Tarquinius Superbus fled; but his cause had many champions among his Etruscan people and even some (as it transpired) among the Roman nobles and the very families of the two consuls.

The sons of Brutus, you remember, were among those who conspired to restore the Tarquinian monarchy. And when this was charged, and Brutus, calling his two sons by their names, said, 'Canst not thou, O Titus, or thou, Tiberius, make any defence against the indictment?' was answered by silence only, he turned to the executioners and cried: 'What remains, is your duty.'

Then here, in the presence of a great concourse forgetful

of their indignation in their pity for the afflicted father, the youths were stripped and scourged and beheaded — Brutus attending treason to its bloody end. Thus he did to preserve the Republic, in 509 B.C.

Marcus Junius Brutus, who slew his reputed father, Cæsar, bore the name of a man who believed that he was directly descended from the first consul; and Cæsar's assassin doubtless prided himself that, whereas the first Brutus had sacrificed his sons to save the Republic, the last Brutus sacrificed his father to the same end.

Finding that he could not come back by conspiracy, Tarquin now endeavored to come back by force of arms, aided by the Etruscans. In the first battle, Brutus and Tarquin's son fell, in a personal encounter. Rome gave Brutus a great funeral (here in the Forum) and witnessed its first triumph in which a four-horse chariot was employed.

Tarquin had fled to Clusium, where he sought aid from Lars Porsena who marched upon Rome and got so close to it as the Janiculum, t'ôther side Tiber. Now we are about to meet Horatius at the bridge.

Study your map of Rome for a minute. See where the island in the river is? Well, just below it, close to where the Ponte Palatino now is, and to where the Cloaca Maxima empties into the Tiber, was the Pons Sublicius, the wooden bridge. And on the other side of the river were the Etruscan hosts whom Horatius, single-handed, held from crossing, whilst behind him the beleaguered Romans broke the bridge down and dropped him, all armored, into the flood.

Moved by the valor of the Romans, Lars Porsena withdrew. But Tarquin was still bent on getting back. This time, his son-in-law, Mamilius, led the hosts that marched against Rome. The armies met in conflict at Lake Regillus, about ten miles east of Rome.

At evening, there appeared 'those strange horsemen,' Castor and Pollux;

'Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
. . . . . .

Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south
Crying, "The day is ours!"
But on rode those strange horsemen
With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

'And all the people trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Sergius, the High Pontiff,
Alone found voice to speak:
"The gods who live forever
Have fought for Rome to-day!
These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.
. . . . . .

Here, hard by Vesta's temple,
Build me a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome."'

As long as the Republic lasted, the anniversary of the battle (the fifteenth of July) was celebrated here before the temple on whose ruined steps you are sitting. All of Rome's

splendid horsemen (sometimes as many as five thousand), with purple cloaks and glittering weapons, came hither and defiled past this temple; each knight checking his horse at the steps and submitting himself, his steed and his equipment, for inspection which should determine whether he was accepted for another's year's service, or rejected.

Cicero called this temple 'the most illustrious of all monuments, a witness of the whole political life of Rome.' By this he meant not one structure, but successive temples (two, and possibly three) on this site. (Castor and Pollux, as you doubtless recall, were brothers of Helen of Troy, but had passed to immortality before the Trojan War.)

Tarquin now accepted defeat, and retired to Cumæ, where he soon died. The Republic was saved, and began working out great problems of representative government.

One episode of very early Republican history, you'll like to recall, I'm sure; and that is the institution of the tribunes.

Though the distinction between patricians and plebeians was as old as Rome itself, it did not become dissension until the removal of kingly authority left the patricians what seemed to the plebeians to be too much power. The plebeians could vote, but they couldn't hold office, and when they voted it must be for a patrician, or for or against laws proposed by patrician consuls. They demanded reforms, but got none.

Accordingly, one day when the plebeian legionaries were ordered forth to battle, they marched only three miles from Rome to a hill known thenceforth as the Mons Sacer, where they entrenched themselves and 'struck.' Whereupon the patricians came to terms and agreed that the plebeians should have annually elected magistrates of their own, members of their own order, authorized to protect their rights. These protectors of the people were called 'Tri-

bunes,' and from the first they seem to have busied themselves not merely as defenders, but as organizers of the masses against the classes.

It was at this time of class-consciousness and considerable bitterness that Coriolanus fell a victim to class-hate.

We never see Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus,' now; but it was a prime favorite just after the French Revolution — owing, perhaps, to some sympathy with the theme, and rather more to the superb acting of John Philip Kemble in the title part.

Coriolanus (whose family name was Marcius) was an aristocrat of the haughtiest type. When he aspired to the consulship, the plebeians opposed him so successfully that he failed of election. This embittered him against the popular government; and in the Senate he made speeches against those 'flatterers of the rabble' who advocated cheaper grain 'for the masses.'

Then there was a tumult in the Comitium! The people were ready to break into the Curia; but their tribunes prevailed upon them not to blame the whole Senate, but to make Marcius answer for his actions. At first, he contemptuously repulsed the officers who summoned him to trial; but at last he yielded and consented to defend himself. This he did so disdainfully that many citizens desired him hurled from the Tarpeian Rock. Calmer judgment prevailed to the extent that Marcius was not destroyed, but was banished from Rome forever; and in furious resentment, he went and joined himself with Rome's enemies, and fought against her.

It was a generation later that the Forum witnessed another dramatic uprising which has made story and drama. Appius Claudius, a patrician who had twice been consul, coveted the beautiful daughter of a plebeian centurion named Virginius. To get her, he induced one of his political

henchmen to say that the girl, Virginia, was not the centurion's child, but born of a slave belonging to this man — therefore his property. Virginius was summoned from the army to come in all haste and defend his daughter. But Claudius 'managed' to win, and ordered the girl delivered to him.

'You may,' wrote Marion Crawford in his 'Ave Roma Immortalis,' 'see the actors in the Forum, where it all happened — the lovely girl with frightened, wondering eyes; the father, desperate, white-lipped, shaking with the thing not yet done; Appius Claudius smiling among his friends and clients; the sullen crowd of strong plebeians, and the something in the chill autumn air that was a warning of fate and fateful change. Then the deed. A shriek at the edge of the throng; a long, thin knife, high in air, trembling before a thousand eyes; a harsh, heartbroken, vengeful voice; a confusion and swaying of the multitude, and then the rising yell of men overlaid, ringing high in the air from the Capitol right across the Forum to the Palatine, and echoing back.'

There was another uprising against injustice, tyranny, and Claudius died in that ancient prison which, alone, served Rome for so many centuries. We call it the Mamertine, but the ancients called it the Tullianum. It was hewn out of the solid rock, way back under the Sabine kings. Tradition says that both Saint Peter and Saint Paul were imprisoned there. History says that Perseus and Vercingetorix and the Catilinian conspirators and many another perished in its dank dungeons. Note, on your map, where it is — over behind the Arch of Septimius Severus; outside the Forum enclosure, at the northwest corner. You may step into it, some day, perhaps.

And now, that you may not permit yourself too many recollections on this first visit, and tend to become a bit con-

fused, take just a glance at the eight columns, beneath the Capitoline, which mark where the splendid Temple of Saturn stood, dedicated in the early years of the Republic to the purely Roman god Saturnus. And note, on your map, where the Temple of Concord was raised, in 366 B.C. to commemorate one of the ever-recurring but brief-enduring reconciliations between the Patricians and the Plebs.

Now get up and stroll a little way, in the Sacra Via, or Sacred Way. Of all the colorful, vociferous, significant life that flowed along here in the days of the Republic, what shall we recall to serve us as a sample? The triumphal procession of a great Roman general after an important war?

John Dennie, whose 'Rome of Today and Yesterday' is one of the most readable books of its sort that I know, gives us this description of such a procession:

'It was a multitude in white that filled this space, as far as the eye could reach, and extended away, far beyond . . . everywhere were the soft, white woolen togas of the men, the purple-bordered white of the boys, and, on each shapely head, a closely platted wreath of lustrous green leaves. . . . First [in the procession] came the Conscript Fathers who had decreed the honor, in their senators' robes, white with broad purple stripes — the heads of all the great families in Rome. And after them, the military band, of trumpets only, with their fierce, rejoicing cry; then, the spoils: pictures, statues, vases, of every size and shape, by thousands and tens of thousands, partly displayed upon wagons, partly carried, one by one; and, in long file, heavy wains, laden with the captured weapons, shields and bucklers, armour, swords, spears, pikes, loosely tied together so that they clashed as the slow wain moved, and filled the air with wild, martial noise.

'After this, which was sometimes enough to fill a day, came the animals for the sacrifice — a herd of white oxen,

with gilded horns, and wreaths and fillets of bright-colored silk — each animal led by a youth in a white tunic, also beribboned and be-garlanded; and then the priests came, with their glittering paraphernalia. After these, came another display of spoils, the special treasures of the conquered — very remarkable objects filled with gems or pearls, or with coined gold; and colossal statues of ivory and valuable rare woods; sometimes there were gold wreaths by hundreds. This might have filled a second day; and for the third would be reserved the personal spoils of the defeated foe: his war-chariot and armour and weapons, his crown and throne, his tent and its luxurious fittings, his dinner-service of gold-plate. Finally, himself, the great captive, sometimes with his wife and children, a group all in black robes, walking barefooted and with disordered hair. To this fate, Cleopatra preferred the asp. Close upon these came the Roman lictors in red tunics, and a band of lute-players dancing and singing, and then the hero of the day, in purple toga wrought with gold, standing in the high triumphal chariot, drawn by four white horses abreast, or sometimes eight, attached four and four. He carried a laurel branch in his right hand, and, in his left, a tall ivory sceptre, while a slave, standing behind him, seemed to hold over his head the great gold wreath which belonged only to Jupiter of the Capitol, King of gods and men. . . . Perhaps the grandest part of the show was its final section when, last of all, came the legions, those iron soldiers who carried the Roman eagles all the world over, and brought home all these spoils "to make a Roman holiday." By thousands they tramped after their chief, keeping rank, but shouting, singing, screaming as they marched.

'Then, when the day was done, and the great captive had been cast into the Tullianum, and the legions had gone back to their camp outside the walls, the Forum was one

TRIUMPH OF JULIUS CÆSAR
By Andrea Mantegna

grand banqueting-hall, where, at the expense of the general, the whole city was entertained with dainties of every kind, and wine of the best vintages. Twenty-two thousand tables were spread once for this grand supper.'

Imagine Cæsar riding along here in such a triumph, and passing the Regia, where he lived and whence, perhaps, Calpurnia his wife was watching him. There was one occasion when *he* ordered twenty-two thousand dining couches laid out; and it is highly interesting to speculate on what his guests thought as they ate and drank of his bounty.

I wish we dared take space here for an epitome of Cæsar's life. If one had to forego seeing or trying to comprehend nearly everything else in Rome, he would be amply rewarded for his stay there if it made Julius Cæsar stand vividly, luminously forth to him as a tremendous *reality*. But at least we may take space for an estimate of him:

'Julius Cæsar,' Marion Crawford says, 'found the world of his day consisting of disordered elements of strength, all at strife with each other in a central turmoil, skirted and surrounded by the relative peace of an ancient and long undisturbed barbarism.

'It was out of these elements that he created what has become modern Europe, and the direction which he gave to the evolution of mankind has never wholly changed since his day. . . . Of all the great men who have leaped upon the world as upon an unbroken horse, who have guided it with relentless hands, and ridden it breathless to the goal of glory, Cæsar is the only one who turned the race into the track of civilization and, dying, left mankind a future in the memory of his past.

'He is the one great man of all, without whom it is impossible to imagine history. We cannot take him away and yet leave anything of what we have. The world could have been as it is without Alexander, without Charlemagne,

without Napoleon; it could not have been the world we know without Caius Julius Cæsar.'

And then he goes on to remind us that 'the man who never lost a battle in which he commanded in person, began life by failing in everything he attempted, and ended it as the foremost man of all humanity, past and to come — the greatest general, the greatest speaker, the greatest lawgiver, the greatest writer of Latin prose whom the great Roman people ever produced, and also the bravest man of his day, as he was the kindest. . . . He was hated by the few because he was beloved by the many, and it was not revenge, but envy, that slew the benefactor of mankind. . . . Alexander left chaos behind him; Cæsar left Europe.'

This tribute may be a bit rhetorical, a bit excessive here and there. But on the whole it is, I think, a good one to have in mind as we stand in the Forum and try to realize Julius Cæsar.

'See' him, please — the great Dictator — living in this unpretending small house of the Pontifex Maximus, in accordance with his policy of making his splendors not personal but national. It is thus he keeps 'the people' leal to him; but he knows that they are being subtly poisoned against him.

A dictator must always realize that plots against his rule and against his life are many. And Cæsar, who had been made Dictator for life, was no man's fool to suppose that he was any safer than he could keep himself. He had well-founded suspicions, too, in what quarter the chief danger lay.

He had, you know, been warned by a soothsayer about the Ides of March. On the eve of that day he supped with a friend, and somehow a discussion arose as to what sort of death was the best. 'A sudden one,' said Cæsar, promptly and with conviction.

That night, he dreamed that Jupiter held him by the hand. And Calpurnia, lying beside him, dreamed that she held him in her arms, dead of many dagger-thrusts. 'All these things might happen by chance,' as Plutarch says. And I should add that it was no wonder if they did; Calpurnia must have suffered great apprehension on his behalf; and even if he preferred sudden death to any other, he may well have had a nervous dream or two.

Calpurnia begged him not to stir out on the fateful day, but to adjourn the Senate to another time, and he was sufficiently prevailed upon to resolve that he would send Antony to dismiss the Senate.

But, to make sure the Dictator would not absent himself, there came to the Regia Decimus, a half-brother of Marcus Brutus — Servilla's son, also, but not Cæsar's, as Marcus Brutus was commonly thought to be, and not improbably was — in whom Cæsar had great confidence. And this Decimus Brutus urged upon the Dictator that it was very foolish of him to be kept home by womanish whims and fears; for the Senate was resolved to vote unanimously, to-day, that Cæsar be declared king of all the provinces out of Italy, and if they were bidden to adjourn and meet again when Calpurnia should chance to have better dreams, what would his enemies say? If, however, he really believed the day an unfortunate one for him, would it not be much more dignified to go himself to the Senate and to adjourn it in person?

Cæsar yielded, and went.

We'll go, another day, to the site of Pompey's Curia where the Senate was meeting then, and where the deed was done; and there we'll recall that act of the tragedy.

To-day we'll just see him set forth, carried in a litter and surrounded by a dense crowd, and then we'll watch with poor, anxious Calpurnia, for his return.

The cries of terror-stricken and vengeful people reach her first. A Roman crowd is not a quiet one! And Calpurnia rushes out of the Regia, passes Castor's Temple (where you've been sitting), and falls, half-fainting, on the steps of Cæsar's vast unfinished basilica. The bearers of her husband's body draw near.

Now I quote from André Maurel's 'A Month in Rome': 'On a litter made of portières hastily torn down, an arm hanging over the edge of the curtain, the uncovered face all gashed, Cæsar lies, bleeding, torn, dead. Slowly the slaves advance, bringing the great pontiff, the master of Rome and of the world, back to his little house. . . . All Rome is running to the Forum. Cæsar has been murdered! Vengeance! But first, honors to the dead, to Cæsar! The body is exposed before the Rostra, in a gilded chapel, laid upon a bed of ivory and covered with a purple stuff woven with gold. The toga which has been pierced by twenty-three daggers is spread out like a trophy. Then the multitude keeps watch, day and night, shouting their funeral songs.'

Three days later the body was burned, here, among the most sacred temples of Rome, on a pyre constantly augmented by the precious things thrown into it as offerings to the spirit of the great dead. Then an immense multitude watched, through the chill March night, the slowly dying embers, while others ran through the city with torches lighted at the pyre, seeking the conspirators, to kill them. When day dawned, Cæsar's last triumph began forming, and his ashes were carried to the Campus Martius and consigned to the Julian tomb.

Just in front of where you were sitting, on the steps of Castor's Temple, hard by 'Vesta's fane,' was the Rostra that Julius Cæsar erected, and from which Antony's celebrated oration was delivered. And it will greatly interest you, I'm sure, to know that fifteen years after Antony stood

here making his disingenuous speech, dead Cæsar's heir celebrated Antony's defeat and suicide at Actium, by adorning this new platform with the prows of those captured vessels wherein Antony had fought for Cleopatra against Rome. At that same time, Octavian (not yet become Augustus) dedicated the new temple he had built, between the Rostra and the Regia, for the worship of Julius Cæsar, now deified.

Stroll, now, along the Sacra Via, eastward; and if I were you I wouldn't try for this first visit to crowd in any more impressions of the Forum except one: its beauty.

Glimpsed from the level of any of the streets surrounding it, the Forum looks a stark rubble-heap. And even from within, when a high sun is beating down upon its stones, flooding them with glaring light and radiating heat, the Forum gives no impression of beauty. The time to feel its loveliness is toward set of sun, when the light softens and the shadows lengthen, and all the haunting spirits of the place peep out and wait our beckoning.

Then (if we are not fretted with a notion that we must identify every stone we pass; else we're not 'seeing the Forum') we begin to be aware of tender touches awakening our sense of love.

'Formerly,' André Maurel says, speaking of the time when the Forum was covered and a pasture for kine and buffaloes, 'nature had conquered the Forum; now she has it in her embrace. It is the most wonderful garden imaginable. Not a corner where some bush is not growing. Is there a dead wall, it is enlivened by rhododendrons, oleanders, or lilacs. Is there a dark corner, a copse makes it cheerful. Approaches to the great monuments, bases of the temples, all are embellished. Sweet-briar and roses spring from the interstices, crown dismantled walls, making death gay with their freshness. . . . This is a true ceme-

tery, where the dead smile at — and teach — the living, among the perfumed, growing things of earth.'

Follow the Sacra Via as it rounds the corner by the ruins of Constantine's vast basilica and flows southward, then turns east again to pass beneath the Arch of Titus and leads on to the Colosseum.

And, if you care for my suggestion, don't 'look up' the Colosseum, to see how big it is and how old it is and how many people it could hold (don't do it *now*, at any rate — there'll be time enough for it, later), but look *at* it, as at a picture unforgettable; and, if you have time, wander over toward the great Arch of Constantine framing the tree-lined avenue to southward, that is the Via di San Gregorio.

Down that way (and in every other!) many interests lie. I'll direct you there on another day. But if I were you, I wouldn't try to 'grasp' another thing, after your revery in the Forum, but let the rest of all you see grasp *you* and hold you forever a glad, proud citizen of Rome.

II

BITS OF IMPERIAL ROME

Imperial Rome, like Regal Rome and Republican Rome, is mostly a matter of ruins — those fragments and rubble-heaps which the hurrying, distracted tourists find so wearying; and yet, to be in Rome and to come away from it cherishing those memories which are to be so much to us forever afterwards, and not to have had any clean-cut, vivid impressions of how she looked when Julius Cæsar walked her streets, and Cicero, and Virgil, and Horace, and Mæcenas, is sheer tragedy.

Now, I have a little theory about these ruins which can be so eloquent or so dumb, and what may be done to make a few of them speak memorably to even the most fleeting traveller. You may find this theory beneath your dignity; but even in that event you will, I think, grant that there are many of your fellow-voyagers through Italy to whom it must be serviceable.

Once upon a time when I was at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and was gazing, in company with a group of other pilgrims, at Plymouth Rock, a man beside me who did not appear to be a foreigner and who was quite evidently trying earnestly to see what there was about the rock to excite so much curiosity and veneration, asked me, 'What is it *for?*'

I think that many of us (and I unreservedly include myself in this number) get a very different feeling for some of the rocks in Rome when we manage to dig through the archæological verbiage about them and find what they're 'for' in our little scheme of things.

There's the Palatine, for instance. If you poke about up

there by yourself, with the aid of your guide-book and plans, you are almost sure to forswear 'ruins' then and there and thenceforth. If you go there with an archæologist who is great enough to be simple, you will find it one of the most thrilling places in the world. If you could spend even one hour there with Senator Boni (who has lived atop that hill for many years, directing the excavations there and in the Forum), you would almost certainly place that hour high among the pinnacles of your experience. For Senator Boni is so great that he is as simple as a child. It is a thousand pities that the vast labors of his life have left no time for him to write books. For, if he were to write them, he would care not at all for impressing other savants with the weight of what he knows; he would care only for making those stones so eloquent to you and me that we could never forget what they had said to us, nor ever again be the same as if they had not spoken.

I have just re-read a great many books on Rome, to see if I could find, on the Palatine, anything that might help me make your impression of it such as it should be. And I have to admit that I found nothing of the sort I sought. Much about tufa foundations and the Septizonium and the Cryptoporticus; but nothing which enabled me to see the toga-draped figure of Cicero coming up the hill from the Forum, to his handsome house, where his rich and domineering wife, Terentia, would persist in 'running' his affairs of state; nothing which showed young Virgil in the vast throne-room of Augustus, asking for the restoration of his father's farm; nothing to help me hear Paul the Apostle pleading his case before Nero.

And yet — because I am not an archæologist, but a plain sort of everyday person — those are among the things which make the Palatine a shrine to me. It is those personalities whose names are household words in every land

and every generation, which lure me into a study of their times and of their backgrounds. I cannot toil, in imagination, up that ascent with Cicero, pondering how long it may be possible to endure Terentia's henpecking, without trying to feel Cicero's relation to Rome as he felt it; to see Catiline as he saw him — and Cæsar, and Pompey, and Clodius, and Antony. And when I have got fairly launched into that, I find myself growing less and less conscious of the ages that lie between Cicero's day and mine; I find myself seeing the ruins on the Palatine much less clearly than I see the handsome houses on it in the late years of the Republic, and the great palaces in the early years of the Empire.

It is a pity not to make the ascent of the Palatine — to stand upon that storied hill where Rome began; but if time be brief, or energy lacking, one may sit in the Forum toward the close of some arduous day, and *look* up at the Palatine to better effect than many persons have in tramping over it.

If you do this, my suggestion is not to bother much about Domitian or Caligula (leave them to people with more time to spend in Rome), but concentrate on a few preëminent personages whose association with these parts is one of the reasons you have always wanted to see Rome.

They all come within about a century of Rome's history; and it is a century the study of which has more profoundly influenced the world ever since than any other period in the story of mankind.

Rome had grown very rich, by conquest. Her victorious generals brought back fabulous treasures, and tens of thousands of captives, who were sold as slaves. It became practically impossible for the small farmers to exist, because the great landowners with hordes of slaves could undersell them on everything; and they had, too, the harvests of the conquered provinces to compete with. So they had got

discouraged, their lands had passed largely into the possession of the few, and there was a great deal of social discontent and bitterness. Smart politicians got the jobs of governing the conquered provinces, and others got the jobs of plundering those provinces as tax-collectors. Hordes of people waxed scandalously rich; and money meant power in politics, and power in politics meant more money. There was a large voting population, from whom favor (and election) was to be had by currying — giving expensive entertainments 'free' and distributing grain and other foods; and so on. The details sound like a history of Tammany Hall or some of its offshoots.

This was the society into which all our great, outstanding figures of the Palatine's heyday were born. And when Julius Cæsar was a youth, growing up here in Rome, the men who were contending so bitterly for that political power to plunder grew bolder than ever before, and did not scruple to use Rome's legions (when they could command them) to enforce their will.

The first who did this was Sulla (or Sylla; some spell it one way, some the other), an exceedingly dissolute nobleman who for a number of years was the leader of the aristocratic and autocratic party. And after he had set the ignoble fashion, so opposed to all those good republican ideals which had ruled Rome for centuries, others followed it; so that Cæsar grew up in a society where armed might prevailed, and money counted for far more than it is worth.

Upon the slope of the Palatine overlooking the Forum was the 'Nob Hill' of those days, where the new-rich built luxurious houses that scandalized what was left of old, Republican Rome. It was there that Cicero lived; and there was one neighborhood row, so like 'Main Street,' and yet so full of consequences in Roman history, that I believe

you'll be much entertained if you'll refresh your memory about it.

One of the noble and wealthy families living near Cicero had a very 'wild' young son, named Clodius, and also a bevy of attractive girls, including one of whom Cicero's rich and overbearing wife, Terentia, was (probably without due cause) jealous. Now, the 'wild' youth, Clodius, was in love with Julius Cæsar's wife, Pompeia; and once, when Pompeia, as wife of the Pontifex Maximus, was celebrating some very sacred rites at which no man (not even the High Priest) was permitted to be present, Clodius (a beardless youth) dressed himself as a girl and was admitted to Cæsar's house. But his voice betrayed him, and there was a great scandal. Clodius brought forward a false alibi. But Terentia knew that he had been, that day of the rites, at their house to see Cicero — so he couldn't have been out in the country as he claimed. And she nagged Cicero into testifying against Clodius — hoping to see the whole family brought into disgrace, and to make the attractive Clodia (whom she doubtless called 'that huzzy') hate Cicero.

Cicero did as ordered. But Clodius had 'bought' the judges, and was exonerated. Cæsar, you'll remember, divorced Pompeia, saying that 'Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion.' And Clodius, elated with his success, began his campaign of calumny against Cicero, which resulted in Cicero's exile from Rome and in the destruction of his house on the hill. Sixteen months later, one of the tribunes, named Milo, raised his voice in Cicero's behalf, enlisted Pompey's aid, called Clodius to trial for his acts of violence, got him chased from the Forum, and — not satisfied with securing Cicero's recall in triumph to Rome and the rebuilding at public expense of his house — followed up the feud until he had killed Clodius, and called Cicero to defend him for the murder.

Think what lively times for gossipy tongues those must have been!

Cicero, you know, was not a Roman, but a provincial Latin. He was well-born, but not noble; and in politics he was an ardent Republican, passionately attached to the old constitution, and to the ideals it supported. He was the foe of mob-rule and of class-rule; opposed to the socialism of the masses and to the tyranny of the aristocrats. He was what we might call the leader of the 'Middle Class Union' of his day. And when he was elected Consul (in 63 B.C.) it was a Middle Class victory over Catiline, a bankrupt patrician who headed a party of malcontents of every grade from slaves to nobles.

Catiline lived 'on the hill,' too. Am I unpardonably trivial; or would it have made *your* 'third year Latin,' too, more folksy and more thrilling if you had imagined how the neighbors must have discussed Cicero's startling, scathing charges against Catiline? I 'parsed' and translated those great orations, wearily. But I had never been in the Forum, then; had never stood with the crowd before the Temple of Concord, and heard Cicero 'warm up' (more rapidly, perhaps, than was his wont; for he was intensely nervous before his great efforts in oratory, and got into his full stride slowly) in the fiery Third Oration; I had never been in the Tullianum (or Mamertine Prison) and seen Cicero, Consul of the Roman Republic he so ardently loved, stand there to see execution done upon Catiline's fellow-conspirators who had sought the Republic's overthrow; I had never followed him home, that memorable evening, through the Forum and up the Palatine, while the citizens shouted their acclaim to 'the savior and founder of his country' who had defeated 'the greatest of all conspiracies with so little disturbance, trouble and commotion' — as Plutarch says.

Augustus, you know, was born up there on the Palatine when it was the Republican Nob's Hill in that very year of Cicero's victory over Catiline. Octavian (as the little boy was called then and for long years afterwards) was left fatherless when he was only four; and his young mother soon remarried. Her uncle, Julius Cæsar, was away in Gaul, during all of Octavian's boyhood; and if you have a fellow-feeling for small boys, you'll know how exciting it must have been to be Octavian when everybody in Rome was talking about the adventures and conquests of your mother's uncle.

Octavian was thirteen when Uncle Julius came back to Rome, and old enough to realize the thrill of that rapid march southward from the Rubicon. Indeed, he had already made his first public appearance more than a year before, when he delivered the customary panegyric at the funeral of his grandmother, Julia.

He knew what the situation was in Rome, where Pompey was in sole command and fearful of Cæsar's return from his triumphs. Cæsar's command in Gaul expired in 49, and he wanted to 'run' for the consulship before he laid down the prestige (and power!) of his victorious legions. Pompey, and his party in the Senate, said that Cæsar must sever his military connections if he wanted political office, and do his campaigning as a private citizen. There was sound reason for this, you see; and even such good constitutionalists as Cicero felt that the way Pompey, as sole Consul, had coped with the anarchy and confusion seething in Rome entitled him to be called 'the savior of society.' So, in January, 49, when Cæsar refused to come to terms with Pompey and the Senate, he was ordered to disband his legions or become outlawed. Then it was that he made his great decision to 'cross the Rubicon' into Italy, and march upon Rome. His advance was so rapid and so popular that

at the end of March he entered Rome (whence Pompey, many of the Senators, and a large body of nobles had fled to Greece) and became the absolute master of Italy.

Octavian, a frail lad, was then in his fourteenth year, and able to appreciate the wonder with which Rome viewed his great-uncle's policy as dictator. He was doubtless old enough, too, to understand a good deal of the talk that was undercurrent in Rome about Cæsar's sovereign aspirations, and who might wear the crown after Cæsar, if Cæsar secured it. The gossip about Brutus being Cæsar's son was very general; and tongues must have wagged like bell-clappers when Brutus joined Pompey's forces in Greece and fought with them against Cæsar. It was freely talked about in Rome that Cæsar had been terribly apprehensive, after the battle of Pharsalia, where he defeated Pompey's forces, until he knew that Brutus was safe; and that Brutus, when he saw Cæsar victorious, did not disdain to sue for forgiveness and restoration to favor; and that Cæsar gladly gave it to him.

When, nearly five years later, Cæsar fell beneath the daggers of Brutus and his accomplices, and in his will made young Octavian his heir, the lad was strongly dissuaded, by his mother and others, from accepting it — probably for fear of what Brutus might do. But Octavian, who was studying in Greece when the fell deed was done, was cleverer by far than anybody (even his mother) knew. He knew how to discriminate among the contending parties, using some and opposing others, until he had made himself able to stand alone; he even made good use of the astute Cicero — as long as he needed him.

If you go up on the Palatine, you will (I think) be much interested in the so-called house of Livia, which is almost the only dwelling of old Rome left anywhere near intact for us to see. If it was not the house of Livia, it was

probably that of her grandson, Germanicus, who married Augustus' granddaughter, Agrippina, and became the father of Caligula and (through his daughter, Agrippina the Younger) the grandfather of Nero. And Livia, who attained a very ripe old age, doubtless knew the house well, even if it wasn't hers. It was probably the sort of house she lived in, as the wife of Tiberius Claudius Nero and the mother of two little boys, when young Octavian, twenty-five years old, fell in love with her and persuaded her to ask for a divorce and marry him. I don't know what had become of his first wife, Scribonia, the mother of his only child, the much-married and badly behaved Julia. At any rate, you may like to imagine Livia in some such house as this; and then reflect that she, who was 'nobody in particular,' was the ancestress, *not* by Augustus, but by her undistinguished first husband, of four Cæsars. Reflect, too, that of the six Cæsars, not one was succeeded by his son.

Harold Stannard, M.A., author of 'Rome and Her Monuments,' inclines to believe that young Octavian bought the house called Livia's, and occupied it before he began building his palace, after he became absolute. If this is so, it may have been there that he, a young man of twenty-one, received Virgil (seven years his senior) and listened to the poet's plea for the restoration of his father's farm. (This is, of course, the merest conjecture, without archæological weight, made solely in the interest of peopling the Palatine with those we know and love.)

I have been on the hill with students of old Rome who believe that it was in the throne-room of Augustus' palace that Paul appealed to Cæsar — Nero not having yet built his Golden House — although what we are now able to see of the palace of Augustus (the public rooms, only) seems to have been restored in the time of Domitian,

who reigned some fifteen years and more after Paul's execution.

There are other places in Rome where we may much more definitely and certainly see Paul; but as he came all this long and arduous way to appeal to Cæsar, I — for one — have a strong fancy for seeing him do it; especially since the Cæsar in his case was Nero.

If we accept the date (nowhere fixed, and variously inferred) of Paul's appeal, as early in the year 62, then Nero had but lately passed his twenty-fourth birthday, although he had been nearly eight years on the throne.

Consider, briefly, this young ruler before whom the little, bald, bow-legged old man from Judea stood to plead his case, in that splendid hall where Cæsar sat enthroned. (This throne-room was thirty feet wider than the great nave of Saint Peter's Church.)

Nero had, and had not, a right to the throne; that is to say, he was of Augustus Cæsar's blood, by direct descent from the much-married Julia, whereas Britannicus, the Emperor Claudius' son, was descended only from Livia by her first husband, and not related to Augustus in any way except as an 'in-law.'

Nero's mother was Agrippina the Younger, great-granddaughter of Augustus, and sister to Caligula; and a thoroughly bad sort she was! So much so that it is really no reflection upon her sufficiently reflected-upon brother that he banished her from Rome when her small son was some eighteen months old. Nor (come to think of it!) is it so terrible a reflection upon Agrippina ('shady' as she was) that she should have plotted to get her crazy brother off the throne and her small son on it.

However, Caligula lasted only four years before he was murdered in his own palace, and succeeded by his uncle Claudius, a liberal-minded, kindly man, but unfortunate

in his choice of wives and favorites who brought odium upon him. Uncle Claudius, who was fifty-one when he became Emperor, recalled his niece (now a young widow), and she immediately began scheming and plotting to get the throne for her boy. Claudius was then married to his third wife, the notorious Messalina, whose career was ended by her husband's orders when she was only twenty-six; her execution took place in the villa of Lucullus, on the Pincian Hill, where she held her most flagrant orgies; you will recall her, some day, when you're strolling thereabouts listening to the music, taking tea, and enjoying the sunset. And when she was out of the way (leaving a little boy, Britannicus, and a little girl, Octavia — whom Nero subsequently married), Agrippina forestalled the possibility of another influence and another line of succession, by marrying her elderly uncle, whom she poisoned four years later, when it seemed that she had sufficiently prepared the way for her son's recognition over Britannicus.

Nero lacked two months of being seventeen when his mother's bold villainy set him on the throne; and he was a personable, affable, apparently modest youth who seemed to reflect supreme credit on his eminent tutor, Seneca, and to promise great felicity to the Empire. Seneca's influence over the young Emperor (to maintain which he had continually to fight off the domination of Agrippina) did indeed result in five golden years of excellent and popular government. But the virtue was Seneca's, not Nero's; and so to manage that he might exercise it as he saw fit, Seneca had to humor the young sovereign who, after all, was Agrippina's pupil, too, as well as son. And in this 'humoring,' Nero finally got out of hand.

When Paul came to Rome (probably early in the year 60), Nero was still popular. His mother had been murdered, not by his orders, but by persons acting in his interest, two

years before. And though he had divorced, Octavia and married the designing and imperious Poppæa, he had not thereby alienated any of the regard of a populace which regarded divorce as casually as Rome did. But Poppæa soon cut off her young husband from Seneca's influence; and got the chief military command transferred from the able old soldier, Burrus, to an infamous crony of her own; and began filling Nero's mind with suspicions and fears of others who had been his best counsellors. It cannot be said of Poppæa that she was a squeamish lady; and there were many sudden deaths in Rome, in those days. But, even at that, Nero was still (when Paul came) the most satisfactory ruler Rome had had since Augustus — who had been dead, then, forty-six years.

During the two years that Paul stayed in Rome, waiting for his case to come before Cæsar, Nero's popularity had begun to wane; but the destruction of Pompeii by earthquake (seven years before its burial by volcanic eruption) and the burning of Rome had not yet produced the impression that Nero was 'in wrong' with the gods on account of his laxity with Christians; so his name had not yet become coupled with terror to Paul's co-religionists.

It has been said that Seneca inclined toward the new religion; and a correspondence (probably forged) between him and Paul exists, which, if genuine, would make it evident that Paul expected a friendly hearing from Seneca's young pupil. But Seneca, when Paul finally came up the winding way of the Palatine ascent, to stand before Cæsar, was already in disfavor at court and in the shadow of his tragic end. (He was forced to commit suicide, on the charge of having 'conspired against the Emperor.')

But it was not belief in Nero's possible clemency to his individual case that sustained Paul in his perilous and arduous journey to Rome and his long wait there for a

hearing — chained, night and day, by one wrist, to a Pretorian soldier, we must remember. If his personal liberty and safety had been paramount with Paul, he would have seen that his chance lay with Agrippa, in Cæsarea. What led him to the world's Capital was a Vision. He saw something in the doctrines of Christ beyond their power with the individual, beyond their potency with the local groups or churches; he saw a *new* World Empire, ruled by the Christian idea. He was hurt, but not dismayed, to find Roman Christians unconcerned with anything but their personal and local questions of religion. They had not seen his Vision, and he could not make them see it.

Peter was a fisherman from the Lake of Galilee. Whatever may have been his faith in 'Thou art Peter; on thee I will build my Church,' he couldn't possibly have had the mental conception of that Church that Paul had. Peter's religion must have been much more personal than Paul's; he had been the daily associate of the Teacher, the witness of his sufferings. Paul was a convert not to the embodiment of the Idea, but to the Idea itself. (The theologians and commentators mustn't gasp, please! I'm just trying to 'feel my way' into that hearing on the Palatine, after the same manner that I try to climb the hill with Virgil — to 'get' Paul, not as a Sunday School lesson, but as a man who came to Rome; as I tried to 'get' Virgil apart from 'fourth year Latin,' and Julius Cæsar apart from the syntax of his Commentaries. I may fail in orthodoxy, all along the line; but I feel the personalities until it seems to me that I look out upon life through their eyes. And that, I think, is what we must do when we go a-travelling, either in person or in imagination.)

So I see Paul, insignificant-looking and probably rather unkempt, a small but somehow not at all pitiful figure,

standing before young Nero at the marble bar of the magnificent throne-room. Paul isn't sorry for himself, and he makes no appeal to our sympathies as we ordinarily conceive them — that is, to our pity. His case is going against him, and he knows it. The Romans are not specially aggrieved against him, but the Jews are. But I don't seem to see Paul turning sad, accusing eyes at the persecutors, the men of his own race. I don't seem to see him, as he pleads before Cæsar, laying much stress on himself and what becomes of him. I'm not sure that he cares a lot. He has fought a good fight and finished the course, and I doubt if he is sorry that the end is in sight. That is, if he is thinking about himself at all! But the shabby little man I see, bald-headed and bow-legged at Cæsar's splendid bar, is transfigured with his Idea. Almost, I think he sees what's coming.

I wish I could imagine what Cæsar thought of him. But I can't. Perhaps he didn't think at all, except about his own next appearance as a singer-actor. Perhaps Poppæa's minions told him what to say in Paul's case. How could Poppæa suspect the power of that Idea? And what could Nero do to weaken it?

Some afternoon, after you've been on the Palatine with Paul, make a pilgrimage out through the Saint Paul Gate, and along the ancient Via Ostiensis, to Abbadia delle Tre Fontane, where three little old churches cluster 'round the spot on which Paul was beheaded. The tradition is that his head bounded and touched earth three times, and that a fountain welled forth from each spot it touched. In one of the three churches (the one covering the three springs) is a white marble column to which Paul is said to have been bound at his beheading.

Then, retrace your way to the magnificent Church of Saint Paul's Beyond the Walls, covering his burial-place.

Be sure not to neglect seeing the Cloisters at Saint Paul's.

And on your way back, stop at the Protestant Cemetery, beside the Saint Paul Gate, to visit the graves of Shelley and Keats, on whom we'll reflect long and lovingly in later chapters.

III

SOME DRIVES IN AND ABOUT ROME

In this chapter I want to outline some afternoon drives for you to take. You will spend most of your mornings in museums, I dare say. Certainly you will take two mornings, at the very least, for the Vatican galleries and apartments; and one for the Capitoline Museum, and one for the National Museum. More than these I would not try to see in a brief stay.

And after luncheon, and that very necessary rest without which the latter part of the day finds one too fatigued for appreciation, the ideal thing to do is to spend several hours out of doors, in a 'chartered' vehicle of some sort which one can direct at will, stopping occasionally for short calls at places of great interest.

The first of these drives that I propose (and they need not be taken in any special order) is one in which you set out from the Forum of Trajan, after you have looked at the very famous Column (which is Trajan's tomb), and given a careful glance or two at your ground-plan of Rome to fix in your mind the general location of the five great imperial forums (or fora) constructed by Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Vespasian, Nerva, and Trajan. You will, I think, find in your guide-book all that you want on the Fora of the Emperors, so I won't duplicate it here.

Now look north of the Colosseum on your map, and note the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, or Saint Peter in Chains, which you ought (I think) to see, for several reasons: one is the church itself, which was built about 442, by Eudoxia, the wife of Valentinian III, the last of the Roman

Emperors who ruled at Rome as well as reigned. (Those who came after him and bore the title of head of the Western Empire were mere figureheads; the seat of power in Rome had moved from the Palatine over to the Palazzo del Laterano on the southeast shoulder of the Cælian Hill, where the Popes lived from the time of Constantine till the Captivity of the Popes in France — after which they made the Vatican their residence.)

Eudoxia had received from Pope Leo I (the Great) the chains of Saint Peter, and she built this basilica to be a shrine for them.

But the very special reasons for coming here are two Popes and two artists, and the story of two tombs. If you use this opportunity to get four personalities in mind, you will, I'm sure, be vastly more interested than you otherwise could be in many of the most notable things you'll see on your way through Italy.

First of all, there's Sixtus IV. There are about eight or nine Popes in the nearly nineteen centuries of papal history that the traveller in Italy, the average reader of books about Italy, really must know about in a definite way; all the rest belong principally to ecclesiastical and political history, and need not concern us as we journey.

But not to know Sixtus IV is quite calamitous; for he was the builder of the Sistine Chapel, and the Sistine Bridge (Ponte Sisto) over the Tiber, and the founder of the Sistine Choir, and the Pontiff who developed into greatness the Vatican Library. You see, you *must* know Sixtus, even if you stay but a week in Rome.

Well, in 1467, this old Church of San Pietro in Vincoli was given (by Pope Paul II) a new cardinal-priest, the head of the Franciscan Order, Francesco della Rovere. The Franciscan General was of humble birth, and had made himself known by his eloquent preaching. Four years after he be-

came titular cardinal of this church, he was elevated to the throne of Saint Peter, as Sixtus IV, reigning there for thirteen years. He was succeeded by a prelate who must have been actuated by a sense of humor when he chose for his pontifical title Innocent VIII. But whatever else Innocent may have done or left undone, he had the nice feeling to order a fitting tomb for his predecessor; and to secure for it the best possible talent, Innocent appealed to Lorenzo the Magnificent, at Florence — he being related to Lorenzo, in a way, through the marriage of Lorenzo's daughter with one of Innocent's illegitimate sons.

The artist Lorenzo sent to Rome was Antonio Pollaiuolo concerning whom Lorenzo said: 'The said Antonio is the chief Master in this city, and perhaps that ever has been, and this is the common opinion of all who understand such matters.'

Antonio's last name means 'Poulterer,' and came to him because his father purveyed feathered food to the first families of Florence. (*Pollo*, which means 'fowl,' is a staple on Italian bills of fare; and I can't see any lack in dignity in letting it remind us of Pollaiuolo, whose name is pronounced Polla-yu-o-lo.)

Antonio had served his apprenticeship with Ghiberti and worked with him on the very celebrated baptistery doors at Florence which Michelangelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. When you are in Florence, you will (if you accept my guidance) certainly spend some time in the Museo dell' Opera del Duomo, where you will see Antonio's superb relief, in silver, of the Birth of John the Baptist, and the magnificent silver cross he made as a reliquary for the fragment of the True Cross which Charlemagne had presented to Florence. In the Bargello, there, you will see Antonio's terra-cotta Bust of a Young Warrior, which is familiar to you through many reproductions; and his

bronze statuette (made for Giuliano de' Medici) of Hercules Slaying Antæus. While at Milan, in the exquisite Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, you will find the treasure of the collection that exceedingly familiar portrait of Giovanni de' Bardi's wife, which was probably painted by Antonio.

The tomb that Antonio executed for Sixtus IV, and the tomb he made for Innocent VIII, are in Saint Peter's, where I shall call your attention to them. But here in San Pietro in Vincoli is the tomb of Antonio himself, and of his younger brother, Piero; and the memorial tablet to them is to the left of the entrance.

And now we have come to the big story of the church — to the other Pope and the other artist: Julius II and Michelangelo.

After Innocent was gathered to his fathers, there came one of the most picturesque and story-esque of all the Popes, the Borgia, Alexander VI, father of the notorious Lucrezia Borgia, and of Cesare, and many others; we shall recall him elsewhere. And then there was Pius III, an octogenarian who wore the tiara for twenty-five days only; he was a nephew of that up-and-coming personage who had been Pope Pius II and whom we shall more particularly recall at Siena, whence he came. And Alexander VI was a nephew of Calixtus III, who preceded Pius II in the Papacy. Nephews had become the pontifical fashion, as it were; so the nephew of Sixtus IV, having been a very active statesman as Giuliano della Rovere, Cardinal of San Pietro in Vincoli, became Pope Julius II. Twice in thirty-two years, this church of Saint Peter's chains had given its cardinal to sit on Saint Peter's throne.

Now, Giuliano had twice before contended for the papal tiara; and though he was not an old man (only sixty when elected) he seems to have thought that it would be well to begin making plans for his tomb. He wanted a magnificent

one; and he wanted the satisfaction of seeing it well under way. So he sent up to Florence for the young sculptor-painter, Michelangelo, who had recently electrified his townsmen with his colossal 'David,' and was now engaged upon a state commission to decorate one of the walls of the great municipal council hall.

Michelangelo was just thirty when Julius II summoned him to Rome to build for him a mausoleum that should rival the utmost magnificence of the early Emperors.

The Florentine artist was no stranger in Rome; he had lived there for five years (from his twenty-second to his twenty-seventh), and had done there the exquisite Pietà which is one of the greatest treasures of Saint Peter's. But when he was there before, he was on no such footing as now. The advance was very gratifying to him, and he plunged, with all the ardor of which he was so supremely capable, into the task that Julius set him. His design was quickly made, and as quickly approved, and he was off to the Carrara quarries to choose marbles for the gigantic undertaking which Romain Rolland calls 'a Babylonian project — a very mountain of architecture with more than forty statues of colossal dimensions. . . . One day, whilst riding through the country (near Carrara) on horseback, he saw a mountain which dominated the coast, and was seized with a desire to carve it in its entirety, to transform it into a Colossus visible to navigators from afar.'

(I quote this, now, because a Colossus in Carrara marble is about to be carved, there, to be a beacon to navigators and a memorial to Shelley. So, more than four hundred years later, Michelangelo's conception is about to bear fruit.)

By December of that year (1505), the blocks of marble he had chosen had begun to arrive by sea and river, and to be piled up behind Santa Caterina, where Michelangelo lived.

'The Pope in his impatience,' says Rolland, 'came to see him ceaselessly, and conversed with him as familiarly as though he had been his own brother. In order to visit him more conveniently he had a drawbridge, which assured him a secret passage, thrown from a corridor of the Vatican to Michelangelo's house.'

But Julius was of an inconstant nature — and, like many inconstant persons, irritable and suspicious. He was superstitious, too; and Bramante, Raphael's friend and fellow-townsman, who was the Pope's architect, had no trouble persuading Julius that it was unlucky to build one's own tomb. Moreover, as Julius was well aware, the old Church of Saint Peter, founded by Constantine early in the fourth century, and already a hoary edifice when Charlemagne was crowned in it on Christmas Day, 800, had no place adequate for such a mausoleum as Michelangelo was preparing.

Why not, Bramante urged, build a new Saint Peter's first? Bramante was dissipated and a luxurious liver; he needed money, and he sought a commission which would bring him both fame and fortune; but he had, too, a bitter personal grudge against Michelangelo who had accused him of 'scamping' in the quality of his building materials.

So, Julius was talked over, and not only abandoned the mausoleum, but refused to pay Michelangelo for the great expense he had incurred in marble, freight, and fetching skilled workmen from Florence. And when Michelangelo complained of this unjust treatment, Julius ordered the doors of the Vatican closed to him.

'Returning home,' says Rollin in his 'Life of Michelangelo,' 'Michelangelo wrote to the Pope as follows: "Holy Father! I was driven from the Palace this morning by order of Your Holiness. I beg to inform you that

if you need me you will have to seek me everywhere else but in Rome."

'Sending off this letter, he called in a dealer and a marble-cutter who lodged with him and said to them: "Find a Jew, sell everything in my house, and come to Florence."

'He then mounted his horse and set off. When the Pope received the letter, he despatched five couriers after him, but they did not overtake the fugitive until eleven o'clock at night, by which time he had reached Poggibonsi, in Tuscany. There they handed him the following order: "Immediately after the receipt of this, return to Rome, on pain of our disgrace." Michelangelo replied that he would return when the Pope kept his engagements; otherwise, Julius II might give up all hope of ever seeing him again.'

The next day (April 18, 1506), Bramante laid the foundation-stone of the new Saint Peter's.

But Julius, though he didn't want a mausoleum, was furious at Michelangelo's defiance of him, and told the Seigniory of Florence that, unless they sent Michelangelo back to Rome, the Vatican would make war on Florence.

The Seigniory said to Michelangelo: 'We do not wish, because of you, to enter into a war with His Holiness, so you must return to Rome.'

Michelangelo declared he would *not* return to Rome: if Julius wished his mausoleum, it should be made in Florence. But at length he had to yield. Julius, however, did not keep his engagements about the mausoleum. He kept Michelangelo at other tasks, about which they quarrelled continuously; and work on the tomb was not resumed until Julius really needed one, and his heirs contracted with Michelangelo to complete it on a scale even larger than as at first projected.

But the new Pope (Leo X) was a Medici, son of Lorenzo

RAPHAEL IN THE VATICAN

By Horace Vernet

Raphael in center, Michelangelo in lower left-hand corner, Leonardo da Vinci in upper right, Pope Julius II in upper left

the Magnificent, in whose school for sculptors Michelangelo had received training and encouragement. Why should the Florentine artist spend his time and genius to perpetuate the fame of Julius? So Leo offered him another task: that of building the façade of San Lorenzo, the family church of the Medici in Florence. Bramante had died, in 1514, and Raphael was now in charge of the building of Saint Peter's; so Michelangelo wanted to do something very splendid in the architectural line.

Two years were wasted by Michelangelo on this project (when you see the shocking nudity of San Lorenzo, in Florence, it will be another of the many, many things relating itself in your mind to this visit that you are now making to San Pietro in Vincoli), and then he resumed work on the Julian tomb. Leo died; and there was a Dutch Pope for two and a half years. Then Leo's cousin, Giulio, illegitimate son of Lorenzo the Magnificent's young brother Giuliano, who was murdered at the Duomo of Florence, became Pope as Clement VII; and he felt that, instead of building a tomb for Julius della Rovere, Michelangelo should be building tombs for the Medici; and to that task he set him.

At length, in 1545, when Michelangelo was seventy, thirty years after he had made his first plan for the gigantic mausoleum of Julius, he completed the tomb you see in San Pietro in Vincoli. The forty colossal figures had dwindled to one (the Moses), and, of the lesser figures projected, the two he had executed were too large and had to be replaced.

(These are the 'Slaves' or 'Captives' now in the Louvre; and the story of how they got there you will find on page 390 of 'So You're Going to Paris.').

Moreover, Julius isn't in his diminished tomb at all, but lies, a permanent guest, in his Uncle Sixtus' tomb at Saint Peter's, made by Pollaiuolo.

Perhaps you won't agree with me; but I think that San Pietro in Vincoli, and the story of this tomb, the best possible place to begin your acquaintance with Michelangelo. Certainly there is no other work of his which relates itself, as does this monument, to so many other things he did, and didn't do.

Now, follow the Via Urbana to Santa Pudenziana, reputed to be the oldest church in Rome and erected on the spot where Saint Pudens and his daughters, Praxedis and Pudentiana, are said to have lived. Paul sent Timothy greetings from Pudens, in that great Second Epistle in which he wrote: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.'

Tradition says that Peter visited Pudens and his daughters at their home here; and in one of the altars of this church are relics of the table at which Peter is said first to have read mass.

If you weary of churches, you need not descend from your cab to visit this one, unless you care to see the fine mosaics of the apse, which are among the most ancient in Rome. But you will want, I think, to catch a glimpse of the summit of the Viminal whereon Saint Lawrence is believed to have suffered his martyrdom on the gridiron. The Church of San Lorenzo in Panisperna, marking the traditional spot, is very near Santa Pudenziana.

Trying to know all the saints is as hopeless a task as trying to know all the popes or kings or emperors; but there are a few whose story we must know something about if we are to get any proper enjoyment out of looking at pictures and visiting famous churches. Saint Lawrence is one of these.

He was deacon to the Bishop of Rome who is known as Pope Sixtus II and who was martyred. When Lawrence

saw Sixtus being led to death, he cried: 'Father, whither goest thou without thy son? Holy priest! Whither goest thou without thy deacon?' And Sixtus told him not to despair, that he would follow his chief in three days. The persecutors were stupid enough or good enough to make the prophecy come true, and Lawrence was roasted on a gridiron — on August 10, 258. He is said to have cried out to the judge, in the midst of his torment: 'I am roasted enough on this side; turn me round, and eat.'

The church covering Lawrence's tomb is a considerable distance (perhaps two miles) from here, beyond the Porta San Lorenzo; it was built by Constantine and often rebuilt, and was one of the famous seven pilgrimage churches, and one of the patriarchal five to which the whole body of believers throughout the world was considered to belong. They were nearly all outside the walls, and belong to a time before an altar of Christ dared stand in close proximity to the magnificent temples of the old gods. San Lorenzo fuori le Mura (or Saint Lawrence outside the Walls) is one of the most beautiful and most interesting of Roman churches, and is the burial-place of Pius IX, the last papal sovereign of Italy. I strongly advise a visit to it, unless you are uninterested in old churches.

But first, on our way, comes another of the patriarchal and pilgrimage churches, Santa Maria Maggiore. If you want to keep down the number of churches visited, either because too many confuse you or because you have time or inclination for only a few, you might drive past Santa Maria Maggiore without stopping. But it is a pity not to get an impression, however quickly snatched, of the way that the majestic old beauty of classic architecture was 'improved' by rich and gaudy generations whose flamboyant taste sponsored all that abomination which we call 'baroque.' That word is sometimes supposed to have been

derived from the architect Barrochio (commonly called Vignola, from his birthplace), who succeeded Michelangelo as architect of Saint Peter's, and who later perpetrated the florid church of the Jesuits at Rome which was imitated far and wide and caused a huge crop of ugliness to spring up; but in reality, the architectural use of baroque is the same as the jeweller's: a baroque is a rough, imperfect pearl of little value. The word is Spanish — *barrueco*.

I'm sure that only a few of us can 'rise' to the grade of architectural enlightenment which nearly all the guide-book and travel-book writers gallantly presuppose in us. I'm sadly certain that *I* can't; and I've spent many more years in travel and study than the average individual has time to spend. But there are a few elements of the great and fascinating story of architecture which all of us can learn, with very little application and to the very great intensification of our delight in travel. And while nearly every church in Rome has been made more or less tawdry, in parts, by baroque tinselling and fluting and so on, I'm not sure but that Santa Maria Maggiore, its majestic old nave glorious with antique columns from the Temple of Juno, on the Aventine, and its dizzying detail of costly baroque gewgaws, may be one of the best possible places to realize how architecture tells the human story and how much we miss, on our journeying, if we don't learn to read at least its outlines.

A stone's throw south of Santa Maria Maggiore is the little old Church of Santa Prassede, the younger daughter of Pudens, Paul's friend and Peter's host. 'Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace,' said Browning's sixteenth-century bishop of it in 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church.'

The church enshrines a stone slab on which Saint Peter is said to have slept. But the prime reason for directing

you thither is the chapel of Saint Zeno, in the right aisle, where stands the column (*colonna*) brought hither from Jerusalem by a Crusader who was named, therefor, Colonna, and became the founder of that great princely house. The column is believed to be the one to which Jesus was bound for his scourging. Whether you feel convinced, or otherwise, of its association with Christ's sufferings, you will (I think) be interested in it because of the Colonna, whose coat-of-arms bears the Column, crowned.

And this reminds me to suggest to you that familiarity with a few coats-of-arms lends a lot of interest on our journeyings. The Colonna, for instance; and the Borgia bull (*borja* means bull, in Spanish); and the willow-tree of those art-patrons, Sixtus IV and Julius II, of the Rovere family; and the six balls of the Medici, whose origin nobody knows; and the Farnese, with six fleurs-de-lys. These five make a good beginning, to which you may add, from time to time, without appreciable effort.

Continue southeast on the Via Merulana, leading to Saint John Lateran, and you pass, presently, near the junction of this street and Via Leopardi, the so-called Auditorium of Mæcenas, which is now believed to have been not the lecture hall where Virgil and Horace read their poems to the guests of their rich friend and patron, ' t a handsome greenhouse with graduated levels for potted plants. In any event, the vast gardens of Mæcenas were hereabouts; and even if you don't halt, on your way, you will want to give a moment's thought to him — so fabulously rich he was, and so exceedingly patrician; such an able statesman, influencing as well as entertaining Augustus; and so soundly learned. Yet what would his name mean to anybody but a few students of Roman history, if he hadn't associated it with Virgil and Horace?

For a long time I've been promising my literary friends

that I would write a story called 'Mæcenas,' the immediate result of which would be that each of us, on awaking every morning, would have to sweep our doorstep clear of importunate multi-millionaires bent upon immortality along with us. I don't know why I have delayed this beneficent task; but it isn't for lack of pity for the oblivion that engulfs the rich, even if they have scattered largesse to the four winds and built memorials of every known sort. Maybe I'll do it yet!

What is known as the Sette Sale (or seven rooms) in which the celebrated group of the Laocoön was found, is near the Auditorium of Mæcenas; but, interesting as it is for the lingering lover of old Rome, it is not one of the places to which I urge the hurrying sight-seer. These rooms may have been a part of Nero's Golden House, or they may have belonged to the baths which Trajan erected in the grounds of Nero's palace. We'll talk about the Golden House in a few minutes.

But look, first, at Saint Clement's — to reach which, you go down Via Mecenate to Via Labicana, and cross the latter. 'The triple church,' you usually hear it called; but it really is quadruple; because, beneath the upper church (a very 'modern' edifice, little more than eight hundred years old) is not only the lower church, of the fourth century, and beneath that remains of a temple of the early years of the Empire, but underneath all are massive masonry constructions dating back to Republican Rome.

Even if you don't descend from your chariot (or cab) to enter San Clemente, do — please — pause before it long enough to fix it in your mind. What the earliest structure here was, we don't know. But it was probably a temple to one of the deities worshipped in Republican Rome. And next above it was a chapel to Mithra, the Sun-God, whose worship (specially popular with the soldiers of Rome's

legions) and that of Isis, contended for supremacy in Rome, early in our era, with Christianity.

Saint Clement's belongs, now, to the Irish Dominicans; and any pilgrim to Rome who is wistful for the music of a bit of brogue is likely to have his longing satisfied, hereabouts.

Now, follow Via Labicana westward for a block, to the Colosseum, and reflect, for a few moments, on that house that Nero built, after Rome burned.

Before that fire, this district was densely populated; a solid mass of very high buildings, threaded by the narrowest of lanes, housed scores of thousands.

Whether Nero had anything to do with starting the fire, or not, we don't know; nor whether he fiddled, as the story goes, while Rome was burning. But he seems not to have been downcast by the disaster, nor to have comprehended what consequences to himself it was to have when the people had made up their minds that he was out of favor with the gods.

The fire began among the wooden booths at the eastern end of the Circus Maximus, about where the Church of Saint Gregory the Great now stands, and swept north, through the valley between the Palatine and the Cælian (where the Arch of Constantine now is), including the slopes of those hills, too. And then it fanned out, east and west, until it was halted (by the destruction of a broad belt of buildings in its path) on the Esquiline, up near the Gardens of Mæcenas. It burned for six days (like the great fire of London, sixteen hundred years later), and hundreds of thousands were made homeless. They were herded into the Campus Martius and over onto the other side of the river in the vicinity now occupied by the Vatican, where Nero owned vast tracts of ground inherited from his grandmother Agrippina, who was a daughter of the much-

married Julia and of Augustus' great friend Agrippa — of whom we'll hear more anon. And after it seemed under control, it broke out again, in the northern part of the city, in the general vicinity of what is now the Piazza del Popolo.

Now, when Julia's father and Agrippa's imperial friend was building, for the use of the Roman people, his forum, he sacrificed the symmetry of it because certain property-owners were loath to sell their buildings for demolition. But when Julia's great-grandson wanted to build a vast pleasure-ground and palace for himself, he —! Well, if he didn't apply the torch, at least he profited by it; the multitudes who were dispossessed from this vicinity found dwellings elsewhere; and Nero commissioned Severus and Celer, the first architects ever mentioned by name in Roman history, to build him a villa covering a square mile in the very heart of ancient Rome — including the tops and slopes of three of her seven hills.

The whole space was enclosed by three colonnades, each a mile long, and the grand entrance portico on the side toward the Forum. 'Within this enclosure,' says Dennie, 'besides the imperial residence, there were parks and gardens and vineyards; there were baths, which must have been extensive buildings, though not on the scale of the public Thermæ, and it is said that they were supplied not only with the usual aqueduct water, but with water from renowned sulphur springs, twelve miles distant, and also with sea-water from the Mediterranean; there was a temple to Fortune, built of a rare new stone which had the quality of translucency; and there was an immense lake for naval sham-fights, fed by torrents of water falling in cascades from the great reservoir on the Cælian.'

There was, too, the colossal statue of Nero, one hundred and twenty feet high, of gilded bronze.

Nero was twenty-seven when Rome burned and he began

his Golden House on her smoking ruins. The work must have gone forward with marvellous celerity; for Nero's course had less than four years to run after the fire broke out. It started on July 18, 64; and on June 9, 68, he was dead by his own hand, a spiritual as well as a physical fugitive from the evil he had wrought.

Nero was in Greece, demonstrating his abilities as an actor, when the legions who were maintaining Rome's imperial sovereignty in far provinces revolted. He came back, but tarried at Naples to do some more acting, and carousing. And when he reached Rome, he found no friend. Galba, commander of the legions in Spain, had been hailed as Emperor by his soldiers, had accepted the title, and marched toward Rome, where the Senate proclaimed him and decreed Nero's death. It was from his Golden House that Nero, in his thirty-first year, stole away in terror, on the approach of those horsemen sent to drag him to execution; and, somewhere hereabouts, he killed himself.

The line of the Cæsars (a tenuous line, indeed) was broken. Henceforth, emperors were elected — usually from among the strongest military commanders.

The Golden House was demolished, the golden Colossus was decapitated and renamed; everything was done that could be done to obliterate Nero's memory. But he has always been a popular villain and 'will not down.' Rome still delights in shivering at the mention of his name.

The Colosseum, so named from the gilded statue whereon Apollo's head replaced that of Nero, was built on the site of Nero's artificial lake whereon the galleys fought sham-battles for his amusement. It was begun by Vespasian, a very few years after Nero's death, and completed by Titus in 80 A.D.

I'm not going to give you its dimensions and other such information, for which you may turn to your guide-book.

I'm only going to suggest that you direct your footsteps (or your cab-horse's) thither on at least one early evening, when there is a rosy afterglow; and, if you are too tired to do any wandering about, find a good point of view and *sit*, while you fill your memory with the exquisite picture, and let your revery carry you whithersoever it will.

If you are in Rome near the full o' the moon, come here by moonlight.

On another afternoon, make an earlier start, and drive again to the Colosseum; the passing and re-passing through this part of Rome will help to fix it in your mental picture-gallery in its proper relation to other parts.

You are going to drive several miles this afternoon, out the Appian Way, and should have a two-horse carriage, hired for a half-day or four hours, or an automobile. If the days are long, and twilight lingers till eight or nine o'clock, I'd say the carriage in preference to the motor; but if darkness falls early, the latter will, of course, get you between points more quickly.

Perhaps you'll want a little time for a close-up inspection of the Arch of Constantine; perhaps you're satisfied with its majestic beauty as a feature of the landscape, and with a thrill for its significance, since it practically celebrates the beginning of Rome as a Christian State.

Now, drive down Via San Gregorio, to the Church of San Gregorio Magno, or Saint Gregory the Great; and as you go, reflect a bit about Gregory, who was born about 540, here on this Cælian Hill, in the palatial home of his father who was a Senator and a man of great wealth. The actual seat of Roman Empire had been at Constantinople since 395; and even the last nominal head of the Western Empire had been dead for more than threescore years when the little boy was born into this city which had seen its imperial glory depart, its splendors plundered by barbarian hordes.

Gregory's mother and his father's sisters were Christians, but Gregory himself did not adopt their faith until he was well on in his manhood and left, by his father's death, master of a great fortune. When the father died, Gregory's mother and aunts entered convents — his mother withdrawing to that Saint Saba on the Aventine which you may easily locate on your map by following the broad Viale Aventino till it comes to the cross-road which is named Via di San Prisca north of the crossing, and Via di San Saba south of it.

It was doubtless the influence of these three women devout in the new religion of other-worldliness, that made Gregory ill-at-ease in his wealth until he had diverted much of it to good uses. He founded six monasteries in Sicily (where he had great holdings of land), and then, not yet content, gave his palace here on the Cælian for another monastery, of Saint Andrew, and, bestowing all his remaining wealth on this latter, entered it as a monk. Presently, the Pope needing an ambassador at the Imperial Court in Constantinople, Gregory was sent. And when he returned to Rome, after about eight years, he was made abbot of his own monastery. It was about this time that, passing through the Forum one day, Gregory saw a group of captives about to be sold as slaves, and was struck by the blond beauty of some of them. Inquiring their nationality, he was told that they were Angles — from that land the French still call Angle-terre, or Angle-land — and replied, 'Not Angles, but angels — they have the faces of angels in heaven.'

He bought the youths, and educated them; and from that day was seized with desire to Christianize their country. He coveted this mission for himself, and secured the Pope's consent to his going; but the people of Rome set up a great outcry when they learned that Gregory had gone, and per-

suaded the Pope to send swift messengers recalling Gregory to Rome. This was a sore disappointment, but Gregory did not abandon his dream.

A great plague broke out in Rome, just then; and, as all ordinary prayers seemed of no avail against it, Gregory conceived the idea of ordering a vast procession, proceeding from all the quarters of Rome and meeting at 'the Church of the Virgin' (probably Santa Maria Maggiore) singing an impressive litany. (Gregory was a musician, you know — author of the Gregorian chants.) And while this was in progress, Gregory saw, in a vision, the Archangel Michael on the summit of Hadrian's vast tomb; the angel carried a sword, which was easily interpreted as a sword of judgment, and while the marching throngs of people lifted their fear-shaken voices in the supplication of the litany, Gregory saw Michael sheathe his sword, in token that punishment was about to cease.

You will recall this when you visit the tomb of Hadrian, now called (because of this vision) the Castel Sant' Angelo, and see the Archangel perpetually sheathing his sword above its summit.

Before the plague abated, however, the Pope had fallen a victim to it, and clergy and people unanimously chose Gregory to be his successor.

When he moved from this side of the Cælian to the other, where the Lateran stands, Gregory did not forget his desire for England; and in the sixth year of his pontificate he stood here in the church that he had built on the site of his father's palace, and gave his blessing to the Benedictine band, from the adjoining monastery whose founder and abbot Gregory had been, who were setting out to evangelize 'Angle-land,' with Augustine at their head. (Perhaps you would never do such a thing as to confound Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, with Saint Augustine the

great theologian who preceded him by almost two centuries; but as I did it, I am making mention of it here in case there may be even one other pilgrim to Rome no better informed about Church fathers.)

This spot is, naturally, very dear to the English, and all English-speaking people; and whether you do or do not descend from your carriage to visit it, I am sure you will be glad to have an impression of it, in passing, to link up with the many familiar stories of Saint Gregory.

Very near here is the small Church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, or Saint John and Saint Paul, below which are two private dwellings of the very early years of our era. But with so much beckoning you from the Appian Way you may not feel that you have time to pause for a view of these.

You are now, as you turn out of Via San Gregorio, and swing about to southeast in the Via di Porta San Sebastiano, starting on what is known as the 'Archæologists' Walk,' concerning which many books might be written — although I know of only one which has been devoted exclusively to this Walk: 'La Promenade Archéologique,' published in Rome by Desclée. Those who read French, and who want to make a detailed survey of this section (the Via Appia), will find it an admirable companion, with many photographs and plans facilitating the identification of structures and ruins along the way.

Few travellers, however, have more than three or four hours to give to this stretch of ground. So I have tried to select what seem to me to be the outstanding points for such a brief visit.

First of all, before you turn the corner into the Via di Porta San Sebastiano, stop long enough to 'locate' the Circus Maximus, which lay in the valley between the Palatine and the Aventine — between the aristocracy and the

plebs. It was here, you'll remember, that the Rape of the Sabine Women occurred, under Romulus. The first of the Tarquins inaugurated it as a race-course, they say. And it seems to have been scarcely more elegant, though vastly more commodious, than our circuses, until the time of Julius Cæsar, who replaced the wooden constructions with tiers of stone seats.

'The Circus of Tarquin was, as a farmer might say, a forty-acre lot, its width about a third of its length,' Dennie reminds us; 'The Circus of the Emperors was nothing less than a continuous building enclosing this great area, with three tiers of arches and engaged columns like the wall of the Colosseum, on the outside, and on the inside, tiers of seats sufficient to accommodate three hundred and eighty-five thousand persons. Outside and in, all was white marble, of exquisite polish, relieved everywhere with gold and painting, with brilliant mosaics and Oriental marbles and gilt bronze. . . . Bisecting the arena in the direction of its length was a long, low wall to separate it into two tracks, and this *spina* was loaded with every kind of splendid ornament, colossal statues of the gods, shrines, columns, etc. The chariot races in this magnificent place were worthy of its splendor. They were usually of four quadrigæ at a time.

When Octavian returned to Rome after his defeat of Antony and Cleopatra, among the spoils he brought to grace his triumph were some hippopotami which greatly delighted the crowds at the Circus Maximus. Here he first set up another of his spoils, the obelisk which now stands in the Piazza del Popolo; and nearly four centuries later, Constantine gave the obelisk a companion — now in front of the Lateran.

Here Nero drove, as a charioteer, seeking for 'a thrill,' and thirsting for thunderous applause.

Now turn into the Appian Way, begun about 312 B.C.

by Appius Claudius as a military road, to strengthen the Roman grip upon the territory just conquered from the Samnites, Rome's southern neighbors, and to give easy access to Capua which was, next to Rome, the richest, most important city of Italy. The distance between the two cities is about one hundred and thirty miles, and the road was fifteen feet wide. By it, Rome went forth to the conquest of Greece, of Asia, and of Africa. And up this road from the conquered lands of Asia Minor came the humble men (some of them in chains, like Paul) who brought a new sovereignty to Rome.

Via Appia began at the Porta Capena, just opposite the southeast end of the Circus Maximus. This was one of the eighteen gates in the wall of Servius, one of the Etruscan Kings of Rome, and is the 'Eastern Gate' Macaulay's 'Lays' speak of.

If the Auditorium Appium is open, go in, by all means, and see the views of Via Appia as it used to look. (Number 1, Via di Porta San Sebastiano.)

It was just outside the Porta Capena (not then erected, of course) that Numa Pompilius is supposed to have come to the sacred grove where his Egeria dwelt.

On your right, you will soon pass the Baths of Caracalla, which I do not suggest your visiting unless you have a considerable amount of time to spend in Rome; and even then, it is difficult to get much of an idea of them without the services of a good archæological guide. It is my humble opinion, however, that they most delight in these vast ruins who visit them as Shelley did, to muse and dream, rather than to say: 'Here was the Frigidarium,' etc.

This was the place Shelley chose to retire to, day after day in the spring of 1819, when he was giving his whole time to the writing of 'Prometheus Unbound.'

'This Poem,' he said in his Preface, 'was written chiefly

upon the mountanious ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowering glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama.'

If you are a dreamer, and can give yourself the ecstasy of a long revery in this place that moved Shelley so greatly, I say: Spend some reflective hours here by all means. But the traveller who must snatch his glimpses of Rome in a few days will do well to drive by the 'mountainous ruins' with no more than a reverent salute to the spirit of Shelley, and a thought of the art treasures which were discovered here in the sixteenth century. (We'll say more of them, in later chapters.)

The Church of San Sisto, opposite, is supposed to mark the spot where Saint Lawrence met Sixtus II going to execution at the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus (whither you are now bound) and inquired why the Bishop was not taking his deacon to martyrdom. Saint Dominic lived here, with his first Dominicans.

As you go toward Porta San Sebastiano, you can measure the distance between the old wall of Servius and the new wall which the Emperor Aurelian built about the city nearly a thousand years later.

I doubt if you will wish to stop at any of the Columbaria (vast 'dove-cotes' of niches for the funeral urns of Romans unable to afford tombs) or at the so-called Tomb of the Scipios, the most interesting discoveries in which have been moved to the Vatican Museum.

Just before you come to Porta San Sebastiano is the Arch of Drusus, younger brother of Tiberius, better known

as Germanicus; he was married to Mark Antony's daughter, Antonia, and was the father of Claudius whom Agrippina the Younger poisoned to get the throne for her son, Nero. The arch was erected to commemorate his victories over the Germans on the Rhine.

The Saint Sebastian Gate (in Aurelian's Wall) was called until the sixth century, the Appian Gate, or Porta Appia.

Beyond it, the highway is lined with the remains (scant, for the most part) of those imposing tombs which the rich Romans built outside the walls because that was obligatory, and beside the main-travelled road because there they must be seen by the multitudes passing to and fro.

The first of these, after you leave the Saint Sebastian Gate, is marked by a round tower standing back from the road, on your right, behind a modern house. The square base on which this cylinder of masonry stands, is two hundred and sixty feet in circumference; and aside from what the dimensions bespeak of the grandeur of this tomb, we have a description of it in the verses of Domitian's court-poet, Statius. It was the burial-place of Priscilla, the wife of one of Emperor Domitian's freedmen. The bereaved husband could not bear that the body of his wife be given to the flames, as the Roman custom was; so he had it embalmed, and built this splendid mausoleum for it.

Across the road from it is the little chapel of 'Domine, Quo Vadis?' covering the spot where Peter, fleeing from death in Rome, met Christ coming into Rome by the Appian Way. 'Lord, where goest thou?' the apostle asked; and Christ answered: 'To be crucified again.' Whereupon Peter returned to Rome and accepted his martyrdom. The story is a very ancient one, and has caused the spot to be a place of pious pilgrimage through many centuries. But the footprint in marble, said to be that of Christ (copy shown here, original at the church of Saint Sebastian), does not

seem to have been brought forward until the fourteenth century.

A mile and a quarter from the Saint Sebastian Gate you come (on your right) to the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus, which are the catacombs most generally visited by travellers who have time for one such visit only. The Trappist Fathers who conduct groups of visitors through these underground labyrinths give so admirable an account of what's to be seen (with flickering tapers) that I won't take space here for much of what's better told on the spot. You need not wait many minutes, usually, for a guide who speaks your language. And while you wait, or when you emerge, be sure to do two things: revel in the vista down the long avenue of trees with Saint Peter's dome at the centre of the perspective, and buy some of the super-excellent chocolate which the Trappists make.

They are monks dedicated to silence, you know. And when I ventured, once, to ask one of them if he welcomed the guide duty which obliged him to talk, he convincingly assured me that it was the hardest thing he did, the least congenial.

If, by any chance, you should be disinclined or disqualified for the descent below ground, wander back (away from Via Appia) into the brooding silence of the Trappists' fields; and see if that isn't a goodly place for reflection, and to recall Browning's lines 'Two in the Campagna':

> 'The champaign with its endless fleece
> Of feathery grasses everywhere.
> Silence and passion, joy and peace,
> An everlasting wash of air —
> Rome's ghost since her decease.'

Quarter of a mile farther in the Via Appia where it is joined by Via della Setta Chiesa, or road of the Seven Churches, is the ancient church of Saint Sebastian, erected in the fourth century, not in honor of the young soldier-

MARTYRDOM OF SAINT PETER

By Filippino Lippi

saint whose name it now bears and whose burial-place it is supposed to cover, but in honor of the apostles Peter and Paul whose bodies were once, and perhaps twice, removed hither for safe-keeping. It is only since the ninth century that the church has borne Saint Sebastian's name.

He is one of the saints of whom you will be most frequently reminded, all through Europe. Every art collection bristles with pictures of his beautiful young body stuck full of arrows. He was a Gaul, of Narbonne, and a captain of one of Diocletian's cohorts (late in the third century). The Emperor, hearing that Sebastian had been converted to Christianity and was converting many others, sent for him and earnestly exhorted him to forswear his religion. Sebastian refused, and the Emperor ordered him bound to a stake and shot to death. The archers left him for dead; but a devoted woman, Irene, coming at night to take the body away for burial, found him still alive, carried him home, and nursed his wounds. When he was well, he went to confront the Emperor, who thereupon ordered him beaten to death with rods. This was instantly carried into execution, and the body was thrown into a sewer. But Sebastian visited, in a dream, a pious woman named Lucina, directing her to bury him at this spot — which she did. This, however, was after the second hiding here of the bodies of Peter and Paul, threatened (in their known burial-places) with desecration; and it was because of their association with this place that Sebastian chose it for his burial.

Very important excavations are going on, now, behind this church, and discoveries of the greatest value are being made.

I doubt if you will care much about the Circus of Maxentius which was on the other side of Via Appia a little farther on. But everybody wants to continue on the road as far as the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is so familiar a

landmark of the Campagna hereabouts. Cecilia was married to a son of Crassus, the very, very rich man who paid Julius Cæsar's debts and shared some of his honors. Her father was a Roman general who, for his conquest of Crete, was granted a triumphal procession in the Forum rivalled in splendor only by Pompey's. There is an impression (unfounded, so far as I know) that Cecilia died when very young. This great mausoleum, however, was not her resting-place exclusively, but was shared by the members of her husband's family.

At the end of the thirteenth century, Pope Boniface VIII gave it to his relatives, the Caetani family, who transformed Cecilia's tomb into a donjon and crenellated its crest. Entrenching themselves and their armed retainers in the stronghold they erected about this donjon, they had the happy thought (since the land given them was on both sides of the road) to construct two bridges in the highway, which they lowered for the passage only of those travellers to and from Rome who paid toll to them.

Cut across, now, by the Strada Militare, or Military Road, to Via Appia Nuova; as you reach the junction of these roads, the view of the Campagna and the Alban Mountains is very fine, and delightfully *familiar*. Many, many pictures of it, seen all our lives long, make it seem to us (even when we actually look at it for the first time) like a well-known, well-loved place revisited.

Via Appia Nuova will lead you back to Porta San Giovanni, which is close beside San Giovanni in Laterano, about which there is so much detail in your guide-book that I won't take space for any here.

If your time is short, or your zest is waning, you may not care for the ecclesiastical or architectural history of the Lateran beyond one or two points; and I really think they are as well off as any who go there with few preoccupations and give themselves up simply to the beauty.

From far out on the Campagna you have watched the giant statues (twenty feet high) of Christ and many saints and apostles on the roof of the Basilica silhouetted against the marvellous Roman sky. Now you are standing in the Lateran Piazza looking up at them. What a sky-line! In front of you is the Theban obelisk, the largest in existence, which Emperor Constantius brought to the Circus Maximus, where it was refound in 1587.

The octagonal baptistery (where Constantine was *not* baptized, because his baptism took place in Asia Minor, just before his death; and which was not built until nearly a century after Constantine died) was the model for many beautiful baptisteries in Italy, and was for long the only baptistery in Rome.

Be sure to ask the custodian to move the 'musical doors' of Pope Hilarius for you.

I don't know how you'll feel about this little sanctuary; but to me it is supremely appealing — much more so than the great basilica next door, which, however, has one beauty-spot scarcely surpassed in Europe: the thirteenth-century cloisters. Your visit to these will linger in your memory forever among its most exquisite impressions.

The Lateran Palace is a Renaissance structure with no historical interest except its site and its name. It houses a museum of antiquities now, which contains the very beautiful portrait-statue of Sophocles, but aside from that very little for the traveller pressed for time. The only remaining part of the old Lateran Palace, where the Popes lived for nearly a thousand years, is the *Sanctum Sanctorum* or private chapel of the Popes, at the top of the Scala Santa, or Sacred Steps, believed to have been those in Pilate's palace which Christ ascended to be judged and descended to his scourging and death. They may be ascended now only on the knees; yet many there be who go up. Martin

Luther started up, you know — and then walked down.

So much for the obvious things at the Lateran.

The most interesting matter for reflection here, it seems to me, is the gift of Constantine to Bishop (or Pope) Sylvester, of the Palace of Plautius Lateranus, whom Nero had ordered to execution some two hundred and sixty years before. 'The mother of many a trouble,' Dante calls that gift.

> 'Ah, Constantine! to how much ill gave birth,
> Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower
> Which the first wealthy Father gained from thee.'

And elsewhere he says: 'O glorious Italy! if either he who thus weakened thine empire had never been born, or had never suffered his own pious intentions to mislead him.'

For, from the time Constantine made gift of this property to the Bishop of Rome and turned his own face eastward to create a new city for the seat of empire (Constantinople), that Roman destiny which Æneas came out of the East to realize was thwarted.

Rome's sovereignty, Dante thought, departed when Sylvester, shepherd of a flock proscribed (more or less) until then and poor, acquired this 'plenteous dower' and instituted that territorial acquisition which soon aimed at world-sovereignty.

Musing on these things, you may want to stay on the Lateran Terrace until the latest possible moment; or you may be interested to make the very short drive (two or three minutes) to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, said to have been erected by Constantine to house the Cross of Christ brought by his mother Helena from Jerusalem. It was one of the seven pilgrimage churches. Near it are the remains of the only amphitheatre that Rome had except the one we call the Colosseum. This one seems to have been built especially for soldiers; and some archæologists think it was

erected for the famous Pretorian Guard, or imperial body-guard, of ten thousand picked troops, established by Tiberius and disbanded by Constantine. Their fortified camp was a mile away.

On another afternoon, drive first to Piazza Bocca della Verità. The outlet of the Cloaca Maxima is close to this piazza; and here is the Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin in the vestibule of which is that Bocca della Verità (or Mouth of Truth), an ancient mask of a Triton with open mouth. It used to be believed that Romans of long ago when taking an oath put their hand in the mouth; and if they were swearing falsely, it closed on them.

Reginald Pole, whose mother, the Countess of Salisbury, was first-cousin to Henry VIII's mother, Elizabeth of York, was created cardinal by the Farnese Pope, Paul III, who had just excommunicated Henry VIII; and Pole was made titular of this church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. Henry's resentment against Pole for accepting a cardinalate from the Pope who had excommunicated his sovereign could not visit itself upon the new-made Prince of the Church, so he shamefully wreaked it upon Pole's aged mother and sent her to the block on Tower Green when she was eighty years of age. When Pole's secretary brought him tidings of his mother's execution, the Cardinal said: 'Hitherto I have thought myself indebted to the divine goodness for having received my birth from one of the most noble and virtuous women in England; but henceforth my obligation will be much greater, as I understand I am now the son of a martyr.'

Pole died Archbishop of Canterbury, twelve hours after the death of Mary Tudor, and is buried near Becket's shrine.

Nearer the Tiber stands the so-called Temple of Vesta, so

familiar through many pictures; and, a few steps behind the Church of Santa Maria Egizica, on the opposite side of the piazza from Santa Maria in Cosmedin, is what is called the House of Rienzi, but had nothing to do with 'the last of the tribunes.' It is, however, the oldest dwelling in Rome of the mediæval period.

It was near here that the Pons Sublicius was, which Horatius defended against 'Lars Porsena of Clusium.'

The street along the river, here, is Via della Marmorate, commemorating a long quay which used to be a landing-place for many cargoes, but especially for the ships bringing those precious marbles which Rome employed so profusely in her buildings, and on which, in the quarries of distant provinces, the labor of myriads of men had been expended to cut them for the embellishment of the imperial city. The Marmoratum, or Marble Market, was excavated in 1869–70, and when you go to the Vatican you will see a sumptuous pavement (in the Hall of the Candelabra) made from débris found here; and also, in another part of the Museum, a great monolith of African marble, twenty-seven feet high and nearly seventeen feet in circumference, which was discovered here at that time, and destined by Pius IX to be set up on the Janiculum as a commemoration of the Œcumenical Council of 1870. But Garibaldi dominates the Janiculum, instead!

Drive, now, down Via di Santa Sabina, past the Church of Santa Sabina where Dominic organized his order of the Dominicans, those 'black friars' who played so large and ofttimes so terrible a part in European history for several centuries. The church is one of great interest to archæologists and architects, but you may not be either.

Dominic was a Spaniard, of Old Castile, born in 1170. He was a great preacher, and was sent by the Pope to preach against the Albigensian heretics in southern France

(Languedoc), and it was there that he conceived the idea of an order of preaching friars. His companions in Languedoc formed the nucleus of the new order, and within five or six years after Dominic took the first steps toward carrying out his idea, there were over five hundred friars in sixty friaries.

The Dominicans became great missionaries and great teachers. Just why the terrors of the Inquisition were so largely in their hands, in all countries, I do not know. *Domini canes* — the dogs of God — some called them; and it must be admitted that they were blood-hounds, when unleashed to hunt heretics.

Their friars and nuns wear a black mantle over a white woolen robe, and are, with the Franciscans, brown-robed and rope-begirt, the most familiar of all the orders, in pictures and in life.

Santa Sabina is still a Dominican church.

Near it, on the west slope of the Aventine, is the Villa of the Knights of Malta, or Knights Hospitallers of Saint John of Jerusalem, an organization prominent since the First Crusade, like the Templars. If you make this drive on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, you may go into the lovely grounds of the Knights, and have the famous view of Saint Peter's, far away across the river.

'The whole scene,' Harold Stannard says, 'is enchanted . . . the visitor may notice a tortoiseshell cat of extraordinary coloring resident in the garden — doubtless an enchanted princess. She bears a distant resemblance to the gardener, presumably a relative who shares her enchantment . . . The view from the belvedere is almost worthy of the fairy-like approach.'

Entrance to the Knights' Church, Santa Maria Aventina, is from the garden. And, all question of the Knights aside, this is a place of pilgrimage for those who love Piranesi,

the great eighteenth-century etcher of Rome's ruins and monuments, whose prints some of us so energetically pursue through old-print shops in Italy and in Paris and London. Piranesi is buried in this church on which he did some architectural restoration — not much to his credit, I'm afraid.

Drive, now, to the broad Viale Aventino, and turn up Via di Santa Prisca, passing the little church of the latter name, built on the site of the house where Paul lodged with his friends Priscilla and Aquila. They, too, were tent-makers; it is said that they were obliged to leave Rome when Claudius (Nero's uncle and predecessor) was persecuting Christians, and that they went to Corinth, where they knew and entertained Paul, who was their guest in Rome, also, when he was awaiting his appearance before Cæsar.

Close to Santa Prisca is the Castello dei Cesari, sometimes called the Castello del Constantino. And there, if you please, you are to take tea on the terrace overlooking the Palatine, and to linger until sunset on this height commanding a wide view over a sublime landscape.

Still another day, choose the Trastevere and the Janiculum for your drive.

'Trastevere' means 'across the Tiber.' It was Etruscan territory when Rome was young, and in imperial times became a residential suburb.

Cross the river by the Ponte Garibaldi, and pass the old turreted twelfth-century fortress called Torre Anguillara which now serves as the club-house and museum of Rome's Dante Society.

Lovers of Saint Cecilia will wish to visit the church built on the site of a house in which it was once supposed that she had dwelt. But unless you have a very great ardor for

churches, you may omit most of those on this side of the river.

Do, however, go up to San Pietro in Montorio, not for the church, but for the view, which is one of the most magnificent in Rome. And then drive into the Passeggiata Margherita, past the great bronze equestrian statue of Garibaldi and on to Sant' Onofrio where Tasso died. The American Academy of Art, whither our Prix de Rome pupils go for three years' study, is near the entrance to the Passeggiata, which embraces the former garden of the Corsini Palace — now the Academy of Science.

If you are in a conveyance that is not a numbered cab, and your drive in these parts is made on a Monday or Friday afternoon *not* in July, August, or September, go through Porta San Pancrazio before entering the Passeggiata, and straight on to Villa Doria Pamphilii, one of the great suburban estates (as we say) of Rome, with magnificent grounds more than four miles in circumference.

Now go to Sant' Onofrio, near the north end of the Janiculum. If you are a little weary of churches, don't go into this one; enter at once the monastery beside it, and ascend the stairs into Tasso's apartments.

For twenty years the courts of Italy from Naples to Mantua and Bergamo had been rippled from time to time, now with irritation, now with sympathy, by Tasso's unvarying misfortunes. He was perpetually 'out o' luck'! He, who had been, at twenty, such a pet of Fortune; and at thirty seemed to have the world at his feet!

After the mad-house, years of wandering, 'a veritable Odyssey of malady, indigence and misfortune. . . . His health grew ever feebler and his genius dimmer.'

In 1592, a new Pontiff came to Saint Peter's throne with the title of Clement VIII. Perhaps because he was thinking of Mæcenas; perhaps because he was kind ('in spots'!), this

Aldobrandini Pope, under whom Bruno was burned and Beatrice Cenci beheaded, made gestures of benevolence toward poor Tasso, and in 1594 invited him to Rome to be crowned with laurel on the Capitol, as Petrarch had been, more than two centuries before. Also the Pope granted the poet a pension, and forced the Neapolitan Prince who was enjoying Tasso's maternal inheritance to disgorge part of it in an annuity.

'Yet fortune,' says John Addington Symonds, 'came too late. Before the crown was worn or the pension paid he ascended to the convent of Sant' Onofrio, on a stormy first of April in 1595. Seeing a cardinal's coach [Tasso could always find a palace to stay in, a grandee's coach to ride in] toil up the steep Trasteverine Hill, the monks came to the door to greet it. From the carriage stepped Tasso, the Odysseus of many wanderings and miseries, and told the prior he was come to die with him. . . . He was just past fifty-one; and the last twenty years of his existence had been practically and artistically ineffectual . . . but those succeeding years of derangement, exile, imprisonment, poverty, and hope deferred endear the man to us.'

They do, indeed! And the story of that 'Odyssey of malady, indigence, and misfortune,' as it has moved later poets to pity, and us through them, is more familiar to the world at large, now, than the books Tasso wrote in his heyday.

Now, down the slope by the winding Via del Gianicolo to the Porta San Spirito, and along the Lungara, between the Corsini Palace and the exquisite Farnesina, to visit which you may have to come back earlier on another day, or else reverse this programme and cross the river by Ponte Sisto, see the palaces, and *then* Sant' Onofrio and the rest.

The Farnesina was built, in 1509–11, for the papal banker, Agostino Chigi (Kee-gee), patron of Raphael, who

RAPHAEL AND THE FORNARINA

By Cesare Mussini

designed for this little palace (built to honor and delight a lady-love) wall decorations which are among the most charming things he ever did. You will recall Agostino Chigi elsewhere in your Roman rambles.

This vicinity has many associations with Raphael. In Via di Santa Dorotea, which runs riverward from the Lungara beyond Porta Settiminiana, he lived for a time with his Bella Fornarina or 'Beautiful Bakeress,' whom he immortalized in many of his great canvases; and also on Vicolo del Cedro, alongside San Egidio.

'We know little enough,' said Marion Crawford in his 'Ave Roma Immortalis,' 'of that Margaret, called the Fornarina from her father's profession; but we know that Raphael loved her blindly, passionately, beyond all other thoughts. And there was a time when the great painter was almost idle, out of love for the girl, and went about languidly with pale face and shadowed eyes, and scarcely cared to paint or draw. He was at work in the Vatican then, or should have been, and in the Farnesina, too; but each day, when he went out, his feet led him away from the Pope's palace and across the square, by the Gate of the Holy Spirit and down the endless straight Lungara towards the banker's palace; but when he reached it he went on to the Fornarina's house, and she was at the window waiting for him. For her sake he refused to marry the great Cardinal Bibbiena's well-dowered niece, Maria, and the world has not ceased to believe that for too much love of the Fornarina he died. . . . And when all Rome was in sorrow for the dead man, when he had been borne through the streets to his grave, with his great unfinished Transfiguration for a funeral banner, when he had been laid in his tomb in the Pantheon, beside Maria Bibbiena, who had died, perhaps, because he would not love her, then the pale Margaret must have sat often by the little Gothic window

near the Septimian Gate, waiting for what could not come any more. For she had loved a man beyond compare; and it had been her whole life.'

Raphael left her well-to-do; but the tradition hereabouts is that she dowered, with what he gave her, a house, near here, for the repentant sisterhood, and withdrew to it to spend the rest of her days. If she felt repentance, let us hope it was not for having loved Raphael.

Of the 'inevitable' drive, on the Pincio, and of some others, I'll write in succeeding chapters.

IV

NORTHWARD FROM THE CAPITOL

Rome on her seven hills (which now are ten, including the Pincian, the Janiculum, and the Mons Vaticanus) spread outward from Rome on three hills: the Palatine and the Aventine, that you have explored, and the Capitoline which you are about to explore. The four other hills making up the famous seven are the Cælian, with the Lateran on its southeastern slope and the Arch of Constantine standing between it and the Palatine; the Esquiline, where Nero's Golden House stood, and the Villa of Mæcenas; the Viminal, where you went to see 'Saint Pudens' Church'; and the Quirinal, to whi h we h.ven't been yet in these pages, although you may be living there in one of its many hotels or pensions.

The Etruscans held the Capitoline Hill, once upon a time; and then the Sabines; and then the Romans. It is the smallest of the seven hills, and was the most defensible, having nearly perpendicular cliffs on all sides except for a few rods on the east where it sloped toward the Forum. In 'olden days' it had two peaks, with a depression between them — filled in, now, and occupied by the famous Piazza del Campidoglio that Michelangelo designed — and one of these peaks was covered with an immense Temple of Jupiter; the other, by the Citadel. There has been a deal of discussion as to 'which was where,' but it seems pretty well settled, now, that the Temple of Jupiter was on the southern peak, beneath the recently demolished Palazzo Caffarelli (which was for so long the German Embassy), and that there was beside the Citadel a temple

of Juno Moneta, replaced now by the Church of Santa Maria in Aracœli.

Jupiter's Temple, which took nearly a century to build, was begun by the elder Tarquin, and finished by Tarquin the Superb, was dedicated in the first year of the Republic, 509 B.C. It was eight hundred feet in circumference, with a double row of columns on each side and a triple row in front; and the great pillars were of pepperino, a volcanic rock, covered with the stucco which was made by mixing powdered white marble and lime burned from white marble, with milk instead of water, and which had not only the grain and color of real marble, but almost its durability, and took a polish so high that it reflected light like a mirror.

This was the first temple, which stood down to the time of Julius Cæsar's young manhood.

It was the Etruscan soothsayers of the first Tarquin who told him to call the hill *Caput*, and make it the *head*. And then, after some six centuries had rolled by, the Sibyl of Tibur appeared, here, to Augustus, anxious about his heir, and told him (so the story goes) that in Judea a child would be born who would rule the world.

A church called Saint Mary of the Altar of Heaven (Santa Maria in Aracœli) has for many centuries occupied the spot where this revelation to Augustus is believed to have been made; and it was in this church that Gibbon conceived the idea of writing 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'

A steep flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps leads up to this church from the west (the side farthest away from the Forum); but we need not climb them. There is a curving driveway called the Via della Tre Pile, up which we shall do well to go in such comfort as a Roman cab affords — not much, to be sure! I think the drivers

are, little as they look the part, reincarnations, all, of the old chariot-drivers of the Circus Maximus; and if they hurl us from our chariot as they make their breath-taking turns, we be churls to complain, so the race be won. At least, that seems to me to be their attitude. I'm speaking of horse-drawn cabs, and not of gas-driven. It would be ignominious, I suppose, to carry a good length of rope and lash one's self in; but I've often meditated it. Perhaps some day when my spirit of adventure is running very high, I shall try it, and arrive — doubtless — at the top of this Capitoline Hill, for instance, with, if not the Senate, then at least a fair section of the Roman People attendant upon my progress. *Senatus Populusque Romanus* — S.P.Q.R.

If you have driven up Via della Tre Pile and have arrived (which everybody does, who starts — all threats to the contrary notwithstanding), you have passed the bronze statue of Rienzi, who was killed near here, and the two cages, one with a live wolf and one with some Roman eagles, which, however, do not suggest much grandeur in their captivity.

Now, of all the dramas in our human history that have been played upon the Capitoline Hill, the one most important to recall there, on a single visit, when only confusion can result from trying to summon too many ghosts of other days, is (it seems to me) Rienzi's story. We still read it (some of us do, at any rate!) in Bulwer-Lytton's novel; we hear it in Wagner's opera; we meet it in Byron's verse, as in Petrarch's; its bulk, in history, does not shrink with the length of the vista down which we regard it; even in newspapers, Rienzi's name is frequently recurrent — especially since Mussolini's rise to power.

At Saint Peter's, when we recall Charlemagne's coronation by the Pope, and at Sant' Angelo when we see Hildebrand (become Pope Gregory VII) shut up there and defy-

ing the German Emperor, we shall remind ourselves of two very important episodes in the history of Rome, preceding this episode of Rienzi and following that of 'Constantine's donation,' which we considered at the Lateran.

I won't take space here to recapitulate much of what was Rome's story between Constantine and Rienzi, because I'm hoping that, before you stand on the Capitoline with this book in hand, you will have read it all through and have the sixth of our Roman chapters in mind.

When Rienzi's story begins, the papal sovereignty has betaken itself to Avignon for that term of absence from Rome which some historians refer to as 'the Babylonian Captivity' and some speak of as 'the exile' — the fact being that, a Frenchman having been elected Pope in 1305 (eight years before Rienzi was born), he felt safer and more potent on soil that was, if not French in the sense of belonging to the French Crown, at least French in spirit and ruled by the French Kings of Naples. (You remember Beatrice of Provence, wife of Charles of Anjou — one of Bérenger's four daughters who all became queens — and how through her this magnificent province became united with the Kingdom of Naples.)

And Rome, bereft of papal sovereignty, now balking at the German Emperors, now yielding to them, was ruled principally by her tempestuous nobles 'who built their fortresses among the classic ruins, and defied the world from within the indestructible remnants of walls built by the Cæsars. . . . The Colosseum was at one time the stronghold of the great Colonna. . . . The Castle of Sant' Angelo was the home of the Orsini; and these two houses more or less divided the power between them, the other nobles adhering to one or the other party.'

(I am quoting now from 'The Makers of Modern Rome,' by Mrs. Oliphant, who has so well assembled from the best

sources Rienzi's story that I shall draw often upon her book for our brief summary.)

No one, in those days, was consistently true to any party or to any friends; but in the main, the Colonna were foes of the Papacy and friends of the Emperors — that is to say, they were Ghibellines, like Dante after his exile; and the Orsini were Guelphs, or adherents of papal sovereignty.

'It was in this age of disorder and anarchy,' says Mrs. Oliphant, 'that a child was born, of the humblest parentage, who was destined to become the hero of one of the strangest episodes of modern history. His father kept a little tavern; his mother was a laundress. It was the gossip of the time that she had not been without adventure in her youth. No less a person than Henry VII [German Emperor] had found shelter, it was said, in her little public-house when her husband was absent. When her son was a man, it pleased him to suppose that from this meeting resulted the strange mixture of democratic enthusiasm and love of pomp and power which was in his own nature.'

The father was attached by some lien or other to the Colonna, and it may have been they who helped Rienzi to the education he had — a very unusual one for his station in life.

Some time during his youth, the brother of Cola di Rienzi (Cola shortened from Nicola, and Rienzi a contraction of Lorenzo; so that it was an equivalent for what we should probably call Nicky, son of Larry) was killed by one of the Orsini men-at-arms. For an unforgettable picture of this you must turn to Bulwer-Lytton's novel. Here we can only quote Rienzi's anonymous biographer who says that Cola 'pondered long on revenging the blood of his brother; and over the ill-governed city of Rome, and how to set it right.'

Cola was in his fifteenth year when Sciarra della Colonna, who was head of the Ghibelline party, welcomed

into Rome the newly elected German Emperor, Louis of Bavaria, and induced the Roman people to vote for Louis' coronation in Saint Peter's. There was no Pope to prevent or to solemnize this ceremony; it was Sciarra Colonna himself who put the crown on Louis' head. And soon after these magnificent proceedings were over, Louis called a grand assembly in the Piazza of Saint Peter's and 'tried' the Pope (John XXII), whom he called simply Jacques de Cahors, absent in Avignon. Poor Jacques was found guilty of heresy and treason, and deposed; and Louis secured the election of a tool of his, who had first to be made a bishop before he could be made a pope; and then had himself recrowned by his puppet. This happened late in May, 1328; and in August, Louis and his anti-pope were hissed and hued out of Rome, Sciarra Colonna fled, and the next day Rome was in the hands of 'a coalition government' composed of one of the Orsini, the true Pope's champions, and Stefano della Colonna, who was the real chief of his clan and not so imperialistic but that he was a Roman first of all.

Whether Cola was in Rome during these events, we do not know. He seems to have been sent away from the suburban inn of Maddalena's husband and not to have figured much in Rome until the latter was dead. But as a young man he was there, still pondering over the ill-governed city of Rome and how to set it right, but doing a deal of talking about it, too. We would say that he 'went into politics' or 'went in for reform.' And during a number of obscure years he was steadily developing himself in the power of popular appeal, especially through oratory.

When he was about thirty, he was chosen by the thirteen men who were the heads of the thirteen 'wards' or districts of Rome, to go as spokesman of a deputation to the Pope at Avignon (Clement VI, now), entreating him to return and resume the government of the city, and also to pro-

claim 1350 a jubilee year. Pope Boniface VIII had instituted the jubilee year, in 1300, with the intention that it should fall only once in every century. But it had been immensely profitable to Rome, and the citizens could see no reason for waiting two generations more for a repetition of such benefits. In August, 1343, when he was thirty, Cola wrote from Avignon to the authorities in Rome, describing himself as the 'consul of orphans, widows, and the poor, and the humble messenger of the people,' and announcing the success of his mission.

But it would seem that Cola's very favorable reception by the Pope must have happened during an absence from the papal court of the great Cardinal Colonna (old Stefano's son), and that, when the latter returned and found the fellow from the wineshop basking in favor which he had created by telling the Pope how badly Rome was governed by her wicked barons in his absence, he, who was the son of the greatest of those barons, 'got sore' and told the Pope a few things on his own account.

So poor Cola, 'the humble messenger of the people,' was given the cold shoulder, and became a pitiable object hanging about the outermost courts of the magnificent new palace of the Popes at Avignon, where Petrarch's intercession with Cardinal Colonna caused that haughty nobleman to feel compassionate toward poor Cola and make amends for the misery he had inflicted.

Petrarch's friendship with the Colonna had begun at Bologna when he was a fellow-student there with Giacomo Colonna, a younger brother of Giovanni who became cardinal. And it was the Colonna who acted for Petrarch's liege, King Robert of Naples, in the bestowal of the laurel crown, which was placed on his head on Easter Sunday, 1341. The ceremony took place here on the Capitoline, in the great hall of the Palazzo del Senatore (on the brow

of the hill nearest the Forum; the hall is used, now, as a storeroom for antiquities), and the master-of-ceremonies was the retiring Senator, Anguillara, a son-in-law of old Stefano Colonna, and master of that castle by the river where the Dante Society now meets.

'Rome and the deserted palace of the Capitol,' Petrarch wrote to King Robert, 'were adorned with unusual delight: a small thing in itself one might say, but conspicuous by its novelty, and by the applause and pleasure of the Roman people; the custom of bestowing the laurel having not only been laid aside for many ages, but even forgotten.'

I like, so much, John Addington Symonds' characterization of this event: 'The ancient and the modern eras met together on the Capitol at Petrarch's coronation, and a new stadium for the human spirit, that which we are wont to style the Renaissance, was opened.'

The great celebration culminated in a banquet in the Colonna Palace, with Colonnas young and old filling every corner. For they were a most abundant family, enough to fill, themselves and their retainers, almost a whole quarter of Rome.

That was two years before Cola's visit to Avignon which had been Petrarch's home for thirty years (his father had been exiled from Florence by the same decree of the Guelphs which cast Dante forth, and had finally settled at Avignon which belonged to the King of Naples, or rather to the House of Anjou whose head was then King of Naples), and Petrarch was then one whom all men delighted to honor. His dreams of a liberated Italy, and his association (for a time) with the 'humble messenger of the people' who became the dictator of Rome, have points of rather striking similarity with the situation between D'Annunzio and Mussolini.

We can't follow Cola's story in detail, here. The next

four years were spent in a variety of efforts to arouse the Roman people against tyranny and ill-government. We read of a meeting in 'a secret place' on the Aventine (ever the seat of Lo Popolo — the People) in February, 1347, when 'Cola rose to his feet and narrated, weeping, the misery, servitude, and peril in which the city lay — the whole assembly weeping with him.'

In April, when Stefano Colonna had gone to Corneto (more than sixty miles away) for provisions, and had taken with him all the militia, to guard the provisions against robbers on the way back, Cola's conspirators sent a town crier with a trumpet to tell all men to come, unarmed, to the Capitol when the great bell should ring. The next morning, Whitsunday, a glorious twentieth of May, orange blossoms and roses filling the air with their perfumes and little, lamb-like woolly clouds grazing across the azure fields of heaven, Cola came forth from the old Church of Sant' Angelo in Pescheria (which we'll visit to-morrow) where he had spent the night in prayer. A multitude of youths encircled him, shouting and cheering.

Now the great bell began to ring, and the streets were full of men hurrying toward the Capitol. When the multitude was assembled, Cola, who was accompanied by the vicar of the Pope, addressed them and read to them the rules of that new government, that Buono Stato, which was proposed.

Voting was done by the raising of hands. 'And it was ordained that Cola should remain there [on the Capitol] as lord, but in conjunction with the vicar of the Pope. And authority was given to him to punish, slay, pardon, to make laws and alliances, determine boundaries; the full and free *imperia*, absolute power, was given him in everything that concerned the people of Rome.'

When Stefano Colonna heard what had happened, he

hastened back to Rome to put down the uprising, and received from Cola an order to leave Rome at once. Stefano declared, 'If this fool makes me angry, I will fling him from the windows of the Capitol.' When this was reported to Cola, he ordered the great bell to be rung furiously; and so great was the response to this summons that Stefano left Rome at once, with only a single attendant. Then Cola ordered all the other barons to leave — and they stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

Within a very short time the courts of law, the markets, the public life of Rome, were all transformed. 'The woods rejoiced,' says Cola's unnamed biographer, 'for there were no longer robbers in them. The oxen began to plough. The pilgrims began again to make their circuits to the sanctuaries, the merchants to pursue their business. Fear and terror fell on the tyrants, and all good people, as freed from bondage, were full of joy.'

Cola now lived in the Capitol as well as ruled from there; and he began to be very splendid, in the midst of tapestries and fine furniture taken from the palaces of the exiled nobles.

'The terror of the Roman name,' Petrarch wrote, 'extended even to countries far away. I was then in France and I know what was expressed in the words and on the faces of the most important personages there. No one could tell how soon a movement so remarkable, taking place in the first city of the world, might penetrate into other places.'

Cola was called greater than Romulus, greater than Brutus. He sat in his chair of state, and required the tyrants of other days (submissive to him, now) to stand before him with their heads uncovered and their arms folded on their breasts. He enriched all his poor relations. Then he ennobled himself. And finally, he had himself crowned, at the Lateran.

I wish I dared take space, here, for some detailed descriptions of those magnifi ent events as his contemporary biographer gives them; they make the very black-and-white of print blaze with sumptuous coloring, but they are long, and we shall do well if we complete the story in bare outline — so much besides it have we ahead of us on this stroll northward from the Capitol.

But you must know how Cola went out on a loggia of the Lateran, overlooking the piazza with its dense crowd, and, drawing his sword from its scabbard, waved it to the three quarters of the world saying, 'This is mine; and this is mine; and this is mine,' and called upon Pope and Emperor to appear before him.

And how, after this display, he invited a number of the great nobles to a banquet, at which some of his followers, ignoring the sacred spirit of hospitality, talked of the defects of the privileged classes. To which Stefano Colonna, taking up a corner of Cola's robe, said, 'To thee, Tribune, it would be more suitable to wear an honest costume of cloth than this pompous habit.'

Whereupon Cola called his guard and had all his noble guests arrested. At daylight, he gave orders that the great hall of the Parlatorio should be hung with red-and-white cloth, for an execution, and confessors sent to the barons to prepare them for death, and the great bell of the Capitol rung to summon the people to the extermination of their erstwhile oppressors.

But some of the citizens had cooler heads than Cola. They dissuaded him from his purpose.

So Cola, whose theatricalism was both his doing and his undoing, ordered the trumpets to sound as for a summons to execution, and the barons led in as to death. Then, ascending the platform, Cola preached a beautiful sermon about 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,'

and pardoned the barons, magnificently, charging them to be good barons ever after and serve the people. Then he gave each of them a handsome new furred robe, made them dine with him (wearing his bounty!), and afterwards rode through the city, leading them in his train.

'This,' says his biographer, 'much displeased all discreet persons who said, "He has lighted a fire and a flame which he will not be able to put out."'

They were right. Henceforth it was war to the death between Cola of the wineshop and the barons of Rome; and the death was not Cola's alone.

It is astounding to learn that Petrarch, the idol of every court and castle, the elegant father of the Renaissance, blamed Cola for not going through with the wholesale execution.

The nobles, liberated, left Rome with fury in their hearts, and repaired to their castles in the country roundabout.

In November, the Colonna clan, with their patriarch, old Stefano, at their head, marched on Rome and came, in the chill gray dawn of November twentieth, to the San Lorenzo Gate through which you will pass on your way to Tivoli.

There, the young Stefano, who was in command, rode up alone to the gate and said: 'I am a citizen of Rome. I wish to return to my house.'

The great bell of the Capitol was ringing and the people were flocking toward the point of attack. There was an encounter which was much less a battle, even a skirmish, than a hand-to-fist fight, in which seven of the Colonna were killed. And Cola, who had done no killing, marched back into Rome triumphant, brandishing his sword and bragging: 'I have cut off with this such a head as neither the Pope nor the Emperor could touch.'

Furthermore, he took his young son, Lorenzo, next day, out to the place where young Stefano Colonna had died, and there, from a little pool of rain-water still red with Colonna blood, Cola baptized his son 'a Knight of Victory.'

'This was all,' says Mrs. Oliphant, 'in November, the twentieth and twenty-first; and it was on the twentieth of May that Cola had received his election upon the Capitol. . . . Six months, no more, crammed full of gorgeous pageants and exciting events. . . . He had received the sanction of the Pope, the friendly congratulations of the great Italian towns, and above all the applause, enthusiastic and overflowing, of Petrarch the greatest of living poets. By degrees all these sympathies and applauses had fallen from him.'

Petrarch wrote to him: 'No man in the world except thyself can shake the foundations of the edifice thou hast constructed; but that which thou hast founded thou canst ruin: for to destroy his own work no man is so able as the architect. You know the road by which you have risen to glory: if you turn back, you shall soon find yourself in the lowest place; and going down is naturally the quicker. . . . I was hastening to you and with all my heart: but I turn upon the way. Other than what you were, I would not see you. Adieu, Rome, to thee also adieu, if that is true which I have heard. . . . Oh, how ill the beginning agrees with the end!'

The reproofs showered upon Cola sobered him. But it was too late. His followers mistook his new prudence for fear; and perhaps it was.

There had come to Rome, to enlist soldiers for Louis of Hungary who was eager to avenge the death of his brother Andrew, husband of Queen Joanna of Naples (see our Chapter I), a Count Palatine of Altamura, who, fearful

that Cola might object to his presence, put up a barricade in his quarter, behind which he might defend himself. Cola ordered the great bell rung furiously all one day and during the night, but no one offered to break down the barrier that was a defiance to the Tribune's authority.

Cola 'sighed deeply,' his biographer says; 'chilled by alarm he wept. His heart was beaten down and brought low. He had not the courage of a child. . . . Weeping and sighing, he addressed as many as were there, saying that he had done well, but that from envy the people were not content with him. "Now in the seventh month am I driven from my dominion." Having said these words weeping, he mounted his horse and sounded the silver trumpets, and bearing the imperial insignia, he came down as in a triumph, and went to the Castle of Sant' Angelo, and there shut himself in.'

Three days later, the barons came back. No one molested Cola, or even threatened him — neither barons nor populace. He just lost his nerve. His family remained in Rome and met with no indignities. But he disappeared.

He was gone seven years. Part of that time he was up in the wild mountain country of the Apennines where there existed a rude and strange religious party, a severe sect of the Franciscans, who aimed at the total overturn of society and the restoration of primeval innocence and bliss. One of these Fraticelli sought out Cola, living as a wounded animal in hiding, and told him that he had a career before him still greater than that which was behind, and 'that it should be his to restore to Rome the double reign of universal dominion, to establish the Pope and the Empire in the imperial city, and reconcile forever those two joint rulers appointed of God.'

So Cola went first to the Emperor, who had him imprisoned as a heretic and sent to the Pope for punishment.

He lay in the dungeons of Avignon, and was sentenced to death. But no one seems to have been really thirsty for his blood; and, seeking a pretext for letting him go, they said that he was a poet and it would be very wrong to kill him.

'I do not remember,' wrote Petrarch in indignant comment on this pretext, 'any poet that he has not read; but this no more makes of him a poet than a man would be a weaver who clothed himself with garments woven by another hand. To merit the name of poet, it is not enough to have made verses. But this man has never that I know written a single line.'

However, free he went, and back to Rome, where 'once more a Colonna and an Orsini balanced and struggled with each other as Senators, with no time to attend to anything but their personal interests, and no thought for the welfare of the people.'

The people had repented of their behavior toward Cola, and wished him back. When he came, it was in the train of a Papal Legate. But everywhere, as they drew nearer Rome, Cola was recognized and implored to 'return to thy Rome, cure her of her sickness. Never were you so much loved as at present.'

But Cola was penniless, and nobody offered him any 'sinews of war.'

There were in Perugia, whilst Cola stayed there considering what he should do, two young Provençal noblemen who were brothers of that picturesque person known as Fra Moreale. (Has this swashbuckler escaped the notice of Sabatini? Or have I missed the tale which tells of him?)

Fra Moreale was a Chevalier, a Knight Hospitaller, a high-born personage, who had got together a dreadful army, known as 'La Grande Campagnia,' which was always ready, under his command, to enter into any predatory warfare where the pay was high and the promise of booty

excellent. The very name of this Company was a terrorizing sound to all Italy.

When Cola, in Perugia, expounded to the younger brother of Fra Moreale what great things he dreamed of doing for Rome, and how he needed for the doing of them three thousand florins at least, the young brother wrote to the Captain of the Great Company saying: 'Honored brother, I have gained in one day more than you have done in all your life. I have acquired the lordship of Rome, which is promised to me by Messer Cola di Rienzi. . . . If it pleases your brotherly kindness, I am taking four thousand florins from the bank, and with a strong armament am setting out for Rome.'

Fra Moreale thought that this was a good way to invest four thousand florins; and that when Cola had been used for the taking of Rome, he could be cast aside — and the prize kept, at least until it was well stripped.

So he sent his blessing upon the enterprise, and the expedition set forth — some five or six hundred strong — with Cola, 'clothed gloriously in scarlet, furred with miniver and embroidered with gold,' lending flame to the processional.

It was early in August, 1354, and great preparations were made in Rome for the reception of the Tribune. He entered by the gate of the Castello, near Sant' Angelo, and rode in triumph through streets adorned with arches erected in his honor, hung with tapestries, resounding with acclamations.

'With all these honors they led him to the Palazzo of the Capitol. There he made them a beautiful and eloquent speech.'

On the fourth day, he summoned all the barons to present themselves before him. And when his messengers appeared before the young Colonna, who was then head of his house,

that young man threw one of them into prison and had his teeth drawn, then despatched the other to Rome to demand a ransom for him.

Following this, he led a raid upon the surrounding country, to resist which Cola gathered what force he could and rushed out with them through that same fateful gate of San Lorenzo, as far as Tivoli, where he encountered his own mercenaries, from the north, clamoring for their pay. This matter adjusted (by a further loan from Fra Moreale's brothers!), the whole force went on to the punishment of Colonna. And meanwhile, Fra Moreale himself came to Rome to look after his 'investment'!

Now, here was a situation for statesmanship, for diplomacy; and Cola had none.

He rushed back to Rome, caused the arrest of Fra Moreale and of his brothers, and ordered Fra Moreale to the torture.

'Was there ever such a clown?' the noble Captain cried when Cola's executioners laid hands on him to string him up like a miscreant varlet. 'Does he not know that I am a Chevalier?'

When he was taken, broken in body, but not in courage, back to the dungeon where his brothers were, he said to them: 'Gentle brothers, be not afraid. You shall not die, but I shall die. My life has always been full of trouble, and I am glad to die where died the blessed Saint Peter and Saint Paul. I am a man: I have been betrayed like other men. But God will have mercy upon me.'

Then the great bell began to ring, summoning the people to see him put to death; and he was led out to a spot beside one of the Egyptian-basalt lions, at the left of the Aracœli steps. (You will see those lions, presently, in the Court of the Capitoline Museum.)

'Oh, Romans,' he cried, addressing them, 'are ye con-

senting to my death? I never did you harm; but because of your poverty and my wealth I must die.'

'I am not well placed,' he murmured — meaning that the scene was badly 'set' for the executioner to make a clean, swift stroke — and he seems to have changed his position several times, kneeling down and rising again to seek a better.

He then kissed the knife and said, 'God save thee, holy justice,' and soon all was over, and the mutilated body was carried to burial in the Church of Santa Maria in Aracœli.

'He was the worst man in the world,' Cola told his councillors. 'He came to disturb our state, meaning to make himself the lord of it.'

But for all this, there were those who felt that Rienzi had showed both treachery and cowardice in dealing with Fra Moreale.

It was the first day of August, 1354, that Rienzi re-entered Rome by the Sant' Angelo Gate. On the last day of that month, Fra Moreale died. 'And it was still only September,' says that contemporary 'Life' of Rienzi, 'when the last day of Rienzi himself came.'

Indeed, it was very early in September, the eighth day. 'In the morning Cola di Rienzi lay in his bed. Suddenly voices were heard shouting "Viva lo Popolo!" (Long live the People!) At this sound the people in the streets began to run here and there. The sound increased, the crowd grew. They were joined by armed men, and as they joined their cry was changed to "Death to the traitor, Cola di Rienzi!" They rushed toward the palace of the Capitol, an innumerable throng of men, women, and children, throwing stones and shouting. Terrible was the fury of them.'

What had become of young Lorenzo di Rienzi, baptized in Colonna blood, we do not know. Cola's wife had entered a convent, soon after his first downfall, and he never saw

ner again. There was no one to console him in those terrible moments when he realized that he was abandoned by every living soul of those who usually occupied the Capitol — judges, notaries, guards, all had fled to save their own skin.

He tried to address the mob from a balcony, but they would not listen to him. 'They threw stones and aimed arrows at him, and some ran with fire to set light to the door.'

Then Cola knotted sheets together and let himself down into the court of the prison behind the palace. There he threw off his surcoat, begrimed his terror-blanched face, donned a peasant's coat in the porter's lodge, and, 'seizing a covering from the bed, threw it over him, as if the pillage of the palace had begun, and sallied forth. As he passed the last door, one of the crowd accosted him roughly, and pushed back the article on his head, which would seem to have been a *duvet*, or heavy quilt; upon which the splendor of the bracelet he wore on his wrist became visible, and he was recognized. He was immediately seized and taken down the great stair to the foot of the Lion, where the sentences were usually read. No man showed any desire to touch him. He stood there for about an hour, his face black like a furnace-man, in a tunic of green silk, and yellow hose like a baron, turning his head from side to side, piteously contemplating the crowd glaring at him. At last a follower of his own made a thrust with his sword, and immediately a dozen others followed. He died at the first stroke.'

His mutilated body was dragged along the streets to the Colonna quarter, hung up to a balcony, and finally taken to an open place before the Mausoleum of Augustus (used as a stronghold by the Colonna) and burned by the Jews.

'The Buddhist monks of the Far East,' says Marion Crawford, 'believe to-day that a man's individual self is often beset, possessed, and dominated by all kinds of frag-

mentary personalities that altogether hide his real nature, which may in reality be better or worse than they are. The Eastern belief may serve at least as an illustration to explain the sort of mixed character with which Rienzi came into the world, and which he imposed upon it for a certain length of time, and which has always taken such strong hold upon the imagination of poets, and writers of fiction, and historians.'

If I had written this book ten years ago, I might not have felt that a fairly full outline of Rienzi's story would be the most interesting, suggestive, illuminating thing to offer you for your visit to the Capitoline. But in view of what has happened in many countries in the last five years, and is still happening, it seemed to me that we could not do better than to go back, in spirit, to this one of the many earlier dictatorships of Italy, because there has, I think, been no other of them that has been more persistently in men's minds since Mussolini's star swung into the ascendant.

The parallels are not so many as some people incline to think. It is still much too soon to make any fair estimate of the man who, as I write, has been dictator of Italy for close upon two years; but it seems to me a great injustice to him to compare him with Rienzi, except in some such details as humble birth, omnivorous reading, and eloquence, and the coincidence of association with a famous poet.

Mussolini came into power, not on his opposition to the privileged classes, but on his opposition to anarchy, disorganization, and the stealthy foes of national spirit and pride.

It is with the greatest diffidence that I venture my humble opinion of him; with the profoundest realization of how many things there are about him and his programme that I do not comprehend; with the canniest appreciation

that before this ink is dry the world may be ringing with merited or unmerited denunciation of the man and all he did. As an administrator he may succeed or fail; but I do not see how history can ever discount the fact that he rose up, in the disorganization and discouragement and dishonor of post-war days, and mobilized Italy for peace and prosperity even more zealously and effectively than she had been organized for war.

He took all the homely virtues which had been overshadowed in war-times, and gave them an epic quality (as Virgil did, nearly two thousand years before) and glorified industry and frugality and all the 'bread-and-butter' goodnesses which Italy needed for the rebuilding of her state, the restoration of pride and confidence to her citizens.

Thousands of us, everywhere, after the war, talked of the need of a rebirth into the old, substantial, plodding ways.

But what came of all our talk? Or even of the books that many of us wrote on the subject?

Then up rose this man, and *dramatized* the idea, organized it, gave it romance and movement and color and song, made a crusade of it, a marching, singing army of Italian zeal for Italian prestige through Italian labor, sacrifice, devotion.

He was wise enough not to be dismayed when his movement began to have a few martyrs. I was there when young Fascisti, shot down by bolshevik internationalists, were being given martyrs' funerals. And again the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the new cult.

How long Mussolini may be able to hold his forces to his ideals, how long he may be able to keep his head, no one can foresee. But how history can ever take away from him the palm for what he has demonstrated, I cannot think.

We shall do well, now, to look about us on this very famous Piazza del Campidoglio, the scene of so much history, with its antique sculptures and its buildings designed by Michelangelo. There is a great deal about it that I'd like to write; but the essential facts are in every guidebook, and it seems to me that we must reserve our space for other things.

I hope you will not be too hurried in your inspection of the Capitoline collections; for therein are contained a number of the most famous sculptures in the world: 'The Dying Gladiator,' 'The Boy with the Thorn,' 'The Marble Faun,' 'The Capitoline and Esquiline Venuses,' 'The Dancing Satyr,' 'The Wolf with Romulus and Remus,' that exquisite seated figure of a Roman matron who was probably Agrippina the Elder, granddaughter of Augustus, and the head of Brutus. Be sure not to miss the sarcophagus with the incidents from Achilles' story; and remember that the vase containing the ashes found in this sarcophagus, is the celebrated 'Portland Vase' of the British Museum. See the mosaic from Hadrian's Villa, showing the familiar doves drinking in a marble basin.

The marble plan of ancient Rome is infinitely worth all the study you can devote to it. And there are many frescoes and canvases depicting scenes in the history of Rome, which will do much to illustrate for you what you read, and help you to re-create other times.

Now, let us make our descent, and fare northward (with some few détours) from the Capitoline, along the Corso, toward the old Flaminian Gate.

It seems more than superfluous to say anything about the most obvious thing in Rome: the Victor Emmanuel Monument, built against the north cliff of the Capitoline. It is a monument, not to Victor Emmanuel II alone, but to United Italy of which he was the first King; and is now

associated with the Unknown Warrior (whose tomb it is) rather more than with the monarch who sleeps in the Pantheon.

The great road to the north, to Gaul and Spain and Germany and Britain, began here at the sheer cliff of the Capitoline. It was begun about 220 B.C. by Flaminius who was then the Censor. And since we hear so much about censorship, these days, you may like to know what the office originally was.

First of all, the Censor was the man who supervised the quadrennial census-taking and the tax-collecting that was based upon the census. Just how his duties came to be extended to the supervision of public morals, I do not know; though I can see how almost inevitable it was that the man who counted the people (by hundreds) and gathered their taxes should be the superintendent and conservator of public constructions, including roads.

The censorship, Dennie says, was in some respects the most honored office in the Republic, and really had the widest power attached to it. There were two Censors, like the Consuls, and like them they were elected for one year. Flaminius, who had been Consul before he was Censor, was again holding office as Consul in 217 B.C. when he led northward, over the road that bears his name, a magnificent Roman army, the first to use the road. They were hastening to intercept Hannibal in his march on Rome; and in the famous battle of Lake Trasimene (whose borders you will skirt on your journey from Perugia to Florence), Flaminius was defeated and killed after having lost fifteen thousand of his men.

On the left of the Victor Emmanuel Monument, at the beginning of the Flaminian Way, stands the massive old tomb (evidently just outside the city gate even as late as the first century B.C.) of Bibulus, a plebeian Ædile (Ædiles

were originally assistants to the Tribunes, and had many duties including what we now call police business, and supervision of the public games) who was honored, by the Senate and the People of Rome, with this burial-site, in recognition of his integrity in office.

The first piazza, on your left as you look northward from the Monument, is San Marco, named from the very ancient (fourth century) Church of San Marco now incorporated in the south side of the Palazzo Venezia.

This palace, built of stones from the Colosseum, was begun by the Venetian Cardinal Paul Barbo in 1456, on the site of an earlier edifice used by his predecessors in the cardinalate of San Marco. After his election to the Papal See, he continued the work here, but did not live to see his palace finished. The cardinals of San Marco continued to live in it even after Pius IV, in 1560, presented it to the Venetian Republic; and sometimes they tendered it to the Popes for a temporary residence. Alexander VI (the Borgia) was in residence here, it is said, when he received Charles VIII of France returning from his conquest of Naples. The Venetian ambassadors occupied it till 1797; then it was French, and passed from France to Austria whose ambassadors to the Vatican lived there until Italy entered the late war, when the Italian Government took possession of it. In the magnificent Court of the Palazzo Venezia were stored for safety, while Austria shelled Venice from the air, the Colleoni statue and the horses of San Marco.

Perhaps by the time you read this, the palace will be open to the public as a gallery of ancient art.

Note the shape of its battlements; the Guelphs, the Popes' adherents, shaped theirs that way. Opposite is the Venice Assurance Company's new building, on ground partly occupied in other days by the Torlonia Palace; and its battlements are Ghibelline.

Piazza Venezia is the great tram-centre of the city; and the broad street bounding it on the north, after having been Corso Vittorio Emanuele for a long way from the river, and Via del Plebiscito for a short way, becomes Via Nazionale as it leaves Piazza Venezia at the eastern corner, to pursue a very erratic course.

The Corso Umberto Primo really begins here. In it, the fourteen 'regions' of Rome used to run their rival horses in a race, or *corso*, not unlike the Pallio of Siena which still goes on. It is one of the principal business streets of Rome, to-day, dignified by some high Government associations like Mussolini's offices in the Chigi Palace, made gay by some very popular cafés, and at times all but impassable by the throngs of Roman citizens whose favorite forum it has been for centuries.

The palaces which line it, elbowed by department stores, quick-lunch emporiums, and innumerable small shops mostly selling imitation pearls, nearly all belong to families brought to Rome, ennobled and fabulously enriched by one or another of the Popes, whose relatives they were.

Of the old barons of Rome, few stocks are left. The great Conti family, which gave four Popes to Rome, have disappeared from history. So have the Savelli and the Pierleoni, and the Frangipanni who once were entrenched among the ruins of the Palatine and used the Colosseum as an outpost. Gone are the Anguillara, of the tower where the Dante students meet. Gone, the Annibaldi, of the great Carthaginian's race.

The Colonna and Orsini are still preëminent; and the Caetani (whose name is as frequently begun with a 'G'), who used Cæcilia Metella's tomb as a toll-booth six hundred years ago, and who now have a princely representative as Italian Ambassador to Washington.

Prince Gelasio Caetani owes his given name to that member of his family who was Pope Gelasius II, in 1118. He is the fourth son of the late Prince Onorato Caetani, fourteenth Duke of Sermoneta, and of an English gentlewoman of the family of the Earls of Lathom. Prince Gelasio, who was born in 1877, matriculated in Columbia University (New York) in 1899 and was graduated from the School of Applied Sciences in 1903, after which he practised his profession of engineering in many parts of the West. He was throughout the war a very active member of the Italian military engineering corps, and rendered brilliant service. After the war, he devoted much time to improving the conditions of the land and the peasantry on the vast estates owned by his family between Naples and Rome, combating malaria and restoring thousands of acres of marshland to productive labor. In 1921, when a wave of socialism was sweeping over Italy, he entered politics as an ardent Nationalist and was elected a deputy to Parliament. His appointment to the United States was one of the first that Mussolini made; and nothing could be more significant of the New Italy of which we who travel in it should be not less admiringly conscious than of the Old.

The Massimi are still among the greatest of Rome; and the Cenci, first heard of in 457, have representatives in Rome's aristocracy to-day.

But the other great families are, for the most part, 'importations.' The Boncompagni are from Bologna, the Borghese from Siena, the Ludovisi from Pisa, the Barberini and Corsini from Florence, the Albani from Urbino, the Rospigliosi from Pistoia, the Odescalchi from Como, the Doria Pamfilii from Genoa; and so on. Each came to Rome with its Pope, was lavishly enriched by him, and stayed on, living in a state almost imperial.

As you start northward in the Corso, the first palace, on

your left, at the corner of Via del Plebiscito, is Palazzo Bonaparte, where Napoleon's mother lived for more than twenty years.

There is infinite pathos in that palace, for me. Lætitia was never dazzled by the unparalleled prosperity of the family she had 'raised' in such pinching poverty; she never believed it would endure. She saved her sous because she had the habit and because she believed her prodigal children would need them. When Napoleon charged her, once, with loving Lucien best, she said, 'The child of whom I am the most fond is always the one that happens to be the most unfortunate.'

She held herself rather aloof from the Emperor in his glory; she strongly disapproved of many things he did, and told him so. But when he went to Elba, she followed, and it was her savings which did much to finance his return. After Waterloo, she offered him all that she had. And when he was sent to Saint Helena, she implored the Allies to let her go with him. Their refusal is hard to understand.

I seem to 'see' her here, very plainly, when the news came from Saint Helena in 1821. She must have been less sad after that, I think — don't you? Because now it was her suffering only that she had to bear, and not his also. Fifteen years she lived on, after him, the last seven years a cripple and almost blind; but her beauty stayed with her, and became, Michelet says, of a grandeur that was sublime.

Next, on your left, is Palazzo Doria, said to be the largest and most magnificent private dwelling in the world. It was begun by a Cardinal Santorio, who was forced by Julius II to offer it as a gift to his nephew. A hundred years later, it passed to the Aldobrandini, when Clement VIII was Pope, and finally (about 1645) to the Pamfilii when their Pope (Innocent X), who was so lavish in his gifts to his kindred that protests more than usual were made, and a council was

called to determine just how far a Pope could go, married his nephew to the Aldobrandini heiress. The union of all these riches with those of the Doria, of Genoa, is what keeps up the great villa across the Tiber, this vast pile, and dear-knows what besides.

This palace is almost two thirds the size of Saint Peter's, and it used to be said that a thousand persons lived under the roof, *outside* of the gallery and the private apartments, which alone surpass in extent the majority of royal residences.

The picture gallery of the Doria Palace is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays from 10 to 2. The great picture there is the Velasquez portrait of Innocent X. Even if you do not linger to see any of the others, it is a pity to leave Rome without having seen that.

On the other side of the Corso are the Salviati Palace in which the French Academy of Art was housed for seventy-five years (1725–1800) before being transferred to the superb Villa Medici where it now is and one hopes always will be. The Bank of Sicily owns the building now, and sublets some magnificent salons on the first floor to the Italy-America Society which welcomes you to use its library of English books on Italy. The Odescalchi Palace is next, housing the British Academy of Art and Archæology.

North of the Palazzo Doria runs a little street called Via Lata, beside which is the little old Church of Santa Maria in Via Lata, built (like the Doria Palace) above very substantial remains of the Septa Julia, begun by Julius Cæsar for a polling-place but used, when completed by Agrippa, for a market. Paul and Luke, when 'only Luke is with me,' quite certainly lived or at least taught here, 'by the side of the road' whereon Rome's legions marched to and from Rome's northern and western provinces. A visit to the crypt of this church is very well worth your while; and

when I was last there the custodian who showed it knew how to make it most interesting.

Turn down Via Lata, now, past the Collegio Romano, which houses the great Victor Emmanuel Library (the plunder of the monasteries of Italy when they were disestablished) and the Kircheriano Museum of prehistoric antiquities and of ethnography.

Marion Crawford says that the monastic libraries were brought here in carts and roughly stacked, in the utmost confusion, in vacant rooms of the college. In 1880, a poor scholar who bought himself two ounces of butter found it wrapped in a strange-looking paper which proved to be an autograph letter of Christopher Columbus. And this led to the discovery that the ignorant porter in charge of the storerooms was selling priceless books and manuscripts as waste paper, by the hundredweight, to provide himself with money for getting drunk.

Collegio Romano is in the heart of the Jesuit quarter, but the Jesuit university has been transferred to Palazzo Bonomeo, a little farther north.

Keep on, as straight as the street will take you, to Santa Maria sopra (above) Minerva, erected on the ruins of a temple of Minerva, and one of the most beautiful churches in Rome. Saint Catherine of Siena lies here, beneath the high-altar; and the chamber in which she died, worn out by her great labors when she was only thirty-three, is shown behind the sacristy, whither it was removed in 1737. Fra Angelico lies here, too. The monastery adjoining this church was the residence, for many years, of the chief of the Dominican Order, and the seat of the Inquisition. Here, where Galileo was brought for trial, after three years' imprisonment in the Villa Medici for 'having seen the earth go round the sun,' the present Government houses the Ministry of Public Instruction.

'The monks of Minerva' held Rome in a grip of terror which increased when the Neapolitan Cardinal Caraffa tottered onto the throne of Saint Peter, at the age of seventy-nine. This was in 1555. Four years later, he lay dying of dropsy, and, as the news of his approaching end ran through the city, the terror that had made men afraid to speak was relaxed, and angry multitudes gathered in the open spaces of the city listening eagerly for the solemn tolling of the great bell in the Capitol to tell them that the hated tyrant in the Vatican was no more.

He lingered. And their rage burst from smouldering into flame. They ran to the prisons, choked with 'suspects' waiting to go before 'the monks of Minerva,' and forced the gaolers to set the captives free. And then, torches in hand, they converged upon this place, this monastery and church, and would have burned them as the poor 'heretics' had been burned. But one of the Colonna and a group of his kinsmen had come riding swiftly to Rome when they heard that he was dying who had exiled them, after having seized their estates and conferred them on his rascally nephews. It was Colonna who dissuaded the furious mob from further reprisals, and saved to posterity many treasures, notably the great library, which now belongs to the Government.

From Santa Maria sopra Minerva it is but a step around the corner to the Pantheon, one of the most impressive structures in existence, concerning which I shall say almost nothing here because it is one of the places most fully covered by all guide-books.

It has seen many burial pageants, and is the royal tomb of the Savoy sovereigns; but to the majority of pilgrims it will always be chiefly the last resting-place of Raphael. Antiquity makes the Pantheon venerable; the marvellous dome makes it majestic; but Raphael's bones make it a

shrine. And when I go to it, it is always in company with that weeping multitude which bore Raphael to his grave. Only thirty-seven, he was! And had every reason for living on that ever mortal man had.

Was La Fornarina in the back-washes of the swaying crowd, somewhere? She who had taught him so much of love and inspired him to the creation of so much beauty?

Now, back by way of Via del Seminario, to the Corso again, reëntering it opposite the Sciarra-Colonna Palace, built in 1603, and now used for banking and newspaper offices. Madame Récamier lived in this palace when she visited Rome in the spring of 1824. And Marion Crawford was born in it.

If you are interested in seeing the American College in Rome, you must go back along the Corso, toward the Capitoline, to Via dell' Umilità (or Humility Street), Number 30. And this may be a good place to remind you that they are American students for the priesthood whom you see, in many companies about the streets of Rome, wearing black soutanes lined with light blue. The North Americans wear a red sash, and the South Americans a blue sash.

It may be that you will wish to retrace your way a few steps farther in the Corso, to see the Church of San Marcello, which is said to have been the first Christian church opened publicly in Rome.

But if neither of these draws you back, you will soon find yourself in Piazza Colonna — so called not from the 'Column' family, but from the Column of Marcus Aurelius with the statue of Saint Paul standing atop the spiral story of Roman victories.

The Chigi Palace, which stands at the northwest corner of the Corso and the Piazza, is where Mussolini's office is. Next to it on the west is the Chamber of Deputies, housed

in a huge palace that was begun for more papal relatives, the Ludovisi of Pisa.

The palace just north of the Chigi, in the Corso, is the Verospi, now occupied by the Credito Italiano. It was here that Shelley lived in the spring of 1819, after that 'dejection by the Bay of Naples.' It was here that he completed 'Prometheus Unbound'; here that Miss Curran made the portrait of him most familiar to us of any; here that little William, Shelley's first child by Mary Godwin, died, at the age of three and a half years. (Their second child, Clara, had died soon after her first birthday, at Venice, the preceding September; so this was their second bereavement in nine months.)

For sixty sleepless hours of agony Shelley sat here in this lodging that he had found, and watched that dear little child battle with the dread Roman fever which used to be such a scourge until modern sanitation put it to rout. And when the battle was lost, and Mary was laid prostrate by this second blow, Percy took the tiny body out and laid it to rest beneath the cypresses of that place 'so sweet as almost to make one in love with death' — that place to which he was to be garnered in three short but very full years.

Shelley did not, as some guide-books say, write 'The Cenci' here; but he undoubtedly was meditating it. And Via del Tritone leads from almost opposite this house straightaway to the Barberini Palace where Guido Reni's portrait of Beatrice Cenci is. We shall recall the Cenci story in our next chapter.

Via della Convertite, on your right, leads to the Piazza di San Silvestro and a church erected to honor what is believed to be a piece of John the Baptist's head. And if you continue to the east for a few steps you will come to Number 11, Via della Mercede, where Sir Walter Scott lived while he was in Rome, in 1832. He was a dying man,

GUIDO PAINTING BEATRICE CENCI IN PRISON THE DAY BEFORE HER EXECUTION

By Ratti

and Rome meant little to him. The only thing here in which he expressed any interest was the monument of the Old and Young Pretenders, unworthiest of the Stuarts, in Saint Peter's. It was here he penned the very last words that were ever formed by his indefatigable hand: 'We slept reasonably well, but on the next morning —'

The Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, on the west side of the Corso, may interest you because Chateaubriand erected here a monument to his compatriot Nicolas Poussin, the eminent painter of Roman landscape and ruins. 'You wished me,' Chateaubriand wrote to Madame Récamier, 'to mark my visit to Rome; it is done; the tomb to Poussin will remain.' Or it may interest you because of 'The Ring and the Book'; it being here that 'one dim end of a December day' Pompilia was wed —

> 'Who all the while had borne, from first to last,
> As brisk a part i' the bargain, as yon lamb,
> Brought forth from the basket and set out for sale.'

The Church of San Carlo, farther on, has a fashionable attendance, but not much else to distinguish it.

Via Condotti, leading from the Corso to the Piazza di Spagna, is one of the most interesting shopping streets in Rome.

I think you should make a slight détour to your left, in Via de' Pontefice, to see the Mausoleum of Augustus where he and most of his successors down to Nerva (d. 98) were buried. It is now a concert hall. Rienzi's body was burned in front of it, when the structure was serving as a Colonna fortress.

Now, back to the Corso and along it to its end at the Piazza del Popolo. If you have made no détours in coming from the foot of the Capitoline, you have traversed about a mile.

The twin churches between which the Corso runs the end

of its course need not detain you for a single moment. But in Santa Maria del Popolo, on the north of the square, at the foot of the Pincio, there is much, very much, to see.

But here, too, I withhold my hand because the details about it are so easily come by elsewhere.

Rather let me remind you of a few things which may make more significant for you that tablet on Number 18 of the Corso which says: 'In this house dreamed and wrote the immortal Wolfgang von Goethe.'

Few persons have ever got out of Italy what Goethe did. He was thirty-seven when he first saw it, and ripe for much (though not by any means for all) that it had to give him.

He had worked very hard in many fields of labor, he had loved often (if not much), his health was broken by his devotion to the cares of state in the Duchy of Weimar whose young duke was getting harder and harder to manage. The long years of companionship with Frau von Stein were interrupted by her husband's exclusion from Court and return to the home which hitherto had seen little of him.

Unhappy, unsatisfied, in almost every fibre of his ardent being, Goethe stole away from Weimar almost as if he expected to be caught and brought back — though the escape he was effecting was from his own old self of which he was unutterably weary — and hastened by long stages, with short halts, into Italy by way of the Brenner Pass, Lake Garda, and Verona. (This was in early September, 1786.)

'Yes, my beloved,' he wrote Frau von Stein from the latter place, 'I have finally arrived here, here where I should have been long ago; many of the hard places in my life would have been made easier.'

He was delighted to find no one who understood German, so that he was obliged to speak Italian 'the beloved

language.' He put on Italian dress and learned Italian gestures and movements. His great desire was that no one should recognize in him 'a northern bear,' but should treat him as an Italian. (All Germans read Goethe, I suppose. Why has almost no other German ever gone into Italy in that spirit?)

He had great transports of joy in the northern cities, but 'I cannot express,' he wrote, 'how the nearness of Rome draws me on. If I were to yield to my impatience, I should hasten straight on. One more fortnight, and a longing of thirty years will be quieted.'

On his first night in Rome he wrote in his diary: 'At last I am beginning to live and I adore my genius.'

Thenceforth his diary, his letters, are full of this overflowing joy: 'I count a second birthday, a true regeneration, from the day I entered Rome'; 'I have been restored again to the enjoyment of life, to the enjoyment of history, poetry, and antiquities'; 'I am living a new youth.'

When he began to think of going back to Germany, he wrote: 'How shall I leave the only place in all the world which can become a paradise for me?' 'I find here the fulfilment of all my desires and dreams.'

Easter, 1788, was the time set, at last, for his departure from Rome. His last nights in the Eternal City were flooded with the radiance of the full moon, and in it he made his solemn pilgrimages of farewell to the Capitol, the Forum, the Colosseum.

On the morning of the twenty-third of April, he drove out through the same Porto del Popolo through which, eighteen months before, he had so joyfully entered. He was inexpressibly sad, but it was a divine sadness, and beneath it lay rich stores of joy from which he would drink deep forevermore. As a man and as an artist, Italy had remade him. What he might have been without her song in his soul, no one can say.

With these thoughts in mind, one 'sees' much who passes that house on the Corso wherein 'the immortal Goethe dreamed and wrote.'

This is a long chapter; but it does not mean much exertion or a great outlay of time. A drive to the Capitoline, a revery there, an hour or so in its museums, and then a brief drive or a short stroll of a mile up the Corso — that's all. A not-too-crowded morning.

V

THE OTHER CORSO

To get the most out of this half-day that I shall outline in this chapter, it should be a Wednesday morning, when the Rag Fair is in progress. But you may not have a taste for that sort of thing, even for a little of it; or your plans may not permit you to make this round on Wednesday. And everything else about it is equally available at any other time. Indeed, since mornings are so precious for galleries, and there are none in this circuit, I should say that this section of Rome might be seen in a couple of hours some afternoon, before starting on one of those 'sunset drives' wherewith I love to crown nearly every Roman day.

In general, we may say that our objective to-day is 'the other Corso,' Corso Vittorio Emanuele, which begins at Ponte Vittorio Emanuele (leading to the Piazza of Saint Peter's) and runs almost to Piazza Venezia before it changes its name. The two Corsos do not nominally cross at Piazza Venezia; but actually they do. And if you start there, and go west by northwest, you will come, in less than half a mile, to the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle. If you are walking, look in at the court of the Altieri Palace, opposite the Gesu, or Jesuit church. And you may want to see the latter, either because of its gorgeousness or because of the enormous (and deplorable!) influence it had on church architecture throughout Christendom.

To the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle I am inviting you, not because it is a church, and has next to Saint Peter's the largest dome in Rome, and is glorified by some of Domenichino's finest frescoes, and has some splendid

chapels; but because it is built on ground whereon Pompey's Senate was — and in Pompey's Senate, Cæsar was assassinated. And, in view of many things — most notably Plutarch's 'Lives' and Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar' — it seems to me that there are too few travellers who realize what it means to get these backgrounds well in mind.

And here, again, I'm going to be even more simple and explicit than always, in the way that I have learned to be for my own guidance; because there are plenty of books about Rome for scholars, but not many for those of us who are just eager folks in a busy, hurrying world.

So —! To begin 'way back, as I did when 'getting it straight' for myself, let's remind ourselves — for one thing — that the north wall of Rome from the time of the Etruscan Kings to the time of Aurelian, some nine hundred years, was just at the foot of the Capitoline. (Remember the tomb of Bibulus?)

Beyond the old Servian Wall, stretching away toward the foot of the Pincian, on the north, and from the foot of the Quirinal west to the river, was a vast plain which the Tiber used to overflow quite disastrously at times, even down to 1870, when the present Government began building the great quays which now keep Father Tiber in his bed.

Very early, however, even in the time of the kings, this plain was used for military reviews, and for athletic sports and exercises. And presently, temples began to be built here — the first of them a temple to Apollo which was close under the western slope of the Capitol. And when Flaminius, who built the great north road, was Ædile or Censor, he erected the huge Circus Flaminius here especially for the soldiers and market people and others who didn't feel at home in the Circus Maximus where 'the swells' went. It lay a 'block' or so to the south of this Corso that we're on, and the palace of the Caetani is on part of the ground it

covered. We'll come by there, later, at the end of our circuit.

Some fifty years later, a new kind of building was introduced at Rome, about the same time as the first basilica, and like it of Greek origin; it was called a 'porticus,' and was very much the same thing that we call a 'colonnade'; sometimes long, sometimes quadrilateral like a cloister. These were built by returned conquerors, who embellished them with their spoils of war. The first porticus that Rome had was adorned with a great quantity of Corinthian bronze, golden in color, a dazzling novelty then to Rome. Twenty years later another porticus was built, and made beautiful with the first Greek marble ever used in Roman architecture; and this housed the twenty-five equestrian statues in bronze of Alexander the Great and his 'Companions.' Down to the fifth century A.D. these colossal horsemen were as familiar to every citizen and visitor of Rome as the Marcus Aurelius on the Capitoline is to-day. Then they disappeared.

'It is thought,' says Dennie, 'that the Horse-Tamers of the Quirinal Piazza are early copies in marble from two of these originals.'

The porticus seems to have been used as a shady retreat from the glaring Roman sun and proved so popular an institution that when Pompey was (following the fashion of politicians in his day, and others) planning a group of public buildings which should much commend him to his 'constituency,' he easily included a porticus — of which we shall be much reminded in this stroll we're taking to-day.

Let us sharpen our focus upon Pompey, for a few minutes. Perhaps you don't need to do this, but I find that I do, from time to time, although he was so vivid and so winsome a personality to his contemporaries. And not to

have Pompey very real before our inner eye when we're hereabouts is to miss a great deal.

Pompey was of plebeian blood, but in the Social War that was raging in his youth (he was born in 106 B.C., in the same year as Cicero), he fought with the classes against the masses — which put him in the opposite camp from Cæsar, who was better-born, but thought the popular party what a young man of to-day would call his 'best bet.'

As a very young man, Pompey — who was very handsome and full of charm, as well as eloquent and able — had much to suffer on account of the unpopularity of his father, a talented general, but furiously hated for his greed and cruelty; he was Consul in 89, and two years later was killed by lightning. Young Pompey, then nineteen, saw his father's body dragged from the bier while it was being conveyed to the funeral pile, and treated with the greatest indignity. And after this, action was brought against the youth for embezzlements that his father was said to have committed against the public funds. But Pompey pleaded his dead father's case so well that the judge not only acquitted him, but bespoke him for a son-in-law; and Pompey accepted.

Poor Pompey! he was *such* a 'rising young man' that the ambitious, scheming papas of Rome couldn't leave him in conjugal peace. For he had scarcely settled into a comfortable married state with the judge's daughter, Antistia, than Sulla, the great leader of the aristocratic party, decided that so up-and-coming a young fellow as Pompey ought to be attached to his service by family ties; and he insisted on Pompey's divorcing Antistia and marrying Æmilia, who was Sulla's stepdaughter. Æmilia was married, too, and was contentedly awaiting the arrival of the stork. Pompey had no stomach for this rearrangement, but he seems not to have had the courage to resist his party

leader; so poor Antistia was 'put away' just after her father had been murdered in the Senate because he was suspected of being won over by his son-in-law to Sulla. And, beside herself with so much grief, Antistia's mother committed suicide. Then Æmilia, almost immediately after entering Pompey's house as his unwilling bride, died in giving birth to her discarded husband's child.

No wonder Pompey was glad to be sent off to Sicily and Africa with an army! He fought well, and when he returned to Rome in 81, when he was twenty-five years old, he was granted a triumph although he was of neither the age nor the dignity required for that honor which was reserved for Consuls and Prætors (the elected magistrates and commanders next in power to the Consuls; their duties varied in different times, but when Pompey was a young man they were eight in number and presided over the jury courts of Rome for one year, and the second year of office they governed one of the provinces — which gave them opportunities to lead armies and win military renown).

Ten years later, Pompey — still under age for the consulship, and having held none of the lower offices of preparation for it — was given a second triumph, after his victories in Spain, and elected Consul. By the time he was forty, he was in absolute military and naval command of the greater part of the Roman Empire, and the Capitol saw little of him for five or six years. Then he came back as the conqueror of Spain, Africa, and Asia, and was given the greatest triumph that Rome had ever witnessed.

But the people of Rome, while willing enough to be diverted by a two-day spectacle, were less intent, then, upon the extension of their domain than upon the politics of its administration; and Pompey found jealousy and fear in some quarters, indifference in others; he accepted championship from the wrong quarters (from Clodius, for

instance, who poisoned him against Cicero), and made so many mistakes that Plutarch thought it a pity Pompey's life did not end when he had his third triumph.

Cæsar, meanwhile, came back from his first successes in Gaul, and with consummate cleverness attached to his own cause both Pompey and his faction, and Pompey's bitterest rival, Crassus. With their help he got himself elected Consul. He married his daughter Julia to Pompey, and got Pompey to threaten violence with the sword upon any who opposed Cæsar's programme — which was a 'popular' one, directed wholly to winning a vast support from the 'peepul.'

Pompey was now quite on the other side of the fence from where he had started. And it was about this time (perhaps under Cæsar's influence) that he started showing the people what a 'good fellow' he was, by building out in the Campus Martius the magnificent edifices we're trying to 'rebuild' for ourselves to-day.

Soon after his third triumph, he built in the Campus a beautiful temple to Minerva, above which still stands the Dominican Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. And then, he gave to the people of Rome a great theatre, a magnificent hall, and a vast porticus. These he built adjacent to his own dwelling, which was so small and modest that its next owner, Plutarch says, marvelled where Pompey could have dined!

Pompey's theatre was the first Rome had known. His inspiration for it had been the splendid Greek theatre at Mitylene. It seems to have occupied a semi-circular area about half that of the Colosseum (still undreamed-of, for more than a century) and to have accommodated about half as many spectators as the later construction. The spectacles, given at Pompey's expense, were worthy of all the superlatives in the vocabulary of the modern circus

press-agent — and 'then some'! In one of them, five hundred lions were engaged. In others, there were elephants, crocodiles, hippopotami, and other strange beasts in great numbers.

A magnificent arch in the centre of the stage opened into the stately porticus; and through this arch the glittering procession, which had formed in the porticus, poured into the view of the twenty thousand spectators on their splendid marble seats. Compare with this, those meagre picnics wherewith our modern politician seeks to convey the impression that he loves the multitude!

The porticus consisted of several parallel colonnades, with tree-lined avenues between, cooled with the spray of the fountains Rome loves, and adorned with superb Greek statues in marble and in bronze.

If you will walk down Via de' Chiavari, behind Sant' Andrea della Valle (as I hope you'll do), you will come to the little Piazza Satiri, so named because two semi-colossal marble satyrs which were part of the decorations of the orchestra in Pompey's theatre were found here in the sixteenth century — as was the famous torso of the Belvedere, and the great gilded bronze Hercules of the Vatican Museum; the latter in 1864. This latter, Lanciani says, was buried in a kind of coffin of solid masonry veneered with marble. Just why, or when, nobody knows.

The porticus was open on all sides to the public, and soon became a great resort for idlers of every class, where much gossip was current. But the boon it was to a crowded city, which had in it not one decently broad street, and so few trees that 'by the pine-tree' was a sufficient address, and a single fig-tree in the Forum was treasured through generations, is hard to overestimate. Stannard reminds us, too, that the porticoes gave the Roman citizen his one real chance of stretching his legs in something like a promenade.

Adjacent to his porticus, but on which side nobody seems certain, was the handsome hall designed for dignified public meetings, which Pompey offered to the Roman Senate when its own meeting-place burned. Never, hitherto, had that august body convened in any place but its own building (at the east of the Capitoline) or in a temple of the gods; but for some reason, little as it liked Pompey, it accepted his hospitality.

In 52 B.C. these magnificent buildings were completed, at the expense and for the aggrandizement of one man.

Four years later —!

But we must go back, a bit.

When the coalition between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus began, Pompey was ruler of the greater part of the Roman Empire (for it *was* an empire long before it permitted any man to call himself its emperor), while Cæsar had only the two provinces of Cis-Alpine and Trans-Alpine Gaul.

'The control of the Capitol, the supreme command of the army in Italy and of the Mediterranean fleet, the governorship of the two Spains, the superintendence of the corn supplies, which were mainly drawn from Sicily and Africa and on which the vast population of Rome was wholly dependent, were entirely in the hands of Pompey, who was gradually losing the confidence of all political parties in Rome. The Senate and the aristocracy disliked and distrusted him, but they felt that, should things come to the worst, they might still find in him a champion of their cause. Hence the joint rule of Pompey and Cæsar was not unwillingly accepted, and anything like a rupture between the two was greatly dreaded as the sure beginning of anarchy throughout the Roman world.'

Then Cæsar and Pompey so managed the election that Cæsar's new father-in-law (Piso) and Pompey's most extravagant flatterer, Gabinius, were elected Consuls; and

Cæsar went back to Gaul with four entire legions and the command for five years, while Pompey gave all his time to his young wife Julia, and passed his days, Plutarch says, in her company in country-houses and gardens, paying no heed to what was going on in the Forum.

Cicero was in exile, Cato (who told the Romans that the contending of political parties is the safety of a republic and their coalition is its peril) was sent away with a military command into Cyprus. This left the impudent demagogue, Clodius, then the Tribune of the people, almost without check on his insolence; so he began to teach the mob to ridicule Pompey and even to attempt his assassination.

It was then that Pompey, refusing to listen to the counsel of those friends who urged him to divorce Julia and cut loose from all relations with Cæsar, hearkened to the advice of those others who saw that his best chance of strengthening himself with the Senate would be in calling Cicero home.

Aided by Cicero, Pompey and Crassus were made Consuls for the year 55 B.C., Pompey with control of Spain and Africa, Crassus of Syria. Pompey stayed in Rome, after the expiration of his consulship, to attend the dedication of his theatre and enjoy the fresh popularity it created for him. Crassus went to his province, and was killed there in 53.

In 54, the year the theatre was inaugurated, Julia died in childbirth, leaving both Pompey and her father in deep grief; and not them only, but the city which 'now at once,' Plutarch says, 'began to roll and swell with the stir of the coming storm. Things everywhere were in a state of agitation, and everybody's discourse tended to division, now that death had put an end to that relation which hitherto had been a disguise rather than restraint to the ambition of these men.'

That Pompey and Cæsar were, inevitably, rivals, and

that Julia's death removed the restraint upon them, was apparent to every one. Cæsar was far away, but his influence in Rome was great, not through the glory of his conquests alone, but because he was turning back by countless channels his stream of wealth to increase his crop of suffrages.

Fearful of Cæsar and his designs, all other parties got together and elected Pompey *sole* Consul, hailing him as 'the savior of society,' extending his military command for five years and assigning fresh legions to him. This was in 52 — the year that his group of buildings was finished. And in this year he married a young widow, daughter-in-law of Crassus, Plutarch's praise of whom will make you smile, I'm sure. She had, he says, 'other attractions besides those of youth and beauty; for she was highly educated, played well upon the lute, understood geometry, and had been accustomed to listen with profit to lectures on philosophy; all this, too, without in any degree becoming unamiable or pretentious, as sometimes young women do when they pursue such studies.'

For a while, Pompey was almost an idol, not in Rome only, but throughout Italy. And when, early in 49, Cæsar having been ordered to disband his legions or become an outlaw, some persons asked Pompey what resistance Rome could offer if Cæsar marched against it, he smiled and said, 'Whenever I stamp with my foot in any part of Italy there will rise up forces enough in an instant, both horse and foot.'

Cæsar crossed the Rubicon and advanced toward Rome. The city went officially into mourning as in a public calamity, and Pompey was ordered to defend the Republic, to stamp upon the ground as he had said he could.

He stamped; but with infinitely less effect than he had expected. Cæsar drew nearer. People from the outlying

districts began flocking into the city for protection, and those who belonged in the city began fleeing from it as the confusion and insubordination there increased.

At length Pompey ordered an evacuation of Rome, declaring that whosoever tarried behind should be judged a confederate of Cæsar's. And a few days after he and his Government had left, Cæsar entered the city, made himself its master, treated every one with clemency and courtesy, set up a temporary rule, and hurried in pursuit of Pompey, knowing that he must drive him out of Italy before his army that was in Spain could join him.

Pompey got to Brundusium (Brindisi), where he had plenty of ships, and there embarked for Greece. Cæsar had in sixty days become master of all Italy, without a drop of bloodshed.

But Pompey was not disposed of. He rallied to his support a mighty army, and in the navy he had five hundred men-of-war and an infinite number of lighter vessels. The mastery of Rome was far from secured to Cæsar, and never could be until an end was put to this state of things. He sent an emissary to Pompey proposing a renewal of their former friendship; but Pompey rejected the offer. It must be one of them or the other. And at length, in 48, on the plains of Pharsalia in Thessaly, the decisive battle was fought — Pompey's army outnumbering Cæsar's by more than two to one, but unable to prevail against it.

After the rout of his horsemen, Pompey fled; 'and finding that no man pursued him, walked on softly afoot, taken up altogether with thoughts such as might possess a man that for thirty-four years had been accustomed to conquest and victory, and was then at last, in his old age, learning for the first time what defeat and flight were.'

When he reached the seaside he went to a poor fisherman's cottage, where he rested till daybreak, when he put

to sea in a small boat, and was taken aboard a large merchant ship whose master recognized him.

Cornelia, his young wife, was at Mitylene, and Pompey went to get her, saying, 'It behooves us to endure these events, and to try fortune yet again.'

And, indeed, it began to seem as if Pompey were far from crushed. His navy was safe, sixty of the Senators were still supporting him, and Cato had rallied a considerable body of the defeated army and was crossing with it into Africa. So Pompey decided to seek a rallying-ground for his new endeavor in Egypt, where he had reason to expect grateful treatment from young Ptolemy, then engaged in war against his sister Cleopatra.

Ptolemy was ruled by his strangely assorted counsellors; and when he asked their advice about receiving Pompey, they decided that it would be perilous to do so. 'For if they entertained him, they would be sure to make Cæsar their enemy and Pompey their master; or, if they dismissed him, they might render themselves obnoxious to Pompey for that inhospitable expulsion, and to Cæsar, for the escape; so that the most expedient course would be to send for Pompey and take away his life, for by that means they would ingratiate themselves with the one (Cæsar), and have no reason to fear the other, as a dead man cannot bite.'

So Pompey was bidden ashore, and murdered, and the Egyptians cut off his head, and left his body naked on the sands.

When Cæsar came, and one of the Egyptians was sent to present him with Pompey's head, Cæsar turned from him with abhorrence, and ordered Pompey's murderers put to death.

With these things freshly in mind come back to Pompey's hall where the Roman Senate was meeting, in 44 B.C. Pompey had been dead more than three years, but Rome had

not forgotten his benefactions, and the Senate in particular was loyal to his memory and glad to hold its sessions in his hall, dominated by his colossal statue.

See Cassius, with his 'lean and hungry look,' and Brutus, his lantern-jawed face thick-thatched with hair, moving about among the Senators and other prominent men, as the Ides of March draw near, dropping those careful plummets of speech to see what depths they sound. See them keep clear of Cicero, fearful of his 'weariness and caution of old age.' See them discreetly non-committal when Statilius the Epicurean gives it as his opinion that 'to bring himself into troubles and dangers upon the account of evil or foolish men did not become a man that had any wisdom'; and when Favonius declares that a civil war is worse than the most illegal monarchy.

Cassius, by himself, is not able to win the support of the men they need most. But Brutus (whose sister Junia is the wife of Cassius) they trust, although they all know his reputed relation to Cæsar, and few men can stomach a parricide. It is the reputation that Brutus has for pure patriotism that convinces them; his flaming ardor for the Republic; his worship of the memory of that other Brutus, nearly five centuries before, who saw his death sentence executed on his own sons for conspiring against the Republic.

Under the statue of that earlier Brutus, in the Forum, unknown hands wrote, 'O that we had a Brutus now!' And each morning when Brutus went into his tribunal where, as first Prætor, he sat in judgment on high cases, he found notes reminding him, 'You are not a true Brutus.'

Cæsar had wind of all this, but he did not believe that Brutus would act against him. 'Do you think,' he said, 'that Brutus will not wait out the time of this little body?'

Abroad, among public men and Rome's lesser citizens,

Brutus manages to 'keep his uneasiness of mind to himself.' But at home, his agitation is so evident that his brave wife Portia (his first-cousin, Cato's daughter) makes him tell her his purposes, and approves them.

At dawn on the appointed day, 'Brutus, taking with him a dagger, which none but his wife knew of, went out.' He sat in his court that morning, and gave grave attention to the cases brought before him. And when one man, dissatisfied with his judgment, appealed to Cæsar, Brutus said: 'Cæsar does not hinder me, nor will he hinder me, from doing according to the laws.'

Thence, to the Senate! But Cæsar does not come. Instead, a breathless messenger from Brutus' house brings news that Portia is dying. But Brutus, deeply as he loves her, makes no move 'to quit his public purpose'; for other news has come: Cæsar, carried in a litter, is approaching the Senate. As he tarries to listen to a petition, the conspirators grow cold with fear that he is being warned, and prepare to slay themselves. Then Brutus reassures them.

The Senate rises respectfully as Cæsar comes in. When he is seated, they press about his chair. The pretext about recalling Tillius' brother from banishment is gone through. And then, the deed is done; the three-and-twenty dagger thrusts have been given — all but one! Brutus has not struck. Now his dagger's lifted, and dying Cæsar sees it. 'Some say that he fought and resisted all the rest, shifting his body to avoid the blows, and calling out for help, but that when he saw Brutus' sword drawn, he covered his face with his robe and submitted.'

'And thou, too, Brutus!'

Did he, or did he not, add 'my son'?

> . . . 'Then burst his mighty heart;
> And in his mantle muffling up his face,
> Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.'

Why Shakespeare, who had studied his Plutarch so well, disregarded or overlooked Plutarch's many statements about Pompey's porticus and hall, and placed the scene of the murder on the Capitol, I don't know. The discovery of Pompey's statue, buried for nearly sixteen hundred years in the débris that the Roman populace made of 'Pompey's pleasure-ground,' in their rage at Cæsar's death, was fresh in men's minds in Shakespeare's day. He must have heard it told how the colossal figure lay partly in one man's land and partly in another, and, as both claimed it, there was talk of sawing it in two; until Julius III intervened, bought it, and saved it from bisection. You shall see it, presently.

I hope you have walked, map in hand, down Via de' Chiavari to Via de' Giubbonari, and along the latter to Piazza Campo de' Fiori (or Field of Flowers) fixing in your mind the location of Pompey's buildings.

You are now, if it be Wednesday, in the thick of Rome's famous Rag Fair, an interesting spectacle, but not so good a bargain-ground as it used to be when thieving was a better business than it is to-day. Be wary that you make it no better! I don't say that you're to buy nothing. But guard your purse and other valuables, and bargain to the last soldo on anything that attracts you. Remember, too, that whatever you buy, you must carry with you till you go back to your hotel.

This piazza with the flowery name is where heretics and criminals used to be burned, and Giordano Bruno's statue stands on the spot where he died at the stake on February 17, 1600, after seven years' imprisonment, mostly in Castel Sant' Angelo. I'm not sure but that a majority of persons would still find Bruno a heretic, just as the Inquisition did. But I doubt if many, in these days, would wish to see him burned for his very free thinking — and that's something to be grateful for! We recalled him at Naples, you'll re-

member; at the monastery of San Domenico Maggiore, where he entered the Dominican Order when he was under fifteen. He was fifty-two when the Dominicans burned him.

Now, although you are so close to the Farnese Palace, and are, I hope, going back to it, I suggest your walking north, first, to see some places of great interest thereabouts.

Piazza della Cancelleria is entered directly from Piazza Campo de' Fiori. It, too, you will find full of Rag Fair, as are all the streets in this vicinity.

The Palazzo della Cancelleria is one of the two noblest buildings in Rome from an architect's point of view. It was built for one of those 'nephews' commonly believed to have been sons of Pope Sixtus IV, the builder of the Sistine Chapel, but was taken away from him when his rascality was disclosed to his uncle, or father, and given to the vice-chancellor of the church. It is still the Apostolic Chancellery, and one of the two buildings in Rome which the Government permits the Vatican to own, and use for church business.

Cross the Corso, now, and take Vicolo (little street, or lane) Leutari to Piazza Pasquino, named for something characteristically Roman, to which you must not miss paying your respects.

In 1501, a sadly mutilated but still very beautiful bit of sculpture was unearthed here, part of a group representing Menelaus with the body of Patroclus after Hector has killed Patroclus and stripped his body of the shining armor of Achilles which the latter had lent his friend. This group, probably by Scopas, the greatest of the Doric sculptors, was evidently much admired and often copied. You will see two antique copies of it in Florence; and in the Vatican fragments of another copy found at Hadrian's Villa, in 1772.

Cardinal Caraffa, uncle of the hated Pope Paul IV, who had a palace in Piazza Navona, caused the Menelaus group to be erected there; and perhaps because he had the same Inquisitorial spirit which characterized his horrible nephew, the professors and students of the vicinity used to affix to the Menelaus Latin verses expressing their opinions of papal personages — putting them under the nose of one personage at least. It would seem that a man (probably of this neighborhood) named Pasquino, who was celebrated for his biting tongue, took so frequent a turn at these verses that they soon came to be called 'Pasquinades.' Some say Pasquino was a schoolmaster; some say a tailor; some, a cobbler. In spite of the almost immediate notoriety of his verses, he seems to have remained obscure.

Another discovery about this time, in this vicinity of Pompey's buildings, was that of the colossal river-god called Marforio, now in the Court of the Capitoline Museum, but then set up opposite the Mamertine Prison, where the Via Marforio still commemorates it. And hardly had Marforio joined the citizens of early-Renaissance Rome, just beginning to know something of books and to do some unsanctioned thinking, than he found himself bearing rhymed epistles to Pasquino (as Menelaus was now called) asking questions which Pasquino was expected to answer. As early as 1509, a collection of these Pasquinades appeared. And it was not many years later that Rabelais incorporated the names and the style of colloquy into his 'Pantagruel.' Nearly all Europe took up the Pasquinades, each country adapting the idea to its own problems and questions.

You are now at Piazza Navona, one of the largest public squares in Rome, occupying ground that was laid out as a circus or stadium under Domitian about 85. Saint Agnes suffered martyrdom in this circus on the twenty-first of

January, 304; and beneath the church, dedicated to her, on the west side of the Piazza, are some interesting remains of the old vaults above which rose the tiered seats whereon they sat who watched the little maiden die.

The story about Agnes is that she was condemned to death by the Prefect Sempronius because she would not wed his son; and that she was miraculously preserved from the outrage ordered upon her before her execution, and again miraculously preserved from death by fire, because the fagots would not burn. But a sword was less scrupulous, and killed her. She was, the legend says, only thirteen, and had been a Christian all her life. She is the patron-saint of young girls, and is supposed to help them prevision their future husbands on the Eve of Saint Agnes, January 20–21. And whether you are personally interested in that sort of divination or not, you are doubtless interested in what the tradition of it inspired John Keats to write.

On January 21, 1835, Leigh Hunt published the Keats poem in his 'London Journal,' with an essay of his own writing in which he says:

'To-day is the Eve of Saint Agnes; and we thought we could not take a better opportunity of increasing the public acquaintance with this exquisite production [Keats' poem], which is founded on the popular superstition connected with the day. Saint Agnes was a Roman virgin who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian. Her parents, a few days after her decease, are said to have had a vision of her, surrounded by angels and attended by a white lamb, which afterwards became sacred to her. In the Catholic Church formerly the nuns used to bring a couple of lambs to her altar during mass. The superstition is that by taking certain measures of divination, damsels may get a sight of their future husbands in a dream. The ordinary process seems to have been by fasting.'

'They told her how, upon Saint Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.'

(If the story of Saint Agnes attracts you, you will wish to make a little pilgrimage out through the Porta Pia to the church that Constantine erected over the tomb of Agnes. One goes down a marble staircase of five-and-forty steps to the old church. And there, on January 21st, each year, those lambs are blessed whose wool is to furnish high-priestly vestments in the current year.)

If you take the little street which leads eastward from the centre one of Piazza Navona's three fountains, a few steps will bring you to Piazza Madama in which Palazzo Madama stands. 'Madama' was Margareta, natural daughter of the Emperor Charles V, who was first married to Alessandro de' Medici, the horrible bastard cousin of Catherine de' Medici; and after his assassination, to Ottavio Farnese, Duke of Parma, a grandson of Pope Paul III, and a brother of that Cardinal Farnese we shall presently be recalling at the Farnese Palace. Margareta was a woman of great ability in statecraft and was made regent of the Netherlands by her half-brother, Philip II of Spain; but she resigned her post to the terrible Duke of Alva, and retired to Italy. This palace in which she lived was the Medici Bank for a century before Pope Paul III made them surrender it to Margareta. Nero had built baths on this site, and amid the ruins of them there was, during the Middle Ages, a stronghold of the terrible Crescenzi, descended from Theodora.

The Italian Senate meets in Palazzo Madama now; and

the frescoes, picturing events and personages of ancient Rome, are well worth a visit.

Close to the palace is the Church of San Luigi de' Francesi (or Saint Louis of the French) where Pauline Montmorin de Beaumont is buried. Her monument says, 'After having seen all her family perish [on the guillotine], her father, her mother, her two brothers, and her sister, Pauline Montmorin, consumed by a languid malady, came to die in this foreign land. This monument has been raised to her memory by F. R. Chateaubriand.' She was the loving woman who rescued Chateaubriand from his vagabond youth and made him write 'The Genius of Christianity.' He brought her to Rome, and she died here in his arms.

Claude Lorraine, the great French landscape artist, who died in Rome (where he had lived and worked much) in 1682, at the age of fourscore and two years, is buried here. One of his best pictures was painted in the Villa Madama (outside Porta del Popolo) which likewise had belonged to Margareta and retains her name; this was the canvas he refused to sell, though Pope Clement IX offered to cover its surface with gold pieces.

Now, go back to Piazza Navona (this great space is the scene of the Befana, or fair of the Epiphany, on Twelfth Night) and take the little street north of Saint Agnes' Church, into Via della Anima, and follow the latter for a few steps till you find the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, on your left. Here are Raphael's 'Sibyls,' which you may be interested to compare with those of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel.

Back on Via della Anima to Piazza Pasquino, and out of the latter by Via San Pantaleo into the piazza of the same name, and you are at the Palazzo Massimi alle Colonne where the first printing-press of Rome was set up, in 1467;

Cicero's Epistles being among the first books printed. Go in, and see the picturesque court.

There is, now, only one thing to coax you farther west in the Corso, and that will not appeal to all. But music-lovers will want to go on, a quarter of a mile or so, to Chiesa Nuova, or Santa Maria in Vallicella, erected by Saint Philip Neri for the order of the Oratorians he had founded. It was here that the oratorio was born of Philip's desire to popularize sacred music.

Those who do not make a détour to pay their respects to oratorio may cross the Corso in front of Palazzo Massimi, follow Via de' Baullari through Piazza Campo de' Fiori to Piazza Farnese, and find themselves at the famous Farnese Palace which is now let to the French Embassy.

It was begun by that Cardinal Alessandro Farnese who afterward became Pope Paul III, and was continued after his death under the direction of Michelangelo. For building materials, Alessandro helped himself from the Colosseum and from the Theatre of Marcellus. And for embellishments —! The Palatine and the Baths of Caracalla provided a wealth of those: the so-called Farnese Bull, Farnese Flora, Farnese Hercules, which you saw in the National Museum at Naples, were among the treasures uncovered during the papacy of Paul III, appropriated by him, made the private property of his family, and carried about with them at their will. When that one of his descendants (Elizabeth Farnese's son), who later became King Charles III of Spain, was temporarily King of Naples, he took the Farnese treasures there with him. Why he did not carry them on to Spain, I don't know; except that he was leaving the throne of Naples to his sixteen-year-old son, Ferdinand IV.

They were of the Orvieto neighborhood — the Farnese — and we hear of one of them commanding the papal armies

at the beginning of the twelfth century; of another serving Pope Eugene IV so well (1440 and thereabouts) that the Pope endowed him with great properties, saying: 'The Church is ours because Farnese has given it back to us.' This was quite true. The people of Rome had chased Eugene IV out of Rome, stoning him as he fled. Farnese was one of those who fought his way back for him.

But the superlative aggrandizement of the Farnese came through a pretty girl, Julia — Giulia la Bella they call her in the lovely liquid Italian which almost sings itself.

You shall see, in the Vatican and in Saint Peter's, two attempts to depict Julia's loveliness, and to each of them there attaches a story; but we'll tell that story in our Vatican chapter.

From her early childhood Julia had been betrothed to one of the young Orsini, whose widowed mother was a cousin of Cardinal Roderigo Borgia, later Pope Alexander VI. That innkeeping Vannozza who had borne Cardinal Roderigo a large family (including Cesare Borgia and Lucrezia) had recently remarried, and her relations with the fabulously rich churchman had come to an end. Her daughter Lucrezia and one of the younger boys of her brood were living with their father's cousin, the widow Adriana Orsini, mother of Julia's betrothed; and it was while he was visiting them there that Cardinal Roderigo, then fifty-six, made the acquaintance of Julia, then sixteen.

I wish I knew how to convey to you the manner and the language of an Italian scholar, who has spent a lifetime studying the Borgias and a great fortune in collecting art inspired by and associated with them, when showing me a very beautiful portrait of Julia. He had studied English only for some six weeks — this gentleman — and yet he spoke it with amazing fluency, and with that piquant choice of words, that literally translated idiom, which make so

many of the things said linger in memory much longer than if they had been conventionally expressed.

'Thees,' he said, 'is Giulia la Bella, about the time she accepted to become the — the friend to Roderigo Borgia. The brothair of Giulia made a what you call *fuss;* but Roderigo said to him, "Be nice, Sandro! I will be nice for you!" And you know he was.'

I have read reams about the Borgias, the Farnese; but somehow, the sedulous little phrases and the delicate manner of this Roman gentleman come to my mind more readily than any others; and I pass them on to you.

Almost at once, golden-haired young Julia seems to have 'accepted to become the — the friend to Roderigo Borgia.' And if there was any real sense of outrage in her brother Alessandro's 'fuss,' it was soon quieted. He became 'nice,' and as soon as Roderigo Borgia had become Pope Alexander VI, he made Sandro a cardinal and put him in the way of becoming Pope Paul III. Julia married her Orsini about the time she 'accepted to become' Roderigo's 'friend'; but her husband, too, seems to have been persuaded to 'be nice.'

Sandro had been cardinal for many years when he began the Farnese Palace, which still belongs to his descendant, Count Caserta, who also owns Villa Madama, and lives at the magnificent Palazzo Farnese at Caprarola near Lake Bracciano, about thirty miles north of Rome. Should you be journeying northward by private motor, you will do very well to ask at the Amministrazione Farnesiana, in the Farnese Palace at Rome, for a free ticket of admission to the château and gardens at Caprarola. 'There is nothing in all Italy like Caprarola,' Edith Wharton says in her 'Italian Villas and their Gardens'; and quotes Burckhardt who called it 'perhaps the highest example of restrained majesty which secular architecture has achieved.' And from Mrs.

Wharton I borrow for you this lovely picture of Caprarola, with 'its bastions surrounded by a deep moat, across which a light bridge at the back of the palace leads to the lower garden. To pass from the threatening façade to the widespread beauty of pleached walks, fountains and grottoes, brings vividly before one the curious contrasts of Italian country life in the transition period of the sixteenth century. Outside, one pictures the Cardinal's soldiers and *bravi* lounging on the great platform above the village; while within, one has a vision of noble ladies and their cavaliers sitting under rose-arbors or strolling between espaliered lemon-trees, discussing a Greek manuscript or a Roman bronze, or listening to the last sonnet of the Cardinal's court poet.'

The Cardinal Farnese who built Caprarola, completed the Farnese Palace in Rome, and who continued the beautification of the Farnese Gardens on the Palatine Hill, was another Sandro, grandson of Pope Paul III. You saw his portrait at Naples, in the magnificent Titian 'Paul III and his Grandsons' concerning which André Maurel has this to say:

'This portrait is the sublime itself, humanity reached at the most profound depths, at bedrock. Before it the pen recognizes its weakness, that its expression, at best, can never say as much about the hearts of men as Titian's brush was able to say in this picture. What could we do if we wished to portray in twenty pages, or in a hundred, a Paul III? Titian places him under our eyes breathing, living, terrifyingly stripped bare. Under Titian's implacable eye we see this sly, covetous old man, the intrepid old man who served his ambition with the vilest of paternal baseness, unless his paternity redeemed all his vices! That sharp nose, that ferret-like muzzle scenting about everywhere to take what no one divined could be touched; that fine fore-

head notwithstanding, which might have carried such high thoughts if it had not been for the passions housed there; those wicked little eyes so clever to surprise weaknesses; and those hands, those hooklike hands seeming to tremble with their booty. He is there as if ready to spring — but no! See those two young men near him, one in Capuchin's cloak, the other in doublet, the latter coming forward with a bow. The old man is no longer on the spring; he sinks back. Octavio Farnese (married to "Madama" Margareta) is respectful, but, apparently on his knees though he seems to be, the pale youth is triumphant. The old man gives way under the will of those proud young fellows. His hands may clutch his chair; the action is but a sign of the soul that would like to spring up, but submits to its vanquishers. It is not age that bends his shoulders, but that young man ready to spring upon him. This is one of the most tragic paintings that ever has been or can be made; it gives us a shiver, inspires us with terror — with pity, too, for never was a beaten old man so touching.'

This is the old age of Sandro, Julia's brother to whom Roderigo Borgia was 'nice.' The young man in the Capuchin's cloak was his grandfather's namesake, Alessandro, created a cardinal at the age of fourteen immediately on his grandfather's accession to the papal throne. It was this Sandro who called in Michelangelo to direct the work on the Farnese Palace and to design a bridge connecting the riverside gardens of the Palace with the Villa Farnesina on the other side of the Tiber.

After you have seen the court of the Palace (which is about all that is accessible unless you have business with the French Ambassador), walk toward the river for the pretty view, and to see where the bridge was to have been that Michelangelo never built. Then turn up Via del Polverone to the little Piazza Capo di Ferro, and enter the

Palazzo Spada alla Regola, also erected in Paul III's pontificate and now leased by the Spada family to the Council of State. In the hall of this palace stands the Pompey statue 'which all the while ran blood.'

In 1788, the French in Rome carried this statue to the Colosseum and murdered Cæsar once more at its feet, playing Voltaire's 'Death of Cæsar.'

Byron apostrophized the statue, in verse; and Hawthorne wrote how glad he was to have seen it. Few tourists go to see it, and their omission surprises me; for there are not many things in Rome of which we have all heard more.

Walk as straight as you can, after turning to your right on leaving the Spada Palace, until you come to Via Arenula, then turn up that a short distance and into Piazza di Cenci where the Cenci Palace stands.

It was built, in the Middle Ages, on part of the Roman theatre of Cornelius Balbus, an old friend of Julius Cæsar's who was Consul under Cæsar's heir and erected his theatre in 13 B.C.

'On my arrival in Rome,' Shelley wrote, in 1819, 'I found that the story of the Cenci [Chain-chee] was a subject not to be mentioned in Italian society without awakening a deep and breathless interest.'

His passion and his art have since extended this 'deep and breathless interest' to the peoples of all the Western world. Hawthorne, too, has aided, especially among Americans, in making the Guido Reni picture of Beatrice Cenci one of 'the sights' to see in Rome; but I may as well confess that I am always sorry when I find a compatriot trying to see Rome with the author of 'The Marble Faun.' Salem, Massachusetts, was Hawthorne's background; and when he was in Rome, he saw it with Salem eyes; he might almost as well have been viewing it through the wrong end of a telescope.

Shelley, on the other hand, came into Italy like a changeling who had been maliciously mislaid in an English cradle and was magically restored to his rightful inheritance.

His preface to his drama of 'The Cenci' is one of the most self-revealing things he ever wrote. I'd like to give it to you entire, to be re-read on the spot; but so, too, would I like to slip into your pocket a small, unburdensome copy of the drama itself, which takes on a marvellous new vividness when read in Rome. These being impracticable desires, I must content myself with such excerpts as our space permits.

'A manuscript,' the preface begins, 'was communicated to me during my travels in Italy, which was copied from the archives of the Cenci Palace at Rome and contains a detailed account of the horrors which ended in the extinction of one of the noblest and richest families of that city, during the pontificate of Clement VIII, in the year 1599. The story is that an old man, having spent his life in debauchery and wickedness, conceived at length an implacable hatred toward his children; which showed itself toward one daughter under the form of an incestuous passion, aggravated by every circumstance of cruelty and violence. This daughter, after long and vain attempts to escape from what she considered a perpetual contamination both of body and mind, at length plotted with her mother-in-law [stepmother] and brother to murder their common tyrant. The young maiden who was urged to this tremendous deed by an impulse which overpowered its horror was evidently a most gentle and amiable being, violently thwarted from her nature by the necessity of circumstance. The deed was quickly discovered, and, in spite of the most earnest prayers made to the Pope by the highest persons in Rome, the criminals were put to death. The old man had during his life repeatedly bought his pardon from the Pope for capital

crimes of the most enormous and unspeakable kind; the death, therefore, of his victims can scarcely be accounted for by the love of justice.

'The national and universal interest which the story produces and has produced for two centuries and among all ranks of people in a great city where the imagination is kept forever active and awake, first suggested to me its fitness for a dramatic purpose. . . . The deepest and sublimest tragic compositions, "King Lear" and the two plays in which the tale of Œdipus is told, were stories which already existed as matters of popular belief and interest before Shakespeare and Sophocles made them familiar to the sympathy of all succeeding generations of mankind.

'The story of the Cenci is indeed eminently fearful and monstrous; anything like a dry exhibition of it on the stage would be insupportable. The person who would treat such a subject must increase the ideal and diminish the actual horror of the events, so that the pleasure which arises from the poetry which exists in these tempestuous sufferings and crimes may mitigate the pain of the contemplation of the moral deformity from which they spring. There must also be nothing attempted to make the exhibition subservient to what is vulgarly termed a moral purpose. The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of drama is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind. If dogmas can do more, it is well: but the drama is no fit place for the enforcement of them. Undoubtedly no person can be truly dishonored by the act of another; and the fit return to make to the most enormous injuries is kindness and forbearance and a resolution to convert the injurer from his dark passions by peace and love. If Beatrice had thought in this manner, she would

have been wiser and better; but she would never have been a tragic character. . . . It is in the restless and anatomizing casuistry with which men seek the justification of Beatrice, yet feel that she has done what needs justification; it is in the superstitious horror with which they contemplate alike her wrongs and their revenge . . . that the dramatic character of what she did and suffered, consists.'

I don't know how you feel about this *credo* of Shelley's on life and on art; but I find it one of the most precious things in all the great legacy he left to us. And in itself it would make a shrine for me of the Cenci Palace where he brooded on such things, even if the tragedy of Beatrice had not done so.

Shelley was exceedingly desirous of having his drama enacted at Covent Garden, with Miss O'Neil in the character of Beatrice. But the manager of that theatre pronounced the subject so objectionable that he could not even submit the part to Miss O'Neil for perusal!

Volumes of comment could add nothing to this as a revelation of that gulf which separated England from an understanding of Shelley.

Beatrice and her fellow-conspirators were brought in from the Cenci Castle at Petrella, where the deed was done, to the Corte Savella, the most terrible of all Roman dungeons for the horror of damp and darkness. It was in an old fortress of the Savelli, in Via di Monserrato which runs northwestward from the Piazza Farnese. There they were all tortured on the rack, and all confessed save Beatrice.

Tradition associates Beatrice in some part of her agony with the Castle Sant' Angelo; but it may be because the open space near the bridgehead of Sant' Angelo, on this side the river, was the scene of her execution.

'They died bravely,' Marion Crawford says, 'in the calm May morning, in the midst of a vast and restless crowd. . . .

Above the sea of faces, high on the wooden scaffold, rises the tall figure of the lovely girl, her hair gleaming in the sunshine like threads of dazzling gold, her marvellous blue eyes turned up to heaven, her fresh young dimpled face not pale with fear, her exquisite lips moving softly as she repeats the De Profundis of her last appeal to God.'

And that night, brothers of the Misericordia, robed and hooded and masked in black, carried Beatrice's blood-drenched young body to rest in the Church of San Pietro in Montorio on the Janiculum.

You will see those sable-shrouded figures on their errands of mercy, in the streets of modern Italy just as they went about in the Middle Ages and the scarcely less-terrible times of the glorious Renaissance whose learning was so slow in bringing forbearance in its train.

'It was their chief function,' Crawford says, 'to help and comfort condemned criminals from the midnight preceding their death until the end. To this confraternity belonged Michelangelo, among other famous men; and doubtless the great master, hooded in black and unrecognizable among the rest, must have spent dark hours in gloomy prisons beside pale-faced men who were not to see the sun go down again; and in the morning, he must have stood upon the very scaffold with the others and seen the bright axe smite out the poor life. But neither he nor any others of the brethren spoke of these things except among themselves. . . . They wrote down in their journal the day, the hour, the name, the death; no more than that. And they went back to their daily life in silence.

'But for their good deeds they obtained the right of saving one man from death each year.'

In August, the Governor appointed three brethren to visit all the prisons of Rome, and to report on the cases of the condemned. When their reports were read, the whole

brotherhood balloted on the one whom they would save.

This done, they marched to the prison.

'The beadle of the order marched first, bearing his black wand in one hand, and in the other a robe of scarlet silk and a torch for the pardoned man; two brothers followed with staves, others with lanterns, more with lighted torches, and after them was borne the crucifix; then more brothers, and last of all the Governor and the chaplain. The prison doors were draped with tapestries, box and myrtle strewed the ground, and the Governor received the condemned person and signed a receipt for his body. The happy man prostrated himself before the crucifix, was crowned with the olive garland, the Te Deum was intoned, and he was led away to the brotherhood's church, where he heard high mass in sight of all the people. Last, and not least, if he was a pauper, the brethren provided him with a little money and obtained him some occupation; if a stranger, they paid his journey home.'

This quarter of Rome in which you have been wandering this morning is one where many prisons were and many places of execution. And you may well see, hereabouts, with your inner eye, the black-swathed brethren going about their errands of compassion.

Walk eastward, now, through what used to be the Ghetto, but has all been cleared away. We use the word 'ghetto' frequently. Do you happen to know that it is from a Hebrew root meaning 'cut off'?

This space, which the Doria Palace would cover, used to house between four and five thousand human beings, huddled in horribly insanitary old buildings — 'a people clothed in rags, living among rags, thriving on rags.'

It is said that the first Jews were brought to Rome by Pompey, as prisoners of war, and soon afterward set free

possibly on their paying a ransom accumulated by selling the greater part of the food allotted to them. Seventeen years later, they were a power in Rome; they had lent Julius Cæsar enormous sums, which he repaid with exorbitant interest, and after his death they mourned him and kept his funeral pyre burning seven days and nights in the Forum.

For nineteen hundred years the Jewish colony of Rome lived either in this little space or in a similar one directly across the Tiber. Domitian, brother of Titus who destroyed and despoiled Jerusalem, hated the Jews and drove them out of their houses, forcing them to live in caves and catacombs of the Aventine. Then, in spite of all his wariness, Domitian was assassinated; and the good and gentle Nerva was elected to undo the wrongs his predecessor had done. He didn't live long enough to do much but see to it that Trajan, born in Spain, should follow him. And then the Golden Age of imperial Rome began, in the year 99; and under the noble justice of Trajan, the Jews left their caves and returned to this quarter, 'crowding their little houses,' Marion Crawford says, 'upon the glorious Portico of Octavia, where Vespasian and Titus had met the Senate at dawn on the day when they triumphed over the Jews and the fall of Jerusalem; so the very place of the Jews' greatest humiliation became their stronghold for ages.'

One conqueror after another came to Rome in the course of the ages that followed; but this indomitable people survived the empire they had seen founded, survived the barbarian invasions, survived the terrors of the dark ages, and dwelt on and on, with varying fortunes but a steady continuity of habits, occupations, customs.

When Rome became greatly concerned about her sanitation, in the eighteen-eighties, the Ghetto was condemned and destroyed.

The eastern boundary of the old Ghetto is the Portico of Octavia and the Theatre of Marcellus.

Augustus built the portico in honor of his beloved sister Octavia in 33 B.C., and then went off in pursuit of her recreant husband, Mark Antony, who was in Egypt dallying and conspiring with Cleopatra. Two years later, the battle of Actium was won, Antony and Cleopatra were dead, and Octavia's brother was master of the Roman world. The portico, or double colonnade, of three hundred columns, enclosed a rectangular space in which stood temples to Jupiter and Juno filled with art treasures rapt from Macedonia.

The Church of Sant' Angelo in Pescheria was built in 770. In it the Jews of the neighboring Ghetto were compelled to attend Christian services on their Sabbath, from the time of that Pope Paul IV, who was so determined an Inquisitor, to the overthrow of papal sovereignty in 1870. It was in this church that Rienzi, who was born close by (and whose reputed father's wine-shop was near the Cenci Palace) kept his vigil on the eve of Pentecost before going to the Capitol to be declared the lord dictator of Rome. Rienzi's prayer in this little old church is one of the chief themes of Wagner's Rienzi Overture.

Close by Octavia's Portico is the theatre begun by her great-uncle Julius, completed by her brother Augustus (in 13 B.C.), and named for her dead son Marcellus, the first husband of Augustus' much-married daughter Julia. Augustus had just been proclaimed 'the August One' when the theatre was completed; but Marcellus had been dead ten years — poisoned, some believed, by Livia, to clear the way for her son Tiberius as her husband's heir. Marcellus died at Baiæ, near Naples, at the age of twenty, and was universally mourned — except, perhaps, by Livia and Tiberius. Perhaps you recall Virgil's lines about him as one

whose shade Æneas saw among the Romans-that-were-to-be:

> 'Him shall Fate
> Just show to earth, but suffer not to stay.
> Too potent Heaven had deemed the Roman state,
> Were gifts like this as permanent as great.
> Ah! what laments, what groanings of the brave
> Shall fill the field of Mars! What funeral state
> Shall Tiber see, as past the recent grave
> Slowly and sad he winds his melancholy wave.'

You must by all means walk past the dark little shops and dwellings which have been burrowed in the arches of the huge, columned semi-circle that was the outer wall of the auditorium that accommodated thirteen thousand spectators. Some of your most unforgettable mental pictures of Rome will be made there. And by no means omit the glimpse through the great gateway and up a steep ascent to the palace built in 1526 for the Savelli, on the ruins of the mediæval stronghold that the theatre had become.

When the Savelli became extinct, in 1712, this palace fell into the hands of the Orsini, who sold it in 1918 to Donna Vittoria Colonna-Caetani.

Of the Caetani, we have already said something; their principal palace in Rome is a short walk north from here, halfway to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. To the Colonna we shall pay our respects when we visit their palace, in Chapter X. Of their immemorial enemies, the Orsini, this may be as good a place as any to speak.

The Colonna and the Orsini both boast that during more than five hundred years no treaty was drawn up with the princes of Europe in which their families were not specifically designated.

The Orsini claim that two of the early Popes (Paul I, 757, and Eugenius II, 824) were Orsini; but the first Pope

indisputably of their clan was Celestine III, in 1191, who richly endowed his nephews and founded the great fortunes of the family. 'Orsini for the Church' was their war-cry, in perpetual opposition to that of 'Colonna for the people.' Their name is a corruption, or diminutive, of Orso, or Urso, the Bear.

If you know Mr. Crawford's novel 'Don Orsino,' it will vivify for you much about the traditions and customs of this proud family.

I doubt if you will want to go farther on this stroll. If you have covered all of it, you have probably walked two miles. But you may shorten this by driving direct to Piazza Navona. Then, in your stroll, cross straight down, over the Corso, into the Piazza della Cancelleria.

How you will feel about this section of Rome with its varied interests, I cannot guess. But the friends who have gone there with me always declare that it is one of their most memorable walks in Rome.

VI

SAINT PETER'S, THE VATICAN, AND CASTEL SANT' ANGELO

To many visitors, Saint Peter's is easily first among all that they hope to see in Rome; and to many others, the Vatican galleries are the supreme thing in Rome. It is not without reverent regard for those who go to Rome primarily to worship at the chief shrine of the Catholic Church, nor without equal regard for those who go to worship the glorious pagan sculpture and Christian painting of the Vatican, that I have reserved our chapter on them to near the end of our little survey. My hope is that you will read these chapters at least twice — once in sequence, to get the outline of what you are to see, and then once again, individually, as you visit the places described. And, just as in Paris I like my friends not to visit the Louvre until they have begun to get that out of Paris which does much to make the Louvre significant, so I like them in Rome to have some, at least, of ancient Rome in mind when they address themselves to the stupendous privilege and task of seeing Saint Peter's and the Vatican.

Go there at once on reaching Rome, if you like; it is not at all a topsy-turvy beginning. See the piazza, the colonnades, the fountains; get a glimpse of some gorgeous Swiss Guards pacing up and down at the main entrance to the Vatican Palace, under the colonnade at your right as you face the façade of Saint Peter's; and go into the church, just to let its immensity smite you, but not with any idea of observing it in detail.

Then come away, and do not revisit this place for a

couple of days, at least. By that time you may, if you are in a great hurry, be somewhat prepared for the antique sculpture of the Vatican; a day or so later you will have more to 'take with you' to the Borgia Apartments, the Raphael Stanze, the Sistine Chapel, the Picture Gallery; and your minute observation of Saint Peter's Church will yield most to you if it is made after you have seen many of the other churches in Rome.

And if, after having advised you thus, I begin our recapitulation *not* with the Vatican statues but with Saint Peter's Church, you will (I'm sure) understand that it is because we must get way back of the present church, and back of its predecessor (which I'd *so* much rather visit!) to the Circus of Nero and the martyrdom of Saint Peter, and refresh our recollections of all we've read about the spot which Nero unwittingly made so sacred for all ages to come.

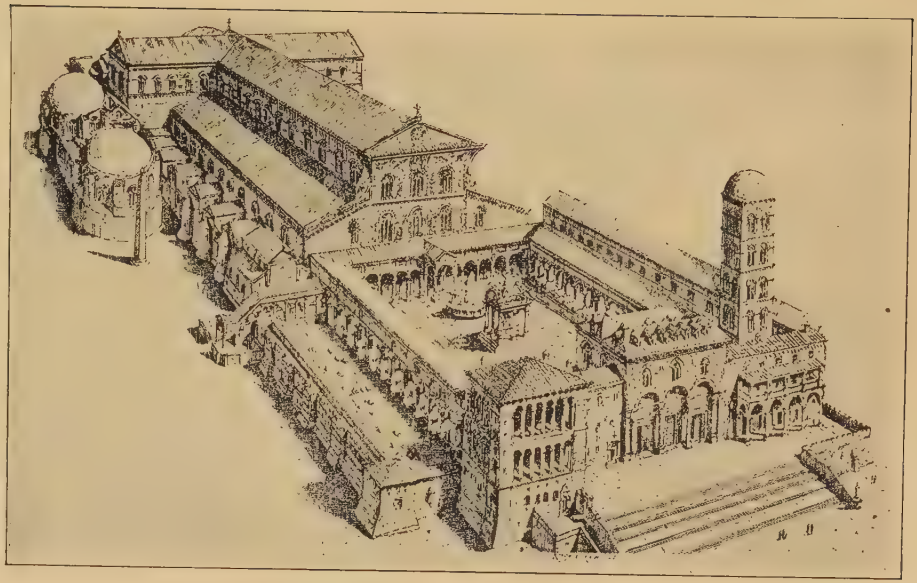
As a matter of fact, it was not Nero who constructed the Circus, but Caligula, his uncle. (Caligula, you'll remember, was the son of Julia's daughter, Agrippina, and Livia's son Germanicus; and succeeded his uncle Tiberius. His sister, Agrippina the Younger, was Nero's mother.) The elder Agrippina had beautiful gardens on this spot, and her son, Caligula, swept them away to make a clearing for another race-course, to decorate which he ordered from Egypt the third obelisk brought to Rome. It stands in the centre of the great Piazza of Saint Peter now; but for more than fifteen centuries it continued to stand just where it was placed by Caligula's orders, between the two goals of the long spina that extended down the middle of the Circus dividing it into two tracks. Saint Peter was probably crucified at the foot of Caligula's obelisk in its original position — now marked by an inscribed slab in the pavement near the present sacristy; you pass it in going round Saint Peter's to the museum entrance.

Nero completed the Circus of Caligula, and we know that Christian martyrdoms took place here in 64, three years before the time ascribed to Saint Peter's crucifixion. The pretext for sending these people to their death was that they had set Rome on fire, in 63 — the probability being that Nero himself did it, not merely for 'a thrill,' but that he might rebuild it in accordance with his own tastes, whereof he had better reason to be proud than he has often been credited with. Some of the martyrs were crucified, some were thrown to wild beasts, and others made those 'living torches' of lurid memory.

For nearly three hundred years the grave of Saint Peter was unhonored except by the few faithful (into that endless argument as to whether Saint Peter's body was here all that time, or part of the time at San Sebastiano, I will not enter here; those who want to consider it may see what Lanciani has to say about it in his 'Wanderings through Ancient Roman Churches'); and then Constantine ('tis said) founded a church here, and carried twelve basketfuls of earth out from the excavation for the foundations, in honor of the twelve apostles. He also placed a gold cross on Saint Peter's tomb.

The old church was a basilica, and as time went on it was enriched and embellished until, at the coronation of Charlemagne (on Christmas Day, 800) it literally blazed with the fire of jewels set in precious metals and lighted by myriad candles; one great candelabrum alone, recently presented, holding thirteen hundred candles. There were as many as one hundred and nine altars in it then.

In front of the basilica was an atrium, or forecourt, approached by a flight of thirty-five steps. Around it were stalls where pilgrims could buy food and devotional objects. There were two fountains in the atrium, cooling and freshening the air and providing water which must have



THE OLD BASILICA OF SAINT PETER

From the restoration in *Le Basiliche Cristiane,*
By Pietro Crostarosa

served many another purpose of the multitudes who came from far away to worship at this shrine.

Note, in our picture of the old church, the two circular tombs just back of the obelisk; they were built in the fifth century by Christian emperors anxious to be buried close to Saint Peter. One of these remained down to almost the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Our picture shows the many chapels clinging to the old basilica's sides like barnacles to a ship; but it does not show the monasteries, smaller churches and hostels, hospitals, etc., which surrounded this, as every other, shrine.

You know how short a time Charlemagne's Empire lasted — that is to say, his Empire as he knew it; how it was partitioned among his grandsons; and how Lothair, to whom Italy fell, was of the three least able to protect his inheritance. So it was not fifty years after Charlemagne's coronation in this jewel-encrusted church that the Saracens descended upon Rome and stripped the fabulously rich shrines of Saint Peter and Saint Paul of all their gold, silver, and precious stones.

After they had gone, Pope Leo IV built a wall around this domain of Saint Peter's, enclosing it in an extension of the fortifications of Rome. This was what we read of in history as the Leonine city which was so frequently besieged by the enemies of papal sovereignty. It is this that we must have in mind in all our reading of Rome's story during the Dark and the Middle Ages, and down to the dawn of the Renaissance.

I'm not going into any of the details about the building of the present church, because they're in your guide-book and in so many other books accessible to everybody.

What you'd rather have here, I think, is an excerpt or two from books which have helped me to comprehend Saint Peter's, and may help you.

One of them is from Harold Stannard's 'Rome and Her Monuments.'

'Saint Peter's,' he says, 'is thoroughly Roman in the old and most honorable sense of an epithet which sectarians have used despitefully. One of Hobbes' masterly phrases describes the Papacy as "nothing but the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire sitting crowned upon the grave thereof." The "nothing but" is an exaggeration, but the epigram holds a truth which Saint Peter's illuminates. The dome is inspired by the Pantheon, the nave by the vaulting of Constantine's Basilica (in the Forum), so that structurally Saint Peter's is wholly classical. But it is also the cathedral of the Popes. Thus it fuses the old Empire with the new religion, and it is neither its size nor its position but its comprehensive spirit that stamps it as the very emblem of Rome.

'Michelangelo is unique among artists in that his work strikes us as inevitable, predestined. The creative mind is not discovered behind its creation, but is entirely fused in it. As he himself said of his statues, they were there in the marble, and he simply cut away the superfluous pieces. So with Saint Peter's dome. It was there, in the space between the Janiculum and Monte Mario, and he simply made it apparent to ordinary eyes. This was the feature that most impressed Maeterlinck — that Rome should have waited all those centuries for Michelangelo to come and give it what it still lacked to make it perfect.'

Add to this, what Grant Allen has to say in his 'Historical Guide to Christian Rome':

'The new Church of Saint Peter's represents the outcome of a time when the thoughts and emotions of men were naturally expressed by means of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Although not the most perfect, it was the crowning act of the revival of learning; and yet with all

these advantages it has never appealed to men in any general and inevitable way. It has been said that the "church is vast without being great." . . . The same writer adds that it is "magnificent without touching the heart."

'If the visitor from north of the Alps looks for anything that will deepen his religious emotion or increase his sense of Christian humility, such as he is accustomed to find at Chartres or Amiens, he will be disappointed. The artists of the time of the revival of learning did not try to create an atmosphere suitable to the mystic relationships which lay at the foundation of mediæval life. They were more concerned with the perfect man in the perfect state according to Plato, than with the ecstasy of Saint Francis. They were weary alike of the moral ideals involved in asceticism, and of the intellectual outlook implied in scholasticism. They felt that human life had wider and more vital relations than could be expressed in the theological thought of the time. They saw that intellectual activity, when freed from mediæval presuppositions, opened a new way to human development. They desired insight rather than edification. It was the dignity of man, not the poverty of the creature, that inspired them.

'Saint Peter's is the capitol of Western Christendom, the senate house of papal civilization; it is the symbol of the succession of the Church to the inheritance of the Empire; it is an embodiment of the idea of the Roman Imperium. In so far as the building is an expression of religious life, it received in its final form the impress of what has been called the Catholic reaction. It is the power of the keys and not the travail of the soul that impresses us.'

I don't know how you'll feel about those faceted sentences; but for me they flashed light upon Saint Peter's and many another Christian basilica, for which I am profoundly grateful. I must be a Gothic-minded creature, I respond so

instantly and unreservedly to the Gothic theme in any art. I have done my share of expressing resentment of that which encroached upon the Gothic and then led away from it. I have done my share of criticizing Saint Peter's (which is indeed full of excrescences and mistakes). But now, when I go there, I find myself repeating that luminous sentence of Grant Allen's: 'It was the dignity of man, not the poverty of the creature, that inspired them.' And many, many things are eloquent to me which before I did not comprehend.

Now let us make a tour of the church, noting the principal points of interest.

Passing as best we can through the swarm of pests thrusting gaudy postcards and 'sheep mo-zi-ca' under our sniffy noses (never glance to right or left at one of these gentry, or he will pursue you all day and not improbably emerge from beneath your bed at night, offering his almost-final reduction on postcards), we ascend the steps leading to the great vestibule — Saint Paul's statue on our right hand and Saint Peter's on our left.

Note the great bronze doors, so that you may compare them with Ghiberti's when you see the latter in Florence. They were done about the same time. The Porta Santa will interest you, because the jubilee year, current as this book goes to press, has caused much to be written about the custom, inaugurated in 1300, and so successful in enriching the papal coffers and the Roman merchants and others, that another jubilee was decreed for 1350 (instead of waiting for 1400), though it would seem that there might have been small cause for jubilation, with the Pope in exile at Avignon. It was a very wise thing for the exile to do, though; because it demonstrated to Rome how good for trade was a pontifical court which, by offering indulgences, could crowd the city with pilgrims from all Europe. It was Paul II who decreed

that jubilee years should come every quarter-century. And if you found Rome crowded or dear, you may be amused to know that a pilgrim to the jubilee of 1300, quoted by Grant Showerman in his 'Eternal Rome,' wrote:

'The hay was very dear, and the inns exceedingly expensive. It cost me for my lodging and the stabling of my horse, over and above the hay and oats, a Tornese groat [a little over six cents]. As I went out of Rome on Christmas Eve, I saw leaving the city a throng so great that no one could count the number, and the talk among the Romans was that there had been more than two millions of men and women. Several times I saw men as well as women trodden under foot, and more than once I escaped the same danger myself.'

Over the Porta Santa is a restoration of Giotto's famous mosaic made for the atrium of old Saint Peter's; and inside it is the large disc of porphyry on which, in the ancient basilica, emperors of the Holy Roman Empire were crowned.

In the first chapel on your right as you enter, Capella della Pietà, is the lovely *pietà* (Virgin with her dead son) which Michelangelo 'released' from a block of marble when he was only twenty-four years old. It was ordered by a French cardinal who was Abbot of Saint Denis, for the Chapel of the Kings of France in old Saint Peter's, and is the only marble that Michelangelo ever 'signed.' To your right as you stand facing it, is a column said to have been brought from Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem.

The next chapel need not engage your attention, but opposite the entrance to it is the monument of that lively lady, Queen Christina of Sweden, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, who became a queen when she was six, regnant when she was eighteen, abdicated ten years later rather than marry and run the risk of acquiring a 'boss,' and left Sweden, wearing man's attire and calling herself

Count Dohna. Her vigorous but ill-directed mentality, her profligacies and cruelties, her wanderings and vacillations, make up a most wretched story. She renounced her father's religion, joined the Catholic Church, sold her library to the Pope, and died poor and neglected, in Rome, in 1689, when she was in her sixty-third year.

The next monument on that side of the aisle is to Countess Matilda of Tuscany, who at nine years of age was left sole heiress to the richest estate in Italy. (That was in 1052.) She was a very ardent partisan of the Popes in their quarrel with the Emperors, and it was in her castle of Canossa (in January, 1077) that the Emperor Henry IV humbled himself before Pope Gregory VII who had been the monk Hildebrand. 'It was an atrocious winter,' the old chronicles say, 'such as had never been seen before, with continual snowstorms.' The castle of Canossa is perched high on an all but inaccessible crag. Barefooted in the snow and up the rocky paths, the proud young Emperor had to climb, his only garment a humble tunic of rough woollen cloth, to sue for forgiveness and the lifting of that terrible ban of excommunication. Twice he was turned away, but on the third day the Pope received him, and on the fourth he absolved him. Whereupon, Henry went away full of rage at his humiliation, and of plots for its avenging. We'll recall, at Sant' Angelo, how he got his revenge. It was in that same year that Matilda made donation of all her great estates to the Holy See — another gift, like that of Constantine, which instituted a vast deal of trouble for many generations. Matilda died in 1115 and was buried far from Rome, in the north; but in 1635 her remains were brought to Saint Peter's, and Bernini made this monument to commemorate her devotion to the Vicar of God.

The third chapel on your right is the large Capello del Sacramento, where Antonio Pollaiuolo's monument to

Sixtus IV, which we talked about in our visit to San Pietro in Vincoli (Part II, Rome, III), used to be till the late Pope moved it to his 'Museo della Fabbrica' in the south colonnade.

You may move straight on to the celebrated seated figure of Saint Peter whose foot has been kissed smooth as glass by the faithful, untroubled by fear of germs. H. B. Cotterill, in his 'History of Art,' thinks that this statue is 'perhaps an ancient Roman senator furnished with the nimbus, the keys, and the benedictory fingers of Saint Peter.'

Another theory about it is that it is cast from bronze which formerly was the statue of Jupiter in his great Temple on the Capitoline, and that when Saint Peter had, in answer to the prayers of Pope Leo the Great, appeared in the sky and halted Attila's advance on Rome, Leo had Jupiter recast as Peter. And the popularity of this belief shows, Grant Allen thought, how the Roman likes suggestions of the continuity of his inheritance, of Jupiter evolving into Peter, and Rome going on and on.

Saint Peter sits against one of the four immense piers supporting Michelangelo's great dome. Each of these piers contains a very sacred relic; that in the pier behind Saint Peter is believed to be the lance which pierced the side of Christ as he hung upon the cross. In the pier which Saint Peter faces is the head of Saint Andrew, brought to Rome in the fifteenth century and carried through the streets with extraordinary ceremony. At the right, behind the crypt, where the statue of Constantine's mother, Saint Helena, stands, is the pier containing the relic of the true cross which she brought to Rome. And in the fourth pier is the kerchief of Saint Veronica given by her to Christ to wipe the blood and sweat from his brow as He bore his cross to Calvary, and returned to her with the imprint of his face upon it.

There is a story that Tiberius, being ill, sent to Jerusalem for that one of whom he had heard as able to cure all maladies. But Pilate, his Governor, had sent the Healer to his death, to satisfy the clamor of the Jews, and it seemed that Tiberius must go uncured. Then Veronica was found, and went to Rome and unfolded before Tiberius the picture on her linen cloth, which he worshipped and was cured. I'm a gladly credulous person, as you know; but I'm afraid that history (even the recent rehabilitation of Tiberius) doesn't support this story — yet.

To enter the crypt, or Sacred Grotto, you must have a ticket obtainable in the Sacristy. For the devout Catholic and for the ardent archæologist this grotto is a place most precious.

Whether you descend into the crypt or not, you will want to go into the Tribune, behind the high altar, to see the bronze reliquary made by Bernini for the Chair of Saint Peter, and — next to it — the monument of Paul III, the Farnese Pope, concerning which there is the curious story of a Spanish student in Rome who fell madly in love with the splendid statue of Giulia la Bella, the Pope's sister, toward whose liaison with Pope Alexander VI, Giulia's brother was 'nice.' The student hid himself in Saint Peter's when it was closed for the night, threw himself in a frenzy upon the marble and was found stone dead beside it in the morning. 'The ugly draperies of painted metal,' says Marion Crawford, 'which now hide much of the statue, owe their origin to this circumstance. Classical scholars will remember that a somewhat similar tale is told by Pliny of the Venus of Praxiteles in Cnidus.' There were originally four statues on the monument, but what became of the other two I cannot tell you.

The sacristies you will surely wish to see, and the treasury. In the former are the fragments of Melozzo da

Forli's frescoes painted for the Church of Santi Apostoli, with the angels so familiar to everybody through countless reproductions in color. In the latter are many things of interest — candelabra designed by Michelangelo, candlesticks executed by Pollaiuolo and Benvenuto Cellini, beautiful jewelled chalices, etc. — among the chief of which I put, as Grant Allen does, the dalmatic known as the coronation robe of Charlemagne, embroidered in gold and silver threads upon a background of indescribably lovely old blue. Excellent reproductions of this superb embroidery are obtainable at Florence; and I can testify that of my modest little travel trophies, few excite more interest and give more sheer delight of beauty, than this exquisite brocade.

Music lovers will wish to pay their tribute of remembrance at the burial place of Palestrina, in the left transept near the entrance to the sacristies.

Palestrina, born in the ancient Prænestе at the foot of the Sabine Mountains, was chapel-master here in Saint Peter's and later at the Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore, and then for many years composer to the Sistine Chapel, an office created expressly in his honor by Pope Pius IV, who compared one of Palestrina's masses with the music heard by Saint John in his vision of the New Jerusalem. This was in 1565, a little more than fifty years after Michelangelo had finished painting the Sistine Chapel. The compositions of Palestrina had almost ceased to be heard when Pope Pius X decreed that Roman Catholic churches should return to the Gregorian and Palestrinian chant or plainsong — a decree which, in the opinion of many students 'cannot fail to have the profoundest effect upon modern musical culture.'

The tomb of Pius X, who died on August 20, 1914, is in the arch just outside the Capella del Coro, or Chapel of the

Choir, which you pass after you leave the sacristies on your way back to the main portal of the church. Pius X, you will remember, was the greatly loved 'Papa Sarto,' Patriarch of Venice, whose reconstructive and reformative work for the Church is considered greater than that of any of his predecessors since Sixtus V, who died in 1590.

Pollaiuolo's monument of Innocent VIII is across the aisle. Next to it is the monument, by Canova, erected at the expense of George IV of England, to the three Stuarts buried here: the Old Pretender, calling himself James III; the Young Pretender, calling himself Charles III; and the latter's brother, Cardinal Duke of York, who styled himself Henry IX of England. The monument to James's wife and the mother of 'Bonny Prince Charlie' and his brother Henry is opposite, over the door through which one ascends to the dome.

When Sir Walter Scott was here, a dying man, in 1832, the only thing in Rome which seemed to arouse his flickering mind was this monument to the last of the Stuarts.

In the baptistery note the porphyry font, which cannot have been the lid of Hadrian's sarcophagus (as some writers aver) because he was cremated and had a cinerary urn, not a coffin. Some say it was part of the sarcophagus of the Emperor Otho II who died in 983; others ascribe it to the tomb of Pope Innocent II who died in 1143. Wherever it came from, it is one of those 'appropriations' wherewith the builders of Rome have always despoiled the work of their predecessors to further their own.

Such a tour of the church as I have described may be made, not too hurriedly, in an hour or so.

The Vatican may be glimpsed in a morning (the museums are open from nine to two only), fairly well seen in two mornings, and (of course), studied for years without coming anywhere near to an end of its treasures.

The papal Palace of the Lateran having been ruined by fire just after it was abandoned by the Popes (in 1308) was in no state to receive them when they returned to Rome, seventy years later, from Avignon; so Gregory XI, the first of the restored pontiffs, took up his abode in the Vatican Palace which had been a papal residence since the beginning of the sixth century. It derived its name from the district, Vaticanus, where there may have been an Etruscan town called Vaticum, back in the days of the early kings.

Nicholas V, the Pope who began the new Saint Peter's, planned also a greatly enlarged Vatican, to be the largest and most magnificent palace in the world, housing all the Princes of the Church and their suites and bringing together the government offices of that sovereign power to which all Christendom must bow.

His idea in planning the new Vatican was very close akin to that of Louis XIV, two centuries later, in planning the new Versailles; only, it was a highly centralized State that Louis developed about himself as its Sun King from whose rays all must derive light and life, and an effulgent as well as highly organized Church sovereignty that Nicholas designed, 'to strengthen the weak faith of the people,' he said, 'by the greatness of that which it sees.'

It was the rich outpourings of pilgrims to Rome in the jubilee year of 1450 that gave Nicholas the wherewithal to realize his desires of rebuilding; but the tragic Fall of Constantinople, three years later, and the enthronement of the infidel Turk in what had been a Christian capitol, broke the heart of Nicholas and hastened his death, besides putting a halt to his undertakings. He was a great scholar, a reverent lover of learning. His eminent friend, Æneas Silvius of Siena, later Pope Pius II, said of Nicholas that 'what he does not know is outside the range of human knowledge'; and in those days just preceding the invention

of printing, he founded a library of nine thousand volumes for which he employed hundreds of scholars and copyists. A library worthy of the dawning Renaissance it was, too, including many treasures of that classic literature which churchmen less enlightened than Nicholas fought as 'pagan.' Nicholas is characterized by historians as a 'humanist.' I wonder if the applications of that term interest you as they do me?

Broadly speaking, a humanist in the Renaissance was one who broke through the bonds of mediæval traditionalism and devoted himself to the rediscovery of the ancient philosophies; he was one who believed that *a* proper study, if not *the* 'proper study of mankind, is man' and all those gropings man has followed toward the forces which seemed to him to rule his destiny.

In Oxford University, to-day, the curriculum known as Humane Literature is Latin and Greek literature and philosophy; Scottish universities call professors of Latin professors of 'humanity.'

I draw no inferences; I simply find a whimsical interest in the fact that the pope who had the great vision of magnificently enthroned church government, comes down in history as a humanist, a great lover and patron of that pagan learning which many of his contemporaries feared as the devil is believed to fear holy water; and in the fact that the Vatican Palace he planned is celebrated to-day not only as the seat of Catholic sovereignty, but as one of the supreme treasure-houses of pagan art.

If you are a student of classic art, you will lose no time in getting to the Museum of Antiquities. If, however, you incline to be very much interested in the Vatican as a palace, as the principal seat of the Papal Court for five hundred and fifty years, and as the background of much engrossing history, you may want to make your first visit to

the library which Nicholas founded, and to his chapel, and to the Borgia Apartments.

All of the Vatican that is shown to visitors must be entered from the end of a veritable Via Dolorosa about a mile long, which leads from the piazza, around the sacristies, behind the church, and through a foot-blistering alley between the palace and the gardens. On no account let your sense of economy persuade you to walk over this penitential way. Take a cab, and hold tight as it rattles you over the rough stones to the door of the Museum.

The main entrance to the Vatican Palace is by the Porto di Bronzo at the end of the right colonnade; it is here that you enter if you have an audience with the Pope. If you stand at the foot of the steps and look up through the open doorway, you will see a most picturesque sight of Swiss Guards in their gorgeous blue and yellow uniforms that Michelangelo designed, and flitting forms of cassocked clergy, and a variety of persons on various errands bent. That long corridor you look up is called Corridore del Bernini, and leads directly to the Scala Regia, a magnificent staircase designed by Bernini, with a remarkable effect in perspective.

If you were to ascend the Scala Regia to the top, pass through a door, and go up another staircase (ninety-one steps) you would be at the door of the Sala Regia, the entrance-hall to the Sistine Chapel which is separated by only a few feet from the chapels in the right aisle of Saint Peter's. The Borgia Apartments, the Chapel of Nicholas V, the Raphael Stanze and Logge, are all there, close to that Porto di Bronzo. But to reach them you must (although there is a door from the vestibule of Saint Peter's, at the right, giving direct access to the Scala Regia) travel that weary mile to the Museum entrance, retrace it to the chapel and apartments, then go back over the whole

distance again. There seems to be no use complaining about this; but I'm sure that most of us would gladly pay double (or more) for the luxury of getting into the Sistine Chapel and the Raphael Stanze before we were too footsore and backachey to enjoy them.

Since that cannot be, drive to the Museum entrance at the far, north end of that alley which is called by the beautifully euphonious name of Vialone di Belvedere (Vee-a-lo-nay dee Bel-vay-day-ray) and instead of going up the staircase into the Museum of Antiquities, enter the Vatican Library, at your right.

The nucleus of Nicholas has grown until it numbers, now, some three hundred and fifty thousand volumes and many manuscripts and autographs. If you go rather hurriedly (as you probably will) through the Great Hall, completed in 1588, and two hundred and twenty feet long, note the contents of some, at least, of the glass cases — especially the first case on your right, with the dedication copy of Henry VIII's book on the Sacraments, for the writing of which the Pope conferred on him the title of Defender of the Faith; and, side by side with this, two of Henry's love letters to Anne Boleyn — whereby he lost the title. The Roman wall-painting discovered on the Esquiline early in the seventeenth century, and bought from the Aldobrandini for the Vatican in 1816, is in an apartment of the Library. It does *not* represent the marriage of Alexander and Roxana, as some of the guide-books say; and probably does not represent the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, the parents of Achilles — as Grant Allen says. But it is one of the best-preserved of those Roman or Alexandrian paintings which copied or imitated, endlessly, certain great Greek pictures of the fourth century B.C. — 'the golden age.'

At the end of the Vatican Library is the entrance to the Borgia Apartments which are supremely interesting, historically and artistically.

The first of the Borgia Popes (there were two) was the immediate successor of Nicholas V. He was a Spaniard, a Doctor of Jurisprudence, secretary to Alfonso of Aragon (King of Naples and the Two Sicilies) and did not attain any position as a churchman until after he was fifty years old — when he was made Bishop of Valencia, presumably so that he might enjoy the revenues. In 1444, when he was sixty-six years of age, he was made a Cardinal; and in April, 1455, he totteringly ascended Saint Peter's throne, which he occupied for three years while he made Rome the happy hunting-ground of Spaniards in general and of his own nephews in particular. Of these latter, we can concern ourselves with only one: Roderigo, son of Calixtus's sister. Roderigo was in his twenty-fifth year when his aged uncle made him a Cardinal-Deacon and (shortly after) Vice-Chancellor of Holy Church with an annual stipend of eight thousand florins.

While Calixtus lay dying, the Orsini led the city in driving out the favored Spaniards; but Roderigo stayed, went to the Sacred College to vote for a successor to his uncle, and by allying himself conspicuously and helpfully with the candidacy of Æneas Silvius de' Piccolomini, Cardinal of Siena, he set himself high in the favor of that estimable man when he had become Pope Pius II.

Pius II was succeeded by Paul II, and still Roderigo Borgia flourished at Rome, living in more than princely splendor and voluptuousness. When a successor to Paul II was to be chosen, again Roderigo played clever politics, and for his aid in electing Sixtus IV (whom he crowned) enjoyed increasing favor even in that reign when the Pontiff seemed bent on turning all the golden streams in the direction of his own bastards and nephews.

It was just before the death of Paul II and the accession of Sixtus IV, that Roderigo Borgia's relations with

Giovanna Catanei began; 'Vanozza,' she is usually called — an abbreviation of Giovanozza, an affectionate form of Giovanna.

We don't know much about Vanozza prior to the time she became the acknowledged mistress of Roderigo Borgia, except that she was born in 1442, and was therefore eleven years younger than Roderigo who was already the father of two acknowledged children when she began giving him that family destined to play so conspicuous a part in history. Whether Cesare Borgia was or was not the first child of this informal union is one of the points on which historians delight to disagree — just as they do on whether Cesare was or was not the murderer of his brother, Giovanni Duke of Gandia. Lucrezia Borgia was younger than these two brothers, and older than the third son of Roderigo and Vanozza; she was born on April 19, 1479.

Cardinal Roderigo lived, in those days, in a sumptuous palace on Via de' Banchi Vecchio which runs into the present Corso Vittorio Emanuele a little south of Ponte Sant' Angelo; and in what is now called Piazza Sforza Cesarini (opening off that Corso hard by the Chiesa Nuova where you may have gone to visit the birthplace of oratorio), Vanozza lived with her children and her husband who was not their father.

'By this time,' Sabatini says in his 'Life of Cesare Borgia,' 'Cardinal Roderigo's wealth and power had grown to stupendous proportions, and he lived in a splendor well worthy of his lofty rank. He was not fifty-three years of age, still retaining the air and vigor of a man in his very prime, which, no doubt, he owed as much as to anything to his abstemious and singularly sparing table-habits. He derived a stupendous income from his numberous abbeys in Italy and Spain, his three bishoprics, and his ecclesiastical offices.

'Volterra refers with wonder to the abundance of his plate, to his pearls, his gold embroideries, and his books, the splendid equipment of his beds, the trappings of his horses, and other similar furnishings in gold, in silver, and in silk. In short, he was the wealthiest Prince of the Church of his day, and he lived with a magnificence worthy of a king or of the Pope himself.'

Sixtus IV died, in August, 1482; and Rome, led by the Orsini, was immediately in arms to despoil and drive out the bastard sons and the scandalously enriched nephews of the late Pope. Then the College of Cardinals 'elected' the Genoese who took the name of Innocent VIII — proving thereby either that he had no sense of humor or that he had a very robust one. Italy rang with the scandal of his purchase of the sovereign power. And soon it rang with the worse than scandal of what he did with it.

'Nepotism,' says Sabatini, 'had characterized many previous pontificates; open paternity was to characterize his, for he was the first Pope who, in flagrant violation of canon law, acknowledged his children for his own. He proceeded to provide for some seven bastards, and that provision appears to have been the only aim and scope of his pontificate.

'Not content with raising money by the sale of preferments, Innocent established a traffic in indulgences, the like of which had never been seen before. In the Rome of his day you might, had you the money, buy anything, from a cardinal's hat to a pardon for the murder of your father.'

Ten years of 'anarchy, robbery, and murder, preyed upon the city' under Innocent; and midway of that period, Cardinal Roderigo Borgia, undisturbed in his great wealth and power, fell in love with the beautiful Giulia Farnese, forty years his junior, and made her his mistress. Vanozza was widowed about that same time, and almost immediately

provided with a new husband and separated from those of her children then with her — Lucrezia and Giuffredo — who went to live with their father's cousin, Adriana Orsini, whose son was betrothed to Giulia Farnese.

Innocent VIII died on July 25, 1492; and on the eleventh of August, the unanimous election of Roderigo Borgia was announced. He ascended the Papal throne as Alexander VI, and his coronation was a magnificent spectacle. Soon after his accession, he ordered the sumptuous decoration of these apartments wherein he installed himself and his family.

In June of the following year, the first marriage of his daughter Lucrezia was celebrated in the Hall of the Popes. Lucrezia was then just past her fourteenth birthday, and very beautiful. We derive our ideas of her mainly from Dumas' 'Crimes of the Borgias' and Victor Hugo's drama of 'Lucrezia Borgia'; but she has been rehabilitated, since then — largely through the efforts of the German historian, Gregorovius, who lived many years in Rome, wrote much about its history, and is cited and quoted in nearly everything written on Rome in the last forty years or so.

In September, following Lucrezia's marriage, her father created twelve new cardinals, including his son Cesare, and Giulia's handsome and dissolute brother Alessandro Farnese who became known as the 'Cardinal of the Petticoat'; he, you will remember, was to become Pope Paul III, whose marvellous portrait by Titian was one of your great impressions in the Naples Museum, and whose scandalous story, with its ramifications, engages the traveller almost all through Italy.

Your guide-book, whichever it is, will give you abundant details of the paintings of these six rooms. What I wish I could do is to help you see, here, Alexander and Giulia and Alessandro Farnese and Cesare Borgia, and Lucrezia, and Giovanni, who was murdered on a June night in 1497, his

THE BORGIA FAMILY

By Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Lucrezia with Cesare at her right and Pope Alexander VI at her left

body thrown into the Tiber near Ponte Sant' Angelo. Alexander's grief for the loss of this son was terrible, and in these apartments he shut himself up with his passionate sorrow, refusing to taste food, to sleep, or to see anybody. He 'declared that he had done with the world, and that henceforth life could offer him nothing that should endear it to him. "A greater sorrow than this could not be ours, for we loved him exceedingly, and now we can hold neither the Papacy nor any other thing as of concern. Had we seven Papacies, we would give them all to restore the Duke to life." ' Even Savonarola was moved by this grief, and wrote his arch-enemy a letter of condolence 'singularly human, yielding a singular degree of insight into the nature of the man who penned it.'

Many another scene of which these walls were witness, I'd like to recall to you; but the story of any one of the Borgias is matter for a book alone, and if you are interested in them I commend to you Sabatini's 'Life of Cesare Borgia,' or 'The Life and Times of Roderigo Borgia,' by Arnold H. Matthew, D.D.

Only one more retrospect must we take space for here; and that is the death of Alexander VI in the bedroom opening off the Hall of the Liberal Arts. The popular story about Alexander's death is that he and Cesare drank unwittingly of poisoned wine they had prepared for Cardinal Corneto whose vast riches they intended to seize. The probable truth is that Alexander died of Roman fever, 'of which men were dying every day in the most alarming numbers.' Cesare was stricken at the same time; and, raging with fever though he was, so that he ordered himself immersed to the neck in a huge jar of ice-cold water, he had wits enough at command to keep the news of his father's death from getting out until he had secured, against the pillage he knew was imminent, the major part of the dead Pontiff's treasure.

That was in August, 1503. Loathing all that savored of him, Alexander's successors shunned the Borgia Apartments, and they fell into a condition of neglect and decay, from which they were rescued only in 1897, by Pope Leo XIII, who had them restored and opened to the public.

Immediately above the Borgia Apartments are the rooms occupied by Cesare Borgia, and now known as the Stanze of Raphael, painted by him and from his designs for Julius II (who succeeded Alexander VI) and Leo X, the first Medici Pope, who was a son of Lorenzo the Magnificent. When the Medici were expelled from Florence in 1494, one of those who went with them was the late Lorenzo's secretary, Bernardo Divizio, who, with Giuliano de' Medici, took refuge at Urbino, which soon thereafter began to buzz with wonderment at the genius of the boy, Raphael de' Santi. When Giovanni de' Medici became Pope Leo X, nearly twenty years later, he made Divizio a Cardinal; and Divizio, best known to us as Cardinal Bibbiena, was Raphael's intimate friend and powerful patron, and purposed becoming his relative by marriage by giving him for wife his niece, Maria da Bibbiena. The tradition about Maria is that she died of a broken heart because Raphael kept postponing their marriage. In any event, Raphael left orders for the memorial tablet to her in the Pantheon and bequeathed to her uncle, his friend and patron, the beautiful house close to the Vatican which Bramante had built and wherein Raphael lived his last years, and died.

It was Bramante, Raphael's fellow-townsman, who prevailed upon Pope Julius II to bring Raphael to Rome, in 1508 or 1510, when the young artist was just turned twenty-five or twenty-seven, to paint these apartments. (H. B. Cotterill, in his admirable 'History of Art,' and the Cruickshanks who wrote 'Christian Rome' for the Grant Allen series, and Baedeker's art-writer, think that Raphael

came to Rome in 1508, while Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Lanzi, Lavery, and other authorities have found more or less indisputable evidence that he was then still painting at Florence. I don't know that it makes any great difference to you and me whether he came in 1508 or 1510; but I am inclined to accept the chronology of Felix Lavery whose recent book on Raphael represents ten years of intensive research into the matter of the dates at which Raphael's pictures were painted.)

The first work he executed in Rome, however, was probably the great portrait of Julius II, which you will see at Florence — the one in which Julius wears the white beard he had that year grown and which he swore he would not cut until he had expelled the French from Italy.

But little time was lost in getting to work at these rooms. And the first of these that he did was the Camera della Signatura, so called because there the Papal Bulls were signed; here the Pope sat in his court of justice, every Thursday.

The paintings of this room have an inexhaustible fascination for me, and I'd like nothing better than to have space for detailed comment on them — not on their art, for I do not presume to write on art, and if you are concerned with that you will find excellent commentaries in Grant Allen's 'Christian Rome,' in Baedeker, and elsewhere; but on the stories the pictures tell and the story of Raphael as he was painting them; to help you see, here, as I do, vividly before my inner eye, the slim young painter (looking much as he painted himself in 1506, in the portrait now in Florence) moving about in this and the adjoining rooms, discussing his architectural backgrounds with his friend Bramante, then busy with the building of Saint Peter's, and with his other friends, Baldassare Castiglione the elegant courtier and Pietro Bembo the eminent humanist, and quoting to

them what Ariosto had replied to Raphael's questions on certain matters of classic lore.

I don't know *why* I think that Raphael must have welcomed this opportunity to paint Homer and Virgil and Dante and Petrarch, and Plato and Aristotle and Socrates and Diogenes, after having painted little else than saints and Madonnas. But my feeling persists that here, on this 'job,' he felt himself expanding in an intellectual world wonderfully exhilarating to him. There are few places so pervaded by his presence; and if I could be here when the rooms were still, I know I'd hear delicious chuckles as Raphael showed Castiglione his features given to Zoroaster, and Bramante appearing as the geometrist with the compasses, and so on. How many portraits there are in the groups, we do not know — but Raphael himself is there, in the right-hand corner of the so-called 'School of Athens'; and we may be sure that almost every time a notable of Raphael's acquaintance came in, while the work was going on, there was a new discovery of some one's likeness, and much merriment in consequence. So I find these rooms jolly as well as glorious.

Julius II went into ecstasies over the Camera della Signatur and paid the young painter twelve hundred ducats, an immense sum in those days, besides admitting him to his intimate friendship and commissioning him to decorate the other rooms of this suite with frescoes whose subjects the Pope had chosen to illustrate the triumph of the Catholic Faith.

The relations between Julius and Raphael seem to have been as amiable as the Pontiff's relations with Michelangelo (then at work on the Sistine Chapel) were stormy.

The next of the four rooms to be painted by Raphael was the Stanza d' Eliodoro; and Julius did not live to see it finished. In the same year (1513) Bramante died. And the

new Pope, Leo X, not only continued Raphael's employment on the Vatican apartments, but made him architect-in-chief of Saint Peter's, with absolute authority over all monuments, buildings, and ruins within a circuit of ten miles around Rome.

The third apartment decorated was the Stanza dell' Incendio, which was done from Raphael's designs but probably only in spots by his own hand. His popularity was now so great, and his commissions so numerous, that he had to employ a whole 'school' of assistants, most of whom he housed in his fine palace where he lived like a prince. Extraordinary homage was paid to the 'Divine Master' by these painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, gilders, wood-carvers and master-craftsmen of all kinds; and he, in spite of all that he had to do, gave close personal superintendence to their studies, their work, and their welfare.

'He was daily escorted (Edgecumbe Staley says), 'to and from Saint Peter's and the Vatican by upwards of fifty young men, by way of a guard of honor. It is said that one day Michelangelo met the cortège, and, in his usual sarcastic manner, saluted Raphael with: "You'll walk, I expect, one of these days like a general at the head of an army!"'

While this third room was being painted, Raphael was deep in his designs for Saint Peter's, making the cartoons for his superb tapestries, painting many of his great portraits and his Madonnas, trying his hand at sculpture, and doing many other things, besides holding an eminent place in the intimate friendship of the most distinguished personages in Rome — and making love to Margherita, the baker's daughter whom he immortalized on his canvases and for whom (probably) he wrote that 'century of sonnets' which Browning declared (in 'One Word More') he would rather have seen than the Madonnas.

The fourth room, the Sala di Constantino, was painted after Raphael's death by his former pupils. From this room, visitors are usually conducted to the room in which Julius II died, to the Chapel of Nicholas V, with the lovely frescoes of Fra Angelico, and to the Raphael Logge, painted under his direction, the pictures in it being known as the Bible of Raphael.

Your next objective in the Vatican will doubtless be the Sistine Chapel, concerning which, also, your guide-book gives such detailed information that I shall content myself with adding to it only a few glimpses of Michelangelo at work here. (For, though Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, Perugino, Pinturicchio, and other very eminent artists also contributed to the decoration of the chapel, it is preëminently of Michelangelo that most visitors think there.)

You will recall how Julius II and Michelangelo quarrelled about the Pontiff's tomb; and how they became relatively reconciled, and Michelangelo returned to Rome and to such favor with the Pope that Bramante (it is said), hoping to see Michelangelo make himself ridiculous, persuaded Julius to set the latter at work on the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. Michelangelo protested that he knew nothing of fresco-painting; but the Pope persisted.

Bramante raised a scaffolding for Michelangelo, who declared it useless, and raised another in its place. Experienced fresco-painters were brought from Florence to assist Michelangelo, and he locked them out of the Chapel.

On the tenth of May, 1508, he began to paint the ceiling. Nine months later he wrote to his father:

'I am in a state of great mental depression: it is a year now since I received a fixed income from the Pope. I ask him for nothing, because my work does not advance sufficiently to make remuneration appear to me to be merited. This arises from the difficulty of the work and also

from the fact that it does not belong to my profession. Thus I lose time without result. God help me!'

In October, 1509, he wrote to his brother Sigismondo:

'I am living here in distress and in a state of great bodily fatigue. I have no friend of any kind and do not want any.... It is rarely that I have the means to eat to my liking.'

'The Pope,' says Romain Rolland, 'became irritated at his slowness and obstinacy in hiding his work. Their proud characters dashed against each other like thunderclouds.'

One day Julius II asked him when the work would be finished, and Michelangelo made his invariable reply, 'When I am able.' This day, Julius was in a bad mood. '"When I am able,"' he cried, angrily. '"When I am able!"' And raising his stick he struck the painter. Thereupon Michelangelo rushed home and began preparations for leaving Rome. But Julius sent his excuses and five hundred ducats, which Michelangelo accepted.

Another day, the Pope came in to see how work was progressing, and became so angry that he demanded: 'Do you want me to have you thrown from the top of your scaffolding?'

In the summer of 1510 Michelangelo wrote:

'Labor has given me a goitre.... My stomach points towards my chin, my beard turns towards the sky, my skull rests on my back and my chest is like that of a harpy. The paint from my brush, in dripping onto my face, has made a many-colored pattern upon it. My loins have entered into my body, and my posterior counterbalances. I walk in a haphazard manner, without being able to see my feet. My skin is extended in front and shortened behind. I am bent like a Syrian bow. My intelligence is as strange as my body, for one plays an ill tune on a bent reed.'

I am afraid it will have to be admitted of Michelangelo,

Titan though he was, that he was addicted to the most destructive of all poisons, self-pity.

But Vasari records of him that while painting the ceiling of the Sistine 'he injured his sight to such an extent that for a long time afterwards he could neither read a letter nor look at an object unless he held them above his head in order to see them better.'

On All Saints' Day, 1512, his work was uncovered; and three and a half months later, Julius II died — whereupon Michelangelo returned to Florence and resumed work upon the mausoleum of Julius.

Perhaps I am trivial in feeling personalities so strongly, here in the presence of art so sublime; but I may as well admit it. I do my best to stretch my powers toward a comprehension in some sort of Michelangelo's genius, but I am sadly aware that I don't get very far. Just why I think I comprehend him better as a *person*, I don't know; perhaps because that way my small gift, and all my training, lies. At any rate, I seem to feel his moods as he toiled here; I seem to see him coming, day after day, to this task of which he despaired; I seem to see the figure of Julius II, looking as Raphael familiarized him to all the world, coming in here and demanding to know how the work is progressing — and then storming away to those nearby apartments where Raphael is chuckling with Castiglione over the most recent portrait in the 'School of Athens.'

'All he knows in art he learnt from me,' Michelangelo said of Raphael. But even if it were true, it was a compliment and not an aspersion — though that is not as Michelangelo meant it. There was no reason why Raphael should be jealous of Michelangelo, and no evidence that he was. But Raphael's extraordinary personal as well as artistic popularity seems to have stung Michelangelo almost unendurably. And if Raphael did not resent this on his own

account, he undoubtedly sided with his friend Bramante when Michelangelo accused the latter of using shoddy building materials and cheating his patrons.

The vast fresco of 'The Last Judgment' was not begun until twenty-two years after the completion of the ceiling, spandrels and lunettes. Michelangelo was then in his sixtieth year and had been away from Rome for more than two decades during which time 'he had made three statues for the uncompleted monument of Julius II, seven unfinished statues for the uncompleted monument of the Medici, the unfinished vestibule of the Laurenziana (library), the unfinished "Christ" of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, the unfinished "Apollo" for Baccio Valori (now in the Bargello, Florence). He had lost his health, his energy, his faith in art and in the fatherland. He had lost his favorite brother. He had lost the father whom he adored.'

He was never to see Florence again. Rome was to be his home, henceforth.

'The Last Judgment' represents seven years of labor. Shortly after it was begun, Michelangelo met Vittoria Colonna, and this picture more than any other work of his reflects that period of his life when he was under her influence. And that there is no trace of tenderness, no touch of loveliness, in all the terrible majesty of it, may be due not only to the sombre nature of Michelangelo (too tragic even for bitterness), but also to the fact that Vittoria was undergoing, in those years, a panic-stricken reaction from the religious reform and liberalism she had previously espoused. The Inquisition was incubating, terror was being sown in the souls of those who had been presuming to think for themselves; and Vittoria was driven by fear to torture herself by fasts and hair-shirts, in penance for her dalliance with thinkers who were at variance with the authority of the Church.

Perhaps she imparted to Michelangelo something of her fear of the wrath of God. Perhaps she derived it in part from him.

At any rate, there is the picture he painted while he was enjoying her friendship; and I think she must have come more than once to see how the work progressed, of which they no doubt talked much in their high intercourse.

I like to fancy her here. And I like to wonder what she said to Michelangelo when she heard that he had revenged himself on Biagio, one of the Vatican officials who annoyed him with criticisms of his work, by painting Biagio as Minos, judge of Hades, a half-human monster with a serpent's tail. (Paul III, the Farnese Pope, was Supreme Pontiff then; and when Biagio appealed to him for redress, Paul said he might have done something to get Biagio out of Purgatory, if Michelangelo had put him there, but to get a man out of Hell even a Pope was powerless.)

Biagio had complained to the Pope about the nudity of Michelangelo's figures, and declared the picture suitable only for a house of ill-fame. But the first public horror expressed for these nudities emanated from 'perhaps the most scandalously indecent and immoral writer,' says H. B. Cotterill, 'that ever existed, namely, Pietro Aretino, son of a cobbler of Arezzo. What style of man this Pietro was may be seen in a portrait of him in the Pitti Gallery, where the big, coarse, full-lipped and black-bearded face undoubtedly reflects accurately his character — for it was painted by Titian — and enables us to estimate the value of his personal attacks on Michelangelo as an "obscene Lutheran."'

It may have been the shocking charge of Lutheranism rather than that of obscenity which led to the decision that Michelangelo's figures must be clothed; and one of his pupils, Daniele da Volterra, who supplied the garments, earned thereby the popular nickname of 'the Breeches-Maker.'

Be sure not to leave this part of the Vatican without seeing the Raphael tapestries which were designed for the Sistine Chapel, hung there just before Raphael's death, in 1520, and carried off seven years later in the sack of Rome by the troops of the Constable de Bourbon. They were restored in 1553, carried off again by the French in 1798, and brought back by Pius VII in 1808.

The Vatican Museum I shall not attempt to write of in any detail, inasmuch as it is so completely covered by many, many writers, and so comprehensively catalogued in your guide-book.

If you can make but one visit to it, my suggestion is that you confine your attention to a few of its myriad treasures. Without presuming to say which of them may most interest you, I will enumerate a number of those I find of first appeal:

The sarcophagi of Constantine's mother Helena, and his daughter, Constantia — for instance — in the first room visited, the Sala a Croce Greca; and the copy of Praxiteles' Cnidian Venus. Upstairs, in the Sala della Biga, the Biga or chariot, the Roman charioteer, and the sarcophagi with reliefs of chariot-races in the Circus of Maxentius on Via Appia; also, the copy of Myron's Discobolus.

You may, on a first brief visit, walk rather briskly through the Sala Rotonda, with an eye alert for a glimpse of the Zeus of Otricoli, and through the Sala delle Muse, the Sala degli Animali, the Galleria delle Statue and the Sala dei Busti, to devote yourself to the Cortile del Belvedere, where you will find the Laocoön group, the Apollo Belvedere, and the Antinoüs.

The celebrated Torso of Hercules is in the Atrio nearest to Apollo.

The Museo Chiaramonti which was added by Pius VII and bears his family name, is housed in a long gallery

running south from the Cortile del Belvedere.' You might almost omit it entirely, save that it is on your way to the Braccio Nuovo, or new wing, also added by Pius VII, which contains the glorious Apoxyomenos and the Daughter of Niobe.

The Picture Gallery of the Vatican is entered from a different door, nearer to Saint Peter's than the door by which we enter the library and museum. It is also a foundation of Pius VII. The collection is not a large one; and for others than students of art, the principal reason for going there is Raphael's great picture of The Transfiguration and his Madonna of Foligno. But this is reason enough. The Transfiguration is one of the pictures that no one should miss seeing. It was painted on order of Cardinal Giulio de' Medici (later, Pope Clement VII) for the Cathedral of Narbonne, in France; but was unfinished when Raphael died, and Leo X (Cardinal Giulio's cousin) refused to allow the removal of the picture from Rome, and ordered it placed over the High Altar of San Pietro in Montorio, where it hung until Napoleon carried it off to Paris in 1797. It was returned to Rome after Napoleon's downfall.

You will note, on your plan or map of this part of Rome, that all the streets running from the Vatican to the Tiber are called 'Borgo' — Borgo Vecchio, Borgo Nuovo, etc. Soon after the building of the first church over Saint Peter's tomb, little settlements of foreigners began to grow hereabouts, to meet the needs of pilgrims of their nationality. These were called *borghi;* and they were included within the wall which Leo IV built about these sacred precincts as a protection against the Saracens — thereby forming a community which was long called the Leonine City or the Borgo; the latter name still clings.

The first street running riverwards from the Bernini

Colonnade is Borgo Santo Spirito; the next, on the north, is Borgo Vecchio, and the third is Borgo Nuovo. Raphael's house is on Borgo Nuovo, in Piazza Scossa Cavalli, about halfway between the Vatican and Castel Sant' Angelo.

What was his studio is now cut into two apartments; but the beautiful wood ceiling by Bramante is intact.

'In this studio,' says Paul Konody (whose little book on Raphael in the Masterpieces in Color series I heartily commend to you), 'he must have painted the greatest and most deservedly popular of his altar-pieces, the "Madonna di San Sisto," and the "Transfiguration," which was on his easel when death stayed his hand. Here, too, he probably painted that masterly portrait of Baldassare Castiglione, which is one of the priceless treasures of the Louvre, and perhaps the magnificent group of "Leo X with Cardinals Giulio de' Medi' ' and L. de' Rossi," now at the Pitti Palace. All the most notable men who were in Rome at that period passed through Raphael's studio, but of the portraits which he is known to have painted in Rome, comparatively few have come down to us.'

In the early days of April, 1520, Raphael was attacked by a fever which he had probably contracted in superintending some excavations. He made his will on the 4th of April, and died on the 6th, which was Good Friday.

La Fornarina is said to have been with him until the Pope's messenger, bringing the Pontifical benediction to the dying man, insisted on her removal from the room. You will find colored postcards of the death-chamber scene, reproduced from a modern painting, on sale in Rome.

Raphael left Margherita 'a sufficient provision wherewith she might live in decency.' And in 1897, some one (Lanciani, if I'm not mistaken) found an entry in the ledger of the Congregation of Sant' Apollonia in Trastevere, a kind of home for repentant women, which reads: 'August 18,

1520 — To-day has been received into our establishment the widow Margherita, daughter of the late Francesco Luti of Siena.'

Raphael's death was deplored in Rome as a calamity to all classes of her citizens, and the lamentations for him were extraordinary.

I think you will surely like, as you stand in Piazza Scossa Cavalli looking at his house, to fancy yourself one of the crowd gathered there when the news of his death spread through the Borgo; to hear the comments on Margherita's expulsion; to join in the general grief; and to watch the coming and going of eminent men, paying their visits of respect.

Then, continue through Borgo Nuovo to the Castel Sant' Angelo; which, however, you should not visit hurriedly or when you are tired, since it is one of the most intensely interesting spots in all Rome.

Its story is matter for a book; and we haven't even a chapter for it — only a few paragraphs. Your guide-book, however, gives the principal data.

Which of the stormy scenes enacted in it and around it after it became a fortress, in the fifth century, you will most wish to recall there, I cannot guess.

Perhaps the Empress Theodora who, Marion Crawford says, 'strong and sinful, flashed upon history out of impenetrable darkness, seized the fortress, and made and unmade popes at her will, till, dying, she bequeathed the domination to her only daughter, and her name to the tale of Roman tyranny.' Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt and the movies have made Theodora live for our generation and the preceding one. (Indeed, it is again Sardou, and his Tosca — another stage-lady more than twelve centuries later than Theodora — whom many visitors most readily recall at Sant' Angelo.)

Perhaps you'll think most of Gregory VII ('the monk Hildebrand') shut up here in a state of siege, while his enemy, the Emperor Henry IV whom he had humbled at Canossa, caused Archbishop Guibert to be crowned at the Lateran as Clement III; or Clement VII, besieged here in 1527 by the troops of the Constable de Bourbon, fighting for Emperor Charles V, and Benvenuto Cellini helping to defend the Castle and to save the Pope's treasures. Do, before you go to the Castle, re-read all those gorgeous passages in Cellini's Autobiography wherein he describes the attack on the castle, and how he fired the shot that killed Bourbon; and how, years later, he was a prisoner here on the charge of having stolen, during the siege, some of the papal jewels; and how he escaped, etc.

You will certainly think of Beatrice Cenci here; and perhaps of Giordano Bruno, whom we have several times recalled elsewhere.

Spend, I pray you, as much time as you can on the platform of the castle, overlooking Rome — a superb place for reverie.

VII

THE STRANGERS' QUARTER

The part of Rome which has long been known as the Strangers' Quarter lies at the base and on the slope of the Pincian Hill and eastward, over the Quirinal Hill to the railway station. If you will look at your map of Rome for a minute, you will easily trace the outlines of this section which will almost certainly be the first of Rome to engross you.

It is in the northern part of the city, you see, with the Piazza del Popolo like an oval basin from which the Corso flows straight to Piazza Venezia; that is the western boundary. The southern is the Via Nazionale ending in the *round* basin of Piazza delle Terme, near the railway station. East of the Terme (or Baths) of Diocletian, there is not much that interests the average stranger — until he gets well beyond the city gates. But on the north there is a succession of parks, gardens, and other celebrated points of view from which almost every visitor to Rome gets some of his loveliest impressions.

When you arrive in Rome, you will (unless you are travelling by auto) get your first glimpses of the Eternal City as you emerge from the railway station.

Arriving passengers are dispersed from the platform which fronts southwest and gives a view down Via Cavour leading past Santa Maria Maggiore and almost into San Pietro in Vincolo. But when you give your directions to a cab-driver or enter the motor-bus of the hotel you have chosen, you will probably head at once into Piazza dei Cinquecento (Chink-weh-chento); and I think you will

agree with me that not many cities in the world greet newcomers with so charming a prospect. Some travellers find it disappointing because it is so spacious, handsome and modern. That is because they see it only with a 'camera eye.' I want you to see more, even in your first glimpse; so that the indescribable thrill of knowing yourself in Rome may not be diminished by the smallest regret.

This great space fronting the railway station was just inside the walls of ancient Rome, at the northeast corner. The wall of Servius Tullius, built in 533 B.C., ran along the eastern end of it; and if you were afoot, and wished to see a bit of antiquity that would satisfy all your yearnings for immediate impressions of Rome's past, you could go over behind the Custom House, northeast of the station, and see the longest section yet standing of that Servian wall 'which Horace saw, and Virgil, and Cæsar — and Hannibal, from the outside! — and the old Etruscan King about whom we know so much and yet so little.'

Nearly five hundred feet of it still stand there. The wall was six miles in length, and had eighteen gates. At this point it was exceptionally high and broad; outside it was a dry moat thirty feet deep and a hundred feet wide.

Across the piazza, on the north, are the buildings constructed in some of the remains of what are known as Diocletian's Baths; and hereby hangs many a tale, one or two of which you will, I think, like to have in mind when you see this place.

Diocletian's parents had been slaves, it is said; his birthplace was where the Dalmatian city of Spalato now is, and there he died, in the vast palace he had built, that covered nine and a half acres — its ruins contain most of the city of Spalato, with its nearly thirty thousand inhabitants.

Diocletian was a soldier and an able, if autocratic, administrator. Rome knew little of him except by hearsay.

He was Emperor for twenty-one years, and in all that time never saw Rome until the year before his abdication. That was the year 305, and about then the great baths were built whose real name is the Baths of the Six Emperors. It is a pity that the old designation has not clung to the structure; because there *were* six Cæsars when it was erected, and that tells a story important to remember.

The Roman Empire was too big and too diversified for unification. Diocletian, who was an east-of-the-Adriatic Roman, knew that no one man could hold in control Italy and Gaul and Britain and Asia and Africa and what we call 'the Near East.' So, at the outset of his reign, he chose a colleague, Maximian, whose headquarters were principally in Milan and who ruled Italy and Africa. Some six years later, they realized that two emperors were not enough, and selected two more; Constantius, the father of Constantine, who ruled in Britain, and Galerius, who was permanently stationed near the Danube. And as the time drew near for the older men to abdicate, they chose two other Cæsars to be the junior rulers under Constantius and Galerius: Severus and Maximian.

I don't know how you feel about it; but to me there is an immense significance in the fact of the Six Emperors.

These great baths, which accommodated thirty-two hundred persons at once, were a sort of conciliation made by the absentee rulers to the dwellers in Rome. They consisted of a mass of central buildings standing in a vast court surrounded by colonnaded porticoes with circular, domed buildings at the two western corners and between them an immense, semi-circular auditorium, doubtless used as a theatre. The outline of this latter is preserved in the semi-circular, colonnaded buildings of what is known as Piazza dell' Esedra.

The central buildings were less destroyed by barbarians

and pillaged by Christian builders than were other Roman edifices; and in 1561, Michelangelo was employed by Pope Pius IV to convert the principal hall of the baths, the Tepidarium, into a church for the Carthusian monks; Santa Maria degli Angeli it is called, and is the Court church. King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena were married in it. Eleanora Duse was buried from it. In other parts of the baths, and in the great monastery which the Carthusians built beside their church, is housed the National Museum of the Terme. This you may or may not care to visit if your time is brief.

Should you feel that you have nearly reached your capacity for ancient art (and if a traveller has seen the Capitoline and Vatican collections in a week, he may not unreasonably feel that for the present, and with Florence's galleries just ahead, he cannot take in any more), then you might like to go primarily for a sight of Michelangelo's Cloisters and the garden in their midst, with the cypress tree he planted.

For students of art and of antiquity, the Museo delle Terme is a notable collection; but for the hurrying traveller I should say that more time spent at the Vatican and Capitoline museums would yield him more for his perpetual pleasure.

The route to most hotels and pensions lies past the portal of Santa Maria degli Angeli (the church Michelangelo made in the Tepidarium) and up past the entrance of the Grand Hotel to Via Venti Settembre (20th of September — the day, in 1870, when the Italian troops, fighting for a free and united Italy, marched along this street into Rome, victorious) which is one of the principal thoroughfares of the Quirinal district. At the corner of this street and the Grand Hotel, is the Fontanone dell' Acqua Felice fed by water conducted from Colonna in the Alban Mountains, thirteen

miles away, by order of Pope Sixtus V, in 1585 and thereabouts; his name before he ascended the papal throne was Felice Peretti — hence 'Felix's water.'

If you turn to your right at Via Venti Settembre, and proceed toward the Porta Pia, you will pass, on your left, the Ministry of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, and then, on your right, the huge Ministry of Finance.

Then, as you approach the Gate, you have the British Embassy on your right, in the former Villa Torlonia; and on your left, in what was once Villa Bonaparte (belonging to Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's favorite sister), the Prussian Legation to the Vatican.

On your right, if you pass through Porta Pia, you have the new Ministry of Public Works and, back of it, the General Offices of Italian State Railways. This is the road to Saint Agnes Beyond the Walls, and to the tomb of Constantine's daughter, and the picturesque Ponte Nomentana which you see in so many scenes of Rome from postcards to paintings.

The encounter (on September 20, 1870) between the papal troops and those of Victor Emmanuel II, which resulted in victory for the latter, took place just outside Porta Pia — between it and Porta Salaria, where part of the Corso d' Italia now runs. The Italian soldiers, after five hours' bombardment, made a breach in the Aurelian Wall where it formed the eastern end of Villa Bonaparte. Tablets mark the place now; and in the Corso, opposite, rises the commemorative Column of Victory.

Should you have need, or merely desire, to pay your respects at the office of the United States Embassy, you will find it at Number 16 Piazza San Bernardo, close to the Fontanone dell' Acqua Felice. And if you turn to your left at the fountain, instead of to your right and the Porta Pia, you will pass the Ministry of War, on your left, and the

back of Palazzo Barberini, on your right, and come, presently, to the gardens and Palace of the Quirinal.

The Barberini Palace was built for the Barberini Pope, Urban VIII, who occupied the throne of Saint Peter from 1623 to 1644. The stones for the palace were taken from the Colosseum, and a Pasquinade declared that 'the Barberini had done what the Barbarians had not.' They were of Tuscan origin, the Barberini; and their day of eminence in Rome was not a long one, though their strain, mingled with that of a branch of the Colonna, is still in evidence. Urban VIII, under whom Galileo was tried at Santa Maria sopra Minerva, believed in the Copernican system as Galileo did; and when the stupid court of the Inquisition declared the laws of the universe to be nonsense, Urban protested, in a *sotto voce* way, not daring to brave the terrible reactionaries of the Church in defence of his opinions or of his friend.

You will want to visit the gallery of the Barberini Palace, which is open to the public every day except Sundays, to see the Beatrice Cenci portrait by Guido Reni (some say it isn't Beatrice, and some say it isn't by Guido; but never mind! it's the picture Shelley had in mind in doing his drama, and Hawthorne in doing 'The Marble Faun'), and Raphael's portrait of his beloved 'Fornarina.'

William Wetmore Story, eminent American sculptor, had his studio in the Barberini Palace, and lived there, too. In the house numbered One, Piazza Barberini, Hans Andersen lived.

The Fontana del Tritone, in Piazza Barberini, gives its name to Via del Tritone (Tree-to-nay), a busy shopping street which runs into the Piazza Colonna. Leading in another angle from Piazza Barberini is Via Sistina, a street of many interesting shops, and ending at the Church of Santissima Trinità de Monti, at the top of the Spanish Stairs;

while still another street, radiating from the Fontana del Tritone, is Via Veneto which leads past Queen Margherita's Palace and many new and elegant hotels, to the Porta Pinciana, one of the entrances to Villa Borghese — or Villa Umberto Primo as it is now called. You will drive in this park, some afternoon toward sunset. It was originally one of those princely properties laid out in the near outskirts of the papal capital by those cardinals created and enriched when a member of their family was elected to the Vatican throne. The Borghese Pope was Paul V, 1605–1621, and his nephew, Cardinal Scipio Borghese. The Casino (as the residence in a villa was called) now houses an art collection, part of which was brought hither from the Borghese Palace down near the river. Hurrying travellers may not have time for the museum (which, however, is open till 6 P.M. from March 1 to September 1), but there are many even of those with little time for Rome, who would feel disappointed if they did not see the original of Canova's much-copied 'Pauline Borghese'; and others would not willingly leave Rome without seeing Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love' and Correggio's 'Danaë.'

The Villa di Papa Giulio III (or Pope Julius III) now a museum of antiquities, may be included in that Villa Borghese drive by those who have time and inclination for it. It is about three quarters of a mile outside the Porta del Popolo where is the principal entrance to Villa Borghese. Other visitors will be more interested in a stop at the stadium in Villa Borghese, which is called the Piazza di Siena.

Your hotel porter will tell you, before you start on your drive, if there are any sporting events 'on' at the Piazza di Siena that afternoon.

Let us suppose that now you are at the point where Via Venti Settembre, without changing its direction, changes

its name to Via del Quirinale, and runs alongside the Quirinal Palace and gardens.

At this point are the Quattro Fontane or four fountains, one at each corner.

The Quirinal Palace, since 1870 the residence of Italy's kings, was for three hundred years before that a papal palace to which the sovereign pontiffs repaired for residence in the heat of summer. Gregory XIII began it, in 1574; but it was his successor, Sixtus V, who did most to make it a palace and not a mere pleasure-house. Sixtus had been a shepherd boy; he liked fresh air and open spaces, and this was by all odds the most agreeable part of Rome to live in, in his day as it is to-day. The Quirinal Hill was covered with gardens and villas, among them a town property of Ippolito d' Este (Lucrezia Borgia's son) in the same manner as his Villa d' Este at Tivoli which is still so celebrated. And that Cardinal Carraffa who set up beside his town palace the Menelaus statue to which the Pasquinades were affixed, had a beautiful place up here, also. So did many others.

Sixtus V died in his Quirinal Palace, and so did twenty-one popes after him. Among these was Innocent X, the Pamfili Pope, whose whole pontificate was completely dominated by his sister-in-law, his relations with whom may or may not have been immoral in the ordinary sense, but certainly were odious in the disrespect they brought upon the Holy Office. When he lay dying, here in the Quirinal Palace, in January, 1655, his greedy relatives had stripped him of everything they could lay hands upon. The only shirt he owned was the one he died in; his covering against the January cold was only a single ragged blanket. 'A brass candlestick with a single burning taper,' Crawford says, 'stood beside him in his last moments, and before he was quite dead, a servant stole in and put a wooden one in its place.' And about the same time, the terrible sister-in-law, Olimpia

Maldachini, dragged from beneath his pallet bed the two small chests of money he had succeeded in concealing to the end.

'When he was dead at the Quirinal, his body was carried to Saint Peter's in a bier so short that the poor Pope's feet stuck out over the end, and three days later, no one could be found to pay for the burial. Olimpia declared that she was a starving widow and could do nothing; the corpse was thrust into a place where the masons of the Vatican kept their tools, and one of the workmen, out of charity or superstition, lit a tallow candle beside it. In the end, the maggiordomo paid for a deal coffin, and Monsignor Segni gave five scudi to have the body taken away and buried. It was slung between two mules and taken by night to the Church of Saint Agnes (Piazza Navone), where in the changing course of human and domestic events, it ultimately got an expensive monument in the worst possible taste. The learned and sometimes witty Baracconi, who has set down the story, notes the fact that Leo X, Pius IV, and Gregory XVI fared little better in their obsequies.'

As to how long the palace is, and how wide, and how high, and who painted which apartments in it, I will leave your guide-book to inform you. But there are two pictures of it in the nineteenth century that you will, I think, like to have in mind as you stand in the superb Piazza del Quirinale, which is where most of us begin and end our acquaintance with the royal palace.

The first of these pictures goes back to 1846, a month after the election of Pius IX, when he proclaimed a general amnesty in favor of all persons imprisoned for political crimes, and decreed that criminal prosecutions for political offences be discontinued unless the accused were ecclesiastics, soldiers, servants of the government, or criminals in another sense.

'The announcement was received with a frenzy of enthusiasm, and Rome went mad with delight. Instinctively, the people began to move towards the Quirinal from all parts of the city, as soon as the proclamation was published; the stragglers became a band, and swelled to a crowd; music was heard, flags appeared, and the crowd swelled to a multitude that thronged the streets, singing, cheering and shouting for joy as they pushed their way up to the palace. . . . In answer to this popular demonstration the Pope appeared upon the great balcony above the main entrance; a shout louder than all the rest burst from below, the long drawn "Viva!" of the southern races; he lifted his hand, and there was silence; and in the calm summer air his quiet eyes were raised towards the sky as he imparted his benediction to the people of Rome.

'Twenty-four years later, when the Italians had taken Rome, a detachment of soldiers accompanied by a smith and his assistants marched up to the same gate. Not a soul was within, and they had instructions to enter and take possession of the palace. In the presence of a small and silent crowd of sullen-looking men of the people, the doors were forced.'

The obelisk in the Piazza del Quirinale is one of a pair which were brought from Egypt in 52, to decorate the entrance to the Mausoleum of Augustus. The Egyptian obelisks were always in pairs; and Claudius, who brought these hither, was scholar and antiquary enough to order them placed as they had been designed to be.

The celebrated Horse-tamers, you will remember, are thought by some to be copies of two of the twenty-five statues of Alexander the Great and his Companions, brought to Rome by Metellus Macedonicus after his victories in Greece. These statues, whatever they represent (and it is quite certainly *not* Castor and Pollux; nor are

they the work of Pheidias and Praxiteles), stood in some part of the Baths of Constantine which were built on the very summit of the Quirinal Hill and extended to its western edge where the gardens of the Colonna Palace now begin. They have never been buried nor concealed from view, and for sixteen centuries have overlooked Rome in all its changes. The place where they stand has more often been called 'Monte Cavallo' (the Mount of the Horsemen) than by any other name, until recently.

As Via del Quirinale descends from the Piazza and runs south, those who follow it have the Villa Colonna on their right and the Palazzo Rospigliosi on their left. The latter was built, on the ruins of Constantine's Baths, by that same Cardinal Scipio Borghese who laid out Villa Borghese. In the Rospigliosi Casino (Wednesdays and Saturdays, nine to three) is the very celebrated ceiling-painting of Aurora strewing flowers before the chariot of Apollo, by Guido Reni.

Villa Colonna, entered from 13 Piazza del Quirinale, may be seen only on Wednesdays from ten to one, if you have obtained a *permesso* at the Colonna Palace, entered from Piazza Santi Apostoli.

Many visitors to Rome may feel that it is not worth this effort. But to some, it will always be one of the spots they would not miss, whatever others they may have to sacrifice.

It is for Vittoria Colonna's sake that we venerate the Colonna Gardens. But in order that we may the better appreciate her and the groups she gathered about her here, let me remind you that in the decadent days of the Roman Empire, the boy Emperor Elagabalus, who succeeded Caracalla and who likewise was murdered in his mad youth, instituted on this ground, later to be associated with Italy's noblest womanhood, what was called 'The Little Senate,' a regular assembly of the fashionable Roman

VITTORIA COLONNA
By Michelangelo

matrons of the day (about 220 A.D.) under the presidency of the Emperor's mother, met to enact laws on how each matron should dress, to whom she must yield precedence, by whom she might be kissed, which of them might ride in chariots and which must ride in carts, and what degree of exaltation entitled one to add gems to the gold ornaments of her sandals.

A century later, Constantine built his great baths here. And in course of time the Colonna acquired this property and it seems always to have been their chief residence in Rome. The present palace was built by the only Colonna Pope, Martin V, who reigned about 1420, and was comparatively new when Vittoria was born, in 1490.

She was, however, born not here, but at Marino, one of the ancient castles of her family, on the wooded slope of the Alban Hills which you will visit, I hope, in an afternoon drive from Rome. Concerning this place, Maud Jerrold (one of Vittoria's English biographers) says it 'is not merely lovely, it is the quintessence of loveliness; it is one of those places where Beauty unveils herself before us, and ever afterwards we say: Here I met with Beauty; I may meet her again, for she has many shrines, but here at least I saw her face to face; I have had my revelation and I am satisfied.'

Nor does the palace at Rome seem ever to have seen much of Vittoria; for when she came to Rome, in the first days of her almost terrible grief for her husband, she went at once to the Convent of San Silvestro in Capite which had for two hundred and fifty years been the retreat of Colonna princesses who wished cloistral seclusion.

Religion was an absorbing interest with Vittoria, but it was not all-else-effacing; she did not take the veil.

'Keen, alert, many-sided, placed by her position in the foreground, and hopelessly entangled in the troubles of a

most troublous time, Vittoria might have looked down on us through the ages as a noble, intellectual woman, true to the traditions of her race and name; but she elected to be all this, and something very different as well. Henceforth we are not to seek her for the most part in courts and palaces, but moving from convent to convent, leading a life of almost monastic simplicity, her food, her dress, her expenditure, reduced to the very simplest and smallest; so that, though by birth connected with all that was highest, and by intellect with all that was noblest in her country, she yet threw in her lot with the poor, became their friend by living for them and like them.' And along with this, she developed and maintained a great circle of friendships with the master minds and strong spirits of her troubled but brilliant day.

The Convent of San Silvestro in Capite, connected with the church of that name on Corso Umberto Primo, has been partly destroyed and partly remodelled to accommodate the new Post and Telegraph Office; and we cannot 'find' Vittoria there. But close beside the Colonna Gardens is the larger Church of San Silvestro, built in 1524, the year before Vittoria was widowed; and we have at least one very definite picture of her there on certain Sunday afternoons after Michelangelo had come into the circle of her friends, listening to a series of lectures on Saint Paul's Epistles, given by Fra Ambrogio, a famous Dominican preacher of Siena; and the chronicle goes on to tell how, after the lectures were over, Vittoria and Michelangelo and some others of her circle, sat in the gardens (doubtless the Colonna Gardens) discussing what they had heard, talking of art and poetry, until the shades of evening closed in on them.

At this time, Vittoria was not far from fifty, and 'her golden hair,' Maud Jerrold thinks, 'of which Galeazzo sang so much, may have faded a little, but her starry eyes would

have been no less luminous; and the years that write so many things upon our faces, must have left on hers the impress of a great purity and an ever-soaring ideal. . . . Bembo said that she had better judgment in poetry than he had found in the greatest and most learned masters; and countless others echoed his opinion. But it is evident that intellectual power was only a small part of her charm, for learning in itself does not make any one lastingly interesting. The people with whom it is good to talk, whose possibilities we do not exhaust, are not those who know most, but those who have thought much and felt deeply; for these are they who have got the keys. The impression that Vittoria left upon all was that she had the supreme gift of making *goodness attractive.*'

A very charming friend of mine who lived for seven years as the house-guest of the Maharanee of Burwan, has told me of the long hours of exquisite discourse and discussion on the Maharanee's fabulously lovely terraces, when her three hundred ladies-in-waiting were assembled to listen to a talk by a noted woman philosopher. My friend is of the deep-quiet sort, furthest imaginable from exclamatory; but she was so moved by the philosopher's conversation that she could not repress the admiration she felt.

'How *beautiful* you are!' she murmured, reverently.

'My dear,' said the philosopher, 'I *ought* to be beautiful! I'm seventy years old.'

I'm sure that Vittoria Colonna had a beauty at fifty which would have been impossible to her or to any one at twenty.

Among her friends before Michelangelo came into her life was Baldassare Castiglione whose portrait by his dear friend Raphael is one of the greatest treasures of the Louvre and so familiar to us all through countless reproductions that I'm sure you'll be glad to 'see' him, with Raphael's magic

which keeps him ever living, ever about to speak, in association with Vittoria. He was 'the ornament in turn of nearly every famous court in Italy, and seems to have been one of those elect souls who are endowed with all the gifts in the world and out of it; the accidents of noble birth and personal beauty are lost sight of in the lustre of his mind and character.' What a tribute! 'Through all his eventful life, his faith, his loyalty, and his devotion shine forth, and no less excellent is the sense of values which placed the good soldier and the most finished gentleman of the age in the forefront of scholarship and literature.'

His great book, the 'Cortegiano,' written to keep alive the glories of the Court of Urbino, is such a monument as every ruler might well wish for. 'The charm, and wit, and wisdom of all those men and women are made alive for us forever, and so enlightened are their sayings that we wonder how succeeding generations should dream of adding anything to their ethics of manners, of letters, of love. Jest and earnest alternate swiftly; we are sometimes kept on the surface and sometimes taken down into the deeps of thought; until we are led up to those farthest heights for which neither moon nor stars would suffice, and so the author created the sunrise of a new day.'

Another of her friends was Cardinal Reginald Pole, whom she comforted with most exquisite tenderness when his aged mother, the Countess of Salisbury, was sent to the headsman's block on Tower Green to satisfy Henry VIII's resentment against her son for opposing his divorce.

But the transcendent friendship of her life was that of Michelangelo, a gaunt, grizzled, unutterably weary old Titan of sixty-odd when she came into his life.

'I was born a rough model,' he said to her, 'and it was for thee to reform and remake me.'

And when they were both gone on, his grand-nephew, the

younger Michelangelo, said that she directed 'his course of life by loveliest ways to heaven.'

In one of the sonnets he wrote to her, qualifying thereby in yet another of the arts, 'gaining a fourth crown,' he said:

'No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold.
Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold.
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal form, the universal mould.

'The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.

''Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love
That kills the soul. Love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.'

So Michelangelo believed that in Heaven he would be a better soul than he could have become without loving Vittoria Colonna.

In February, 1547, she died, probably in the Convent of Sant' Anna de' Funari adjacent to the church of the same name, now demolished. (It was near the Caetani Palaces and the Portico of Octavia, and stood on ground that had been the great Circus of Flaminius, builder of the Flaminian Road.)

Michelangelo was beside her as she crossed the bar.

'I die,' she whispered to him. 'Help me to repeat my last prayer.'

Her voice, which had started so faintly, faded ere the prayer was done, but her lips kept moving to the last, as the sonorous murmur of Michelangelo was the last earthly sound in her ears.

As he ceased, she turned to him as he knelt, holding her

cold hand, and a smile trembled on her lips while she murmured some words that he could not distinguish. A moment later, she was gone.

He survived her nineteen years, lingering to the hoary age of ninety-two. And always he had, regarding her, but one lament: 'Nothing distresses me more than to think that I have seen her dead, and that I have not kissed her forehead and her face as I have kissed her hand.'

The Colonna Palace (those parts of it open to the public) may be seen Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from ten to three. Its splendid halls are quite worthy of a visit, especially the great hall, one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, with the ceiling-painting of that Battle of Lepanto of which you will be further reminded at Venice; and the next one containing twelve water-color landscapes by Poussin.

I doubt if you will care much to visit the Church of the Santi Apostoli, or Holy Apostles, beside the Colonna Palace; but you may be interested to know that for the dome of the older church here, Melozzo da Forli painted those angels with musical instruments which you saw in the Sacristy of Saint Peter's, after having seen reproductions of them without number.

What you must on no account miss doing, however, may now be accomplished by walking north a matter of two streets to the Fontana di Trevi, the most magnificent of the public fountains of Rome, into which you must piously toss a copper to ensure your return to Rome. The efficacy of this I can attest, for I have done it many times.

And this may be the fountain which will put you most easily in the mood to enjoy that lovely symphonic poem of Respighi's, 'The Fountains of Rome,' composed in 1916 and performed for the first time in Rome in 1918 at one of a series of concerts conducted by Toscanini for the benefit of artists who had been disabled by the war. It begins with

the pastoral theme of the Fountain of Valle Giulia at dawn; next comes the Triton Fountain at morn; then, Trevi at midday, and finally, the Villa Medici Fountain at sunset. Try to hear it in Rome, if it is played while you're there.

If I were as near this part of the Corso as the Fontana di Trevi is, I'd walk a 'block' west, to Piazza Colonna, then north in the Corso to Via Condotti and up this engaging thoroughfare (four short blocks) to Piazza di Spagna; and, halfway to the latter, I'd turn to my right in Via Bocca di Leone (Street of the Lion's Mouth) and note Hotel Inghilterra, or d'Angleterre, at number fourteen, which Thackeray liked; and I'd walk the *other* way from Via Condotti on that same Street of the Lion's Mouth, to number forty-three, where the Brownings stayed in 1854, and whence Mrs. Browning wrote:

'We have pleasant music at Mrs. Sartoris's once or twice a week, and have Fanny Kemble come in to talk to us, with the doors shut, we three together. If anybody wants small-talk by handfuls, of glittering dust swept out of salons, here's Mr. Thackeray besides! We have met Lockhart [Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law], and my husband sees a good deal of him. Lockhart says "I like Browning — he isn't at all like a damned literary man."'

And before I got to the Piazza di Spagna, I'd have bought something (I don't think I've ever negotiated those four blocks without a purchase); while, *in* the Piazza I'd almost certainly buy something more. Then I'd look up Via del Babuino, running into Piazza del Popolo, like the Corso, think of all the too-well-known temptations along it to my hotel, and resolutely lift my mind to those delights of Rome which do not so deplete the slim purses of scribes with the wanderlust. Lest I feel too trivial for my shopping madness, I'd recall the elegant Horace Walpole who, when

he came to Rome with his friend Thomas Gray (of Gray's Elegy) in 1739, wrote home:

'I am far gone in medals, lamps, idols, prints, and all the small commodities to the purchase of which I can attain. I would buy the Colosseum if I could.'

Then I'd forget 'medals, lamps, idols, prints,' for a while, because it isn't easy to remember them when one thinks of John Keats, who died here in the house on our right as we look up the Scala di Spagna, or Spanish Stairs.

He never knew the lure of medals and prints — dear lad!

He never walked the streets of Rome, except a few, on the Pincian Hill, at an invalid's slow pace. He never saw the Colosseum except from his travelling-carriage on the November day he entered Rome by the Lateran Gate, coming up from Naples.

His last words on paper were in a letter to his family dated November 30 [1820]:

'I can scarcely bid you good-bye, even in a letter. I always made an awkward bow. God bless you!'

'If I should die,' he had said before he knew that he must, 'I have left no immortal work behind me — nothing to make my friends proud of my memory — but I have loved the principle of Beauty in all things and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered.'

This was the burden of his thought as he lay dying in that little room which is one of the greatest shrines of Rome; as Severn, his devoted friend, nurse, cook, servant, companion, day and night, week in and week out of the short wintry days, ministered to him and tried to console him — playing for him, when words failed, Haydn's symphonies on the piano he had hired for the purpose.

It was on February 14th that he requested that his epitaph be: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'

Ten days later he was gone.

'He died with the greatest ease,' Severn wrote. 'He seemed to go to sleep. On Friday the 23rd at half-past four the approach of death came on. "Severn — I — lift me up, for I am dying. I shall die easy. Don't be frightened! Thank God it has come!" I lifted him up in my arms and the phlegm seemed boiling in his throat. This increased until eleven at night, when he gradually sank into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept — but I cannot say more now. I am broken down beyond my strength, I cannot be left alone. I have not slept for nine days.'

I think of many, many things I'd like to say — and then I remind myself that in 'Adonais' Shelley said them all save one.

He joined Keats too soon to know what we know of Keats's conquest of Rome and of the world; too soon to foresee the throngs of pilgrims, reverent and dewy-eyed, who would visit this house for his sake and for Keats's, and go hence to their last resting-place beside the Aurelian Wall.

There is no line of 'Adonais' you should not repeat softly to yourself or to one other, here in the little rooms from which he took his flight, or there where his last couch is spread. But, lest you have not your Shelley with you, I give you some stanzas of it since I cannot well give it all.

'To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal. — Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

. . . . . .

'O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?

Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

. . . . . .

'He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

. . . . . .

'Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy; 'tis nought
That ages, empires and religions, there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend, — they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey:
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

'Go thou to Rome,— at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;

'And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

'Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! Too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

'The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all his fled! Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting words to speak.

'Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

. . . . . .

'The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.'

Shelley wrote 'Adonais' in late May and early June following Keats's death in February.

'I send you,' he wrote to Severn, the faithful friend, 'the Elegy on poor Keats — and I wish it were better worth your acceptance. . . . In spite of his transcendent genius,

Keats never was, nor ever will be, a popular poet; and the total neglect and obscurity in which the astonishing remnants of his mind still lie, was hardly to be dissipated by a writer, who, however he may differ from Keats in more important qualities, at least resembles him in that accidental one, a want of popularity.

'I have little hope, therefore, that the poem I send you will excite any attention, nor do I feel assured that a critical notice of his writings would find a single reader.'

Little more than a year later, Shelley's bark was driven darkly, fearfully afar, and the soul of Adonais, beaconing from Heaven, had lighted him to the abode where the Eternal are.

Meantime, 'Blackwood's Magazine' had parodied 'Adonais' in 'An Elegy on a Tomcat.' And when the news came of Shelley's drowning, the fact that he had Keats's last volume in his pocket, when his body was washed ashore, was made the occasion for more ribaldry: 'What a rash man Shelley was to put to sea in a frail boat with Jack's poetry on board! Why, man, it would sink a trireme.'

Comment would, it seems to me, be impertinent. The only thing to do for any sentient soul, in those little rooms looking out on the Spanish Stairs, or out on that 'slope of green access,' is to leave it reverently to its own reflections and emotions. There, as much as any place on earth, we find when we drop our plummet line, what deeps are in us — or the reverse.

The only possible things to do after coming out of the house wherein Keats died, are to drive straight out to the 'camp of death' where bivouac those high-hearted ones 'who waged contention with their time's decay'; or to go up the Spanish Stairs (by elevator, if the climb's too much) to the Pincio, and if not into the Villa Medici (Wednesdays and Saturdays, for the exquisite gardens; to enter the

palace, a permit from the director of the French Academy is necessary), at least to the famous fountain outside the gates, for the view of Rome beneath the clipped trees.

Your guide-book will tell you who built the Villa Medici, and when Napoleon bestowed it on the French Academy in Rome. But you are little likely, unless you are a leisurely sojourner in Rome, to find time for a visit to the Villa Medici, lovely as it is, and full as are its stately paths, its glorious rose-gardens, of flitting shades of Berlioz, Gounod, Massenet, and Thomas, of Vernet and Ingres and Carolus Duran and Bouguereau, and others who came hither young and aspiring and went hence to world-wide fame.

What you will certainly do, however, is to go up and 'stand under those old trees before the Villa Medici, beside the ancient fountain facing Saint Peter's distant dome, and dream the great review of history, call up a vast, changing picture at one's feet between the heights and the yellow river.' And here I give you Marion Crawford's vision for your aid:

'First, the broad cornfield of the Tarquin Kings, rich and ripe under the evening breeze of summer that runs along swiftly, bending the golden surface in soft moving waves from the Tiber's edge to the foot of the wooded slope. Then, the hurried harvesting, the sheaves cast into the river, the dry, stiff stubble baking in the sun, and presently the men of Rome coming forth in procession from the dark Servian Wall on the left to dedicate the field to the War God with prayer and chant and smoking sacrifice. By and by the stubble trodden down under horses' hoofs, the dusty plain the exercising ground of young conquerors, the voting place, later, of a strong Republic, whither the centuries (military companies under their centurions) went out to choose their consuls, to decide upon peace or war to declare

the voice of the people in grave matters, while the great signal flag waved on the Janiculum, well in sight though far away, to fall suddenly at the approach of any foe and suspend the "comitia" on the instant. And in the flat and dusty plain, buildings begin to rise; first, the Altar of Mars and the holy place of the infernal gods, Dis and Proserpine; later, the great "Sheepfold," the lists and hustings for the voting, and, encroaching a little upon the training ground, the temple of Venus Victorious and the huge theatre of Pompey, wherein the Orsini held their own so long; but in the times of Lucullus, when his gardens and his marvellous villa covered the Pincian Hill, the plain was still a wide field, and still the field of Mars, without the walls, broken by few landmarks, and trodden to deep white dust by the scampering hoofs of half-drilled cavalry. Under the Emperors, then, first beautified in part, as Cæsar traces the great Septa (where Palazzo Doria now is) for the voting, and Augustus erects the Altar of Peace and builds up his cypress-clad tomb, crowned by his own image, and Agrippa raises his triple temple, and Hadrian builds the Pantheon upon its ruins, while the obelisk that now stands on Monte Citorio before the House of Parliament points out the brass-figured hours on the broad marble floor of the first Emperor's sun-clock and marks the high-noon of Rome's glory. And the Portico of Neptune and many other splendid works spring up; Isis and Serapis have a temple next, and Domitian's race-course appears behind Agrippa's Baths, straight and white. By and by the Antonines raise columns and triumphal arches, but always to southward, leaving the field of Mars a field still, for its old uses; and the tired recruits, sweating from exercise, gather under the high shade of Augustus' tomb at midday for an hour's rest.

'Last of all, the great temple of the Sun, with its vast portico, and the Mithræum at the other end; and when the

walls of Aurelian are built, and when ruin comes upon Rome from the north, the Campus Martius is still almost an open stretch of dusty earth on which soldiers have learned their trade through a thousand years of hard training.

'Not till the poor days when the waterless, ruined city sends its people down from the heights to drink of the muddy stream does Campo Marzo become a town; and then, around the castle-tomb of the Colonna (the Mausoleum of Augustus) and the castle-theatre of the Orsini (Pompey's) the wretched houses begin to rise here and there, thickening to a low, dark forest of miserable dwellings threaded through and through, up and down and crosswise, by narrow and crooked streets, out of which by degrees the lofty churches and palaces of the later age are to spring up. From a training ground it has become a fighting ground, a labyrinth of often barricaded ways and lanes, deeper and darker toward the water-gates cut in the wall that runs along the Tiber, from Porta del Popolo nearly to the island of Saint Bartholomew; and almost all that is left of Rome is crowded and huddled into the narrow pen overshadowed and dominated here and there by black fortresses and brown brick towers. The man who then might have looked down from the Pincian Hill would have seen that sight; houses little better than those of the poorest mountain village in the Southern Italy of to-day, black with smoke, black with dirt, blacker with patches made by shadowy windows that had no glass. A silent town, too, surly and defensive; now and then the call of the water-carrier disturbs the stillness, more rarely, the cry of a wandering peddler; and sometimes a distant sound of hoofs, a far clash of iron and steel, and the echoing yell of furious fighting men — "Orsini!" "Colonna!" — the long-drawn syllables coming up distinct through the evening air to the garden where Messalina died, while the sun sets red behind the spire of

old Saint Peter's across the river, and gilds the huge girth of dark Sant' Angelo to a rusty red, like a battered iron bathed in blood.

'Back come the Popes from Avignon, and streets grow wider and houses cleaner and men richer — all for the Bourbon's Spaniards to sack, and burn, and destroy before the last city grows up, and the rounded domes raise their helmet-like heads out of the chaos, and the broad Piazza del Popolo is cleared, and old Saint Peter's goes down in the dust to make way for the Cathedral of all Christendom as it stands. Then far away, on Saint Peter's evening (June 29th), when it is dusk, the great dome, and the small domes, and the colonnades, and the broad façade are traced in silver lights that shine out quietly as the air darkens. The solemn bells toll the first hour of the June night; the city is hushed, and all at once the silver lines are turned to gold, as the red flame runs in magic change from the topmost cross down the dome, in rivers, to the roof, and the pillars and the columns of the square below — the grandest illumination of the grandest church the world has ever seen.'

PART III
FLORENCE

PART III

FLORENCE

I

YOUR FIRST STROLL IN FLORENCE

In approaching Florence, of whose loveliness we have heard so much, it seems important to me to bear in mind that Florence hasn't the opulent physical beauty of Naples Bay, which appeals to every eye; she hasn't the majesty and grandeur of Rome, the history of twenty-six hundred years, which awes every one and condescends to no one; she hasn't the extraordinary 'made' beauty of Venice, which isn't *real*, isn't like anything else in the world.

Naples is for the eye, and Rome for the intellect, and Venice for the senses. But Florence is for the spirit — for that part of us which isn't just mentality, nor just delight in beauty, but which is the eternal *striving* in us, reaching up through all the stress and bewilderment of life to find a meaning for it all and to satisfy ourselves that in the large plan, the long view, life is right and strife is worth while, and even mistakes and tyrannies play their excellent part like actors in the drama that is working toward the triumph of good.

Florence is full of charm to those who can appreciate her; but she is not the kind of 'pretty, pretty lady' that every one admires. She is intensely feminine, but not with a soft, languorous femininity. She is the type of woman who makes virile history because she knows how to make herself beloved and how to make her lovers see life with vision, to make them undertake great things, and carry forward with

courage. There is nothing of the courtesan about her; she flaunts her loveliness for no one; if you want to feel her ineffable charm, you must know her well, woo her in the right spirit, appreciate her.

This takes time. You can capture Venice or Naples almost by a glance, as it were. Rome you must study, and Florence you must woo. Some persons will tell you that she'll do the courting. She doesn't! She'll show you (Lovely Lady-like) that she has charms and likes to be admired; but she's too wise to make it easy for her suitors. She'll treat every one with graciousness and send him on his way pleasantly impressed; but if you're wise, you won't think you know Florence because you've seen her jewels.

My lectures on Florence are, I believe, the most popular talks I give. Almost everybody is interested in Florence, it seems, and eager to know her; and talking about her to many audiences has taught me a great deal as to what phases of her story make the widest appeal and create the strongest sense of intimate understanding. On this experience I'm relying in these chapters, shaped for the traveller through Florence and not for the sojourner there.

If you were sitting before me, in an audience, I could take you from place to place in Florence as the unfolding of her story makes it the scene or setting of the episode we are recalling. But here, where I'm trying to help you conserve steps and plan your time, I must consider what you can see and do in any reasonable half-day, and what you must 'fill in' by reading, before you start out and after you come back to your room to rest.

If you will turn to your map of Florence, in whatever guide-book you are using, and locate the Ponte Vecchio, we'll take a glance at one or two places associated with the very early history of Florence, and try to get in mind just

enough of that early history to serve us comfortably as we start on our first actual walk.

There isn't a great deal in the far past of Florence that we need to concern ourselves about.

On a hill northeast of Florence is the town of Fiesole (Fee-ay-zo-lay), which was an important Etruscan city and a place of consequence in the days of early Rome — perhaps when Lars Porsena of Clusium was facing Horatius on the bridge; and whether the people of Fiesole came down from their hill for trade in the valley, or were driven down when Julius Cæsar razed their town, some of them stayed on the river-banks (rivers were the highways of commerce) and mingled, none too amicably, with the Roman Knights whom Cæsar left there to found a Roman colony.

In time, the settlement on the Arno became a city, 'another little Rome,' as one of her old chroniclers said, with a capitol and forum where the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele now is. Locate it on your map, please — straight up (north) from the Ponte Vecchio, rather more than halfway to the Batistero, or Baptistery, where stood the temple to Mars, the patron deity of the city.

Note the Ponte alle Grazie now (on the right, or east, of Ponte Vecchio), and how the Via de' Benci leads north from it toward Piazza Santa Croce. Somewhere near where Borgo de' Greci makes a right angle with Via de' Benci, the amphitheatre of the Roman city stood, well outside the walls.

Those walls seem to have served the city (with many repairs, of course) for more than a thousand years; so I think you will like to trace their extent, on your map.

Their southern course was well back from the river-bank. If you will locate Ponte Santa Trinità (west of Ponte Vecchio) and follow Via Tornabuoni north from it to Piazza Santa Trinità, you will see Via della Terme running

off to your right. Along here, the south wall seems to have extended. The north wall was where Via Cerretani now is; the temple to Mars was just inside it. The west wall was about where Via Tornabuoni, north of Piazza Santa Trinità, is to-day. And the east wall seems to have been about where Via del Proconsolo is now; to locate it, run your eye down the map from the east end of the Duomo, or Cathedral. This was the defended citadel of Florence until less than a century before Dante's birth. As in the case of all old cities, after Christianity began to flourish, the outskirts were occupied by religious establishments and by the colonies of people who lived in some sort of relation with them, and who fled within the walls for protection when need arose.

The Christian religion was first preached (tradition says) on the hill above Florence, on the south side of the Arno, where the ancient Church of San Miniato now stands, commemorating the martyrdom of Miniatus who lived there.

When the Roman Empire became officially Christian, under Constantine, the temple to Mars became a Church of Saint John the Baptist, and the statue of Mars was moved from the temple and set up on a tower near the Arno, the Florentines believing that if the statue were broken or dishonored, great harm would come to their city.

In the year 405, when the terrible Goths, two hundred thousand strong, were swarming through Italy, the Florentines ('so little perfect were they as yet in the Holy Faith') thought that their peril was in punishment for moving Mars from his temple. But their Bishop, Zenobius, saved them by his prayers. This greatly strengthened the faith of his flock — but did not diminish their superstition about the statue of Mars.

Five years after Zenobius died, his body was being re-

moved to a new and more honorable place of burial; and as the four bishops who were carrying his remains were passing on the north of the Church of Saint John the Baptist, they were so pressed upon by the people that they fell, and the coffin broke open, scattering the relics. It was January 26, and Florence was in the grip of winter; but as the body touched an elm standing stark beside the temple-church, the tree instantly brought forth flowers and leaves. Witnesses of this miracle carried away root and branch of the elm, but replaced it with a cross-crowned marble column to which, on January 26th for many years thereafter, the clergy used to fasten a green bough, in commemoration. The column you will see when you visit the Baptistery is a comparatively modern one, replacing the original which was destroyed by the flood of 1333.

The Bishop of Florence in 524 seems to have had less faith than Zenobius, or to have used it less effectively; for in the Gothic invasion of that year, all Florence except the temple-church was destroyed — tradition says — and as Mars was thrown into the river by these reckless barbarians, the poor, devastated city lay in ruins until Charlemagne came along, some two hundred and sixty years later, and had Mars fished up and restored to a place of honor near the north bridgehead of the Ponte Vecchio. Then Florence began to flourish.

You may treat this story with what respect you deem it worth; but not to remind yourself of the hold it had upon early Florentines, will be to miss many a fine point in your Dante and in your readings of that great picture-book, Florentine art.

If you will look at the north bank of the Arno between the Ponte Santa Trinità and the Ponte Vecchio, you will locate the Church of Santissimi Apostoli, the oldest building in Florence after the Baptistery, which claims to have been

built under Charlemagne and consecrated by his celebrated archbishop, Turpin, in the presence of Roland and Oliver.

Charlemagne's principal gift to Florence was more in keeping with the statue of Mars than with the Holy Apostles, for he left her a feudal system of Germanic lords, vassals of the Emperors, who kept Tuscany and other parts of Italy in practically constant warfare for more than a thousand years.

Conquests so vast as Charlemagne's could be held on only one plan: what he took by the sword could be kept in subjection to him only by parcelling it among his followers on the system of vassalage, which gave to each chieftain all that he could wring from the lands and cultivators that were his allotment, but obligated him to maintain a certain armed force subject to his Emperor's call. (There was more to the feudal contract than this; but I won't go into it, here, in detail; the essential feature was that lands and properties were granted to those who would hold them 'in fief' for the sovereign and would compensate him with tithes and with military support for offensive or defensive warfare.)

Many excellent institutions of our present social structure were fostered by feudalism; but its injurious effects were also many, and one of the latter was an inevitable result of innumerable small 'standing armies' which had to be kept in condition and practice even when the sovereign had no need of their services. This made it almost an economic necessity to keep one's armed retainers busy in private wars — predatory, retaliatory, and of other sorts. Another disturbing phase of feudalism was that through inheritance, marriage, conquest, and other ways of acquisition, many great lords became vassals of more than one sovereign; and this divided allegiance made men opportunists instead of patriots, and led to many complications.

Charlemagne made Tuscany (which then extended from the Po to the borders of the Roman state) a march or margraviate, whose marquises became so powerful that in course of time they could more or less deliver their allegiance where they would. The lesser nobles to whom they were overlords on much the same terms as the German emperors were theirs, were all Teutonic; and the country round about Florence bristled with their strongholds, which they used much more frequently in their own quarrels than in the upbuilding of a strong state for the Empire.

Among the townsfolk, the Latin blood was still dominant; and the clashes between the Latin producers of wealth, in the city, and the Teutonic nobles who levied on them, were incessant. Mars, sitting in state by the bridgehead of the Ponte Vecchio, had almost perpetual tribute paid to him.

In the tenth century, the lord of a formidable castle, Canossa, a number of miles south of Parma, was made (for some service or other to the Emperor) Count of Reggio and of Modena, two important towns. His son acquired Mantua, Ferrara, and Brescia; and to these, his grandson added the duchy of Spoleto, the county of Parma, and probably that of Cremona, presently being created marquis or margrave of Tuscany. This latter was Boniface, father of Countess Matilda to whose memory you paid your respects in Saint Peter's, Rome, beside her tomb.

Boniface was murdered when Matilda was six years old, and her older brother and sister died within the next three years; so that, at nine, Matilda was left sole heiress of the richest estate in Italy, of which Florence was the capital.

Her mother, who was a Lorrainer, married again, after a short widowhood, Godfrey IV of Lorraine, whose brother was Pope Stephen IX. This caused her, during her regency for Matilda, to cast her lot with the Papacy in its struggles with the Emperor; and when Matilda assumed the reins of

government she was, as you know, an ardent advocate of the Popes, and when she died left all her vast estates to the Holy See. This friendliness for Rome set her at variance with most of the lesser nobles of her domain, but strengthened her relations with the townsfolk.

It was in Matilda's Castle of Canossa, you'll remember, that the German Emperor, Henry IV, was obliged to humble himself before Matilda's guest, Pope Gregory VII (the monk Hildebrand). And Henry's furious resentment of this humiliation extended to Matilda, against whose cities Henry marched in reprisal. Florence was almost the only town of importance in Matilda's domain which not only resisted the Emperor's siege, but repulsed him with considerable loss to his forces. Matilda was a learned lady, an able military commander, and had excellent ideas of statecraft and government.

Her Florentines, who were Latin and loyal to Rome, she encouraged to stand firm against the tyrannical demands of the neighboring nobles who were the Emperor's vassals and adherents.

Some day when you are crossing Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, I think you will want to make for yourself a picture of Matilda holding a court of justice in what had been the Roman Forum, and counselling her Florentines how to maintain their rights, and to extend them. Her active career compelled her to be quite continually on the march, so to speak; and it was essential for her purposes that among the Latin burghers there should be some so skilled in administering justice and resisting tyranny, that they could 'carry on' in her absence those policies of hers to which practically all the nobles thereabouts (the heretofore governing classes) were sworn enemies. And so well did these *boni homines*, or good men, rule Florence, that when Matilda died, and all Italy became divided on the question

THE COUNTESS MATILDA

From the manuscript of Domnizo in the Vatican Library

of whether her estates should go to the Holy See, as she bequeathed them, or to the German Emperor who claimed sovereignty over them, Florence continued, in the name of her people, the government that her 'good men' had exercised in the name of Matilda — when the commune which became the Republic was born. Soon it became so powerful that it was able to destroy many of the feudal castles in the vicinity and to compel numbers of the nobles to come into the city if they would live in protection.

About eighteen years after Matilda's death, the 'good men' began to be called consuls; there were twelve of them, two for each ward of the city, and they were chosen by and of the men of those families who had houses with towers — castles within the city, as it were. You will be hearing a great deal about those towers, while you are in Florence, and there is much of her story that you will not comprehend if you do not get it clear in your mind just what those towers stood for.

Next in strength to 'the men of the towers,' were the men of the guilds or *arti*, who were predominant in the council of one hundred which was somewhat like a house of representatives as related to the senatorial consuls.

The Emperors continued to appoint margraves of Tuscany, but Florence paid only as much heed to any of these as he was able to exact. When one of them had, for instance, Frederick Barbarossa for his sovereign, he could force Florentines to supply troops for the Emperor, and to submit to many rulings of an imperial official called a *potestas*, who resided at San Miniato and was charged with seeing to it that the townsfolk did not make too great inroads upon the rights of the country nobles. A few years later the Florentines elected a Podestà of their own choice and erected in the heart of their city a palace for his residence.

'This struggle,' says Edmund G. Gardner in 'The Story of Florence,' a tenth and revised edition of which (in the Mediæval Towns series) was published in 1924, 'between a landed military and feudal nobility, waning in power and authority, and a commercial democracy of purely Latin descent, ever increasing in wealth and importance, is what lies at the bottom of the contest between Florentine Guelfs and Ghibellines; and the rival claims of Pope and Emperor are of secondary importance, as far as Tuscany is concerned.'

Not to have a clean-cut (even if scantily detailed) comprehension of this struggle, is to grope hopelessly among the streets and palaces of Florence for a key to the meaning of her story.

Now, then, with this brief bit about earliest Florence in mind, suppose you start out for your first saunter along the Lungarno. Don't apologize to me, mentally, if the shops excite you to the exclusion of the Ghibellines. Used as I am to Florence, so that I could almost find my way about her with my eyes shut, my first ecstasies on each new visit to her are always divided between the loveliness of the Arno and the delicious temptations of the shops. (I'm giving no shopping nor hotel guide here, since it is all, with so much else of like sort, in my travel-study course on 'Your Trip to Italy.')

But after a while, one *does* manage to make himself recall that he is standing on soil so storied that earth has few equals of it; that, all his life, he has dreamed about getting to Florence, and now, here he is! Then the multitude of things that he has read and heard, begin to surge upon him; and he becomes intensely wistful to see, to understand, to feel all that encompasses him. He must be dead indeed to the stories of yesteryears who can look at the Ponte Vecchio and the backs of those old houses along Via de' Bardi, and

not yearn to make them tell the story of all that they have seen.

Suppose we 'pretend,' as we stand gazing at the Ponte Vecchio, whose features are so very familiar to us through countless picturings, that this day isn't in the year 1925 (or later), but a brilliant Easter Sunday in 1215. We have on our very best new Spring clothes, and are in a gay, holiday mood.

Florence has new walls now — only some forty-odd years old — and they inclose a much larger area, although it seems small enough for the ninety thousand people who live in it. The site on which the Franciscans will soon build their Church and Monastery of Santa Croce (the Holy Cross) is well outside the new walls on the east; the little old Church of Santa Maria della Vigna which is to be the nucleus of the great Dominican monastery and Church of Santa Maria Novella, is outside the new walls on the west; and the modest oratory of the monks of Vallombrosa which is to evolve into the celebrated San Marco, home of Fra Angelico and of Savonarola, is away out in the country to the north — the north wall running just outside of the Church of San Lorenzo.

You will be well repaid for 'looking up' these points and noting what the extent of the city is, in 1215; for this is the city that Dante is soon to know, and Giotto, and Boccaccio, and Petrarch.

To serve this population of ninety thousand, there are one hundred and ten churches and convents. And about one hundred and fifty of the families living in Florence are 'tower families,' with private fortresses which rear their crenellations in the air sometimes to the height of two hundred feet.

The skyline bristles with the far forerunners of the twentieth-century skyscrapers. And in the narrow, canyon-

like streets, our fellow-citizens live packed pretty close — as many members of one family as can get together in a street or neighborhood, doing so, for mutual protection. On the south bank of the river, with only a few fortifications of its own, is the part of Florence called Oltr' Arno (or Across the Arno) where some of the noble families live, side by side with many poor neighbors. The Bardi, for instance, are residents of Oltr' Arno; and twenty-three families of them have twenty-three palaces in the one little street close to the river, which bears their name.

Another family living over there is that of the Buondelmonti; and 'a right winsome and comely knight' of that family is to be married this morning. The circumstances are extraordinary. For this Buondelmonte dei Buondelmonti was betrothed to a maiden of the Amidei, related to some of the most powerful nobles of Tuscany. (On your left, as you walk, presently, up Via Por Santa Maria, you will pass, soon after you leave the Ponte Vecchio, what remains of one of the towers of the Amidei, whose palace was close to the bridgehead and the statue of Mars; while some of the kinsmen of our young bridegroom had towers here, too — close to that Church of Santissimi Apostoli, which claims Charlemagne as its founder.) But he jilted her, and plighted his troth to a girl of the Donati family (of whose daughters we shall hear considerable, as we turn the pages of Florence's story), and this morning, set for the wedding, there is a flutter of excitement in the city, of speculation as to whether the jilted girl's kinsmen will allow the wedding to take place.

If we are in their confidence, we may know that they and their sympathizers, after hearing mass in the old Church of San Stefano, across the way, have gathered in the Amidei Palace to wait for the bridegroom, who is riding across the Ponte Vecchio, 'dressed nobly in a new robe all white and

on a white palfrey,' his head garlanded and his heart beating high.

Perhaps we know what is coming. Perhaps we are surprised when we see the Amidei and their friends rush from the palace by the bridgehead and fall upon the bridegroom, stabbing him to death with their daggers, at the foot of the statue of Mars.

Straightway, the whole city is in tumult. The body of the 'winsome and comely knight,' his white wedding-garments blood-stained from many a wound, is placed on a bier and carried through the streets, the tearful bride supporting the head whose garland lies trampled in the roadway. Everybody takes sides — for the jilted girl and her avengers, or for the murdered knight. The girl's partisans number many of those nobles whom a much later chronicler of our old Florence (Hewlett) will designate as 'German robbers by origin, now feudatories of the Empire, but no less German and no less thieves'; whereas those of us who are indignant at their high-handedness, are, for the most part, descendants of the Florentines who defended our city and our Countess Matilda against the irate and vengeful German Emperor.

Guelf and Ghibelline, in effect, has our city been these hundred years and more, but the lines of cleavage have never been so sharp as they are now. Everybody, it seems, must be on one side or on the other; and a bitter, bloody strife is inaugurated, this sunshiny Easter Day, that will cause Dante, writing of it in 1300, to cry:

> 'O Buondelmonti! What ill counselling
> Prevailed on thee to break the plighted bond?
> Many, who now are weeping, would rejoice,
> Had God to Ema given thee, the first time
> Thou near our city camest. But so was doomed.
> Florence! on that maimed stone which guards the bridge,
> The victim, when thy peace departed, fell.'

(The Ema is the river which the first of the Buondelmonti crossed when he left his native town to come up to Florence. And the 'maimed stone' is the statue of Mars rescued by Charlemagne from the river-bed.)

For some four and thirty years of a feud which grew increasingly bitter as the participants knew less and less of the love-affair which served as a pretext for its beginning, Florence stayed in the control of the Guelfs, the adherents of Matilda and of Buondelmonti. Then the Ghibelline nobles got the upper hand, aided by troops of the Emperor, and held it until the Emperor died. He was Frederick II, at whose death came the era of confusion and great change which brought the tragic episodes of Manfred and of Conradin; and also the advent of Charles of Anjou who came at the Pope's instance to strengthen the Guelf cause in Italy.

The imperial power was at low ebb, then, and Florence took advantage of it to establish a democratic constitution and set up a government 'of the People, for the People, and by the People.' This lasted ten years. Then the Ghibellines triumphed again, 'the ancient people of Florence was broken and annihilated,' the Guelf leaders and their supporters, with their families, fled the city, and the Ghibellines came in. The Guelf houses were razed and the enraged Imperialists were stopped only by the eloquence of one of their own number from wiping out of existence the city which had made so much trouble for Germany. And in the years of sullen despotism which followed, Dante was born.

His father was probably a notary, of good family claiming descent from the Romans; he was a Guelf, and that one of the seven Greater Guilds to which he belonged (the Judges and Notaries) was very influential in all the affairs of Florence. His house was in the Sesto (or Ward) of San

Piero Maggiore, which I hope you will now locate, on your map, by drawing an imaginary line due east from the old market-place and forum, now called Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, to where you see Casa dei Alighieri, or House of the Alighieri. In this section of Florence lived most of the families with whom Dante Alighieri was closely associated: the Cerchi and Donati, the Portinari (Beatrice's family) and the Cavalcanti. When Dante was a young man, his ward was known in Florence as 'the Scandal Section.' The Portinari had their house where the Palazzo Salviati now stands; and the Donati (of whom was Dante's wife, Gemma) were even nearer neighbors of his.

Dante was born in May, 1265. It is one of the dates I think every one should make an effort to remember. In that year, Charles of Anjou entered Italy; and when, the following February, he annihilated Manfred's army at Benevento, many of the gallant fighters with whose aid Charles won his victory, were Guelfs exiled from Florence.

'These men cannot lose to-day,' Manfred is said to have exclaimed as he saw them advancing into battle. And the victory they won was far-reaching and long-enduring; that year, the Ghibelline power at Florence was broken, their leaders were expelled or put to death, and under the suzerainty of Charles of Anjou, King of Naples and Sicily, the Republic of Florence entered upon an era richer in the development of genius than almost any other the world has ever known.

If it chance that, on your first Florence stroll, you have wandered up Por Santa Maria, from the scene of the Buondelmonti murder, to the Mercato Nuovo (occupying what used to be the square of the silk-merchants and money-changers) you may like to turn east in Via Porta Rossa and Via Condotta till you come to Via dei Cerchi and take the latter up to Via Dante Alighieri and Dante's house;

then make your way back (west) to Via dei Calzaioli, or the Street of the Stocking-Makers, one of the minor guilds of Florence. This street will lead you to the Baptistery, the Duomo (Cathedral), the Campanile or Bell-Tower of Giotto, and the Bigallo.

Suppose that, instead of trying to 'take in' all this group of buildings, with their history and their beauties which alike are matter for volumes, you don't try to do more, at first, than imagine yourself coming here — perhaps with a group of children from the Sesto of San Piero — on the afternoon of Pentecost, 1266.

There is no Campanile and no Bigallo and no big Duomo. The Cathedral of Florence is the octagonal Church of Saint John the Baptist, which was once (they say) the Temple of Mars, erected to commemorate Rome's victory over the Etruscans from Fiesole. Steps lead up to it from the low-lying churchyard. And at the font of this ancient church all the children of Florence are baptized.

Many babies are to be brought to-day, and you are especially interested in the baptism of one of your new neighbors, the girl-baby of the Portinari, a young couple who have suffered many vicissitudes in these recent years so troublous, but are now supremely happy in their love and its first flower.

Here they come, attended by a group of friends and relatives, and preceded by Tessa, the nurse, carrying the baby on a white silk cushion. The parents — each of them twenty-one years old — kneel on the steps of the octagonal font, holding lighted tapers which flicker in the soft, warm breeze stealing in through the open doors. The priest, standing inside the font, holding the baby, bends toward her father and asks her name. There is a moment's pause; then young Portinari says, softly, 'Beatrice'; the tiny body is dipped, then anointed, and children all in white (you, too,

perhaps!) come forward and crown the baby head with Spring flowers. Beatrice! 'She who confers blessing!'

Suppose, now, that you let seven years slip by. Folco Portinari has prospered in business (that wool-weaving and cloth-making which was one of the richest crafts of Florence) and has become a man of some consequence in the city. This is May Day, and he is having a party to which many of his neighbors are bidden, including the Notary, Alighieri, and his motherless lad, Dante, a shy, studious boy who joins little in the children's sports of the neighborhood.

On this day there is written in Dante's book of memory, he tells us, a rubric saying 'Here beginneth the new life,' 'when first the glorious Lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes; even she who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore.'

Whether he means that he actually has not seen his little neighbor before (which seems improbable) or that he has not recognized her as 'the glorious Lady' of his mind, we do not know. But to-day, as he watches her, in her 'dress of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age,' he is filled with worship; and his inner voice tells him: 'Now is your beatitude made manifest unto you.'

'From that time forward,' he tells us in his story of this 'New Life,' 'Love quite governed my soul. . . . He oftentimes commanded me to seek if I might see this youngest of the Angels: wherefore I in my boyhood often went in search of her, and found her so noble and praiseworthy that certainly of her might have been said those words of the poet Homer, "She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God."'

Not long after this dawn of his 'New Life,' Dante lost his

father and was left in straitened circumstances. 'His education was secured through the benevolence of the Secretary of the Florentine Republic, who sent the young Alighieri to a monastic school where he thoroughly improved his opportunities.

When Dante was fifteen, Florence became so much further democratized that her government was placed entirely in the hands of the seven Greater Guilds, or leading Trade Unions. The Signoria, or Council, was composed of the priors of those guilds. 'Henceforth,' says one Florentine historian, 'the Republic is properly a republic of merchants, and only he who belongs to the Guilds can govern it: every grade of nobility, ancient or new, is more a privation than a privilege.'

And life, as in most new republics, was simple. 'The men wore leathern garments, with heavy boots and long cloth caps; the women, a long serge or camlet tunic of crimson, girt about the waist with a worked leather belt, with a hooded cloak lined with miniver. Women of the poorer classes wore a similar garment of green cloth. Wooden trenchers were used at table, and few families possessed more than two or three cups or goblets. Poor families at table would all eat from the same dish; amongst the wealthier there would be a principal dish for the man and his wife, the rest would share from another. Candles were unknown, so that servants held lanterns or torches to light the table. The meat was usually served in a stew, and could be afforded by the poorer people only two or three times a week; the bread was coarse and eaten stale. Gold or silver ornaments, and jewellery, were almost unknown; and the extravagance of men showed itself chiefly in fine horses, or rich armor and weapons. The interiors of the houses were dark and gloomy, for the windows were small, and almost the only decoration was heavy carved panels. The treasures of the household

were mostly arms or accoutrements for war, with occasionally metal sconces and lanterns, and massive timber chests. But here and there a family possessed two or three books, in beautiful black-letter writing on thick discolored parchment, bound in metal-cornered covers of embossed leather.'

(I quote from 'Stories from Dante,' by Susan Cunnington, which I commend to you for reading before you go to Florence.)

And now let us revert to Dante's own story of his 'New Life':

'After the lapse of so many days that nine years exactly were completed since the above-written appearance of this most gracious being [in her father's house, on May-day], on the last of those days it happened to me that the same wonderful lady appeared to me dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies elder than she. And passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed; and by her unspeakable courtesy she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness. And because it was the first time that any word from her reached mine ears, I came into such sweetness that I parted thence as one intoxicated.'

It was after this meeting, and the dream consequent upon it, that Dante said:

'Musing on what I had seen, I proposed to relate the same (the vision) to many poets who were famous in that day: and for that I had myself in some sort the art of discoursing with rhyme, I resolved on making a sonnet, in the which, having saluted all such as are subject unto Love, and entreated them to expound my vision, I should write unto them those things which I had seen in my sleep.'

For that ineffably lovely sequence of sonnets which now began to flow from young Alighieri's pen, I must refer you

to Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation, a tiny copy of which would tax your luggage-space scarcely at all, and give you many rapt reveries in Florence.

When Beatrice was grown to an age for marriage, her parents deemed that the most suitable for her of all Florence's eligible young men was Simone de' Bardi, of the wealthy family which had made its first fortune in wool-weaving and had then become bankers and were now the custodians of the papal funds.

Simone was good-looking, well-educated, gallant. He came of age on January 8, 1286, and one week later he and Beatrice Portinari were married at the Baptistery.

At that time there were hard-and-fast restrictions on what one might do with money in the Florentine Republic. Not more than two hundred guests might be invited to a wedding feast; their names, qualities, and habitations must be listed and submitted to the State Treasury officials. The cook must tell just what he expected to serve. He was not permitted more than seven pounds of veal for every twenty guests, and there were similar limitations on the amounts of poultry, baked meats, pastries, etc.

What Dante thought of the marriage of his Lady, he does not tell us. Perhaps he had never aspired to more than the privilege of worshipping her secretly and from afar. Maurice Hewlett thought that Beatrice was piqued at Dante's 'half-perished valor.' Many persons will tell you, promptly, that if Dante had been more valorous and had wed Beatrice, we should have had no 'Divine Comedy,' or at least a very different sort. There are even those who would tell you that while here in Florence where Robert Browning wrote 'One Word More.'

Beatrice went to live in the Via de' Bardi, and busied herself in charities and other high-minded affairs. Her father, at the instigation of Tessa, Beatrice's old nurse,

BEATRICE DENYING HER SALUTATION
By Dante Gabriel Rossetti

now founded the first hospital ever given to Florence by an individual — Spedale di Santa Maria Nuova — and Beatrice seems to have been deeply engrossed in the project, as well as with her private benevolences.

She came, Dante tells us, 'into such favor with all men, that when she passed anywhere folk ran to behold her; which thing was a deep joy to me: and when she drew near unto any, so much truth and simpleness entered into his heart, that he dared neither to lift his eyes nor to return her salutation: and unto this, many who have felt it can bear witness. She went along crowned and clothed with humility, showing no whit of pride in all that she heard and saw: and when she had gone by, it was said of many, "This is not a woman, but one of the beautiful angels of Heaven."'

In 1289, slavery was abolished in Florence, and Beatrice was one of the first to reorganize her household on the new basis. In that year, too, her young husband was called to fight the Guelf cause for Charles II of Anjou, and rode away with Beatrice's scarf bound on his right arm. Thereafter, she was often in the Bardi tower, gazing down the road for couriers bringing news. He and Dante may have fought side by side in the battle of Campaldino, on June 11th, wherein the Ghibelline nobles of the country around Florence were defeated so utterly that they never again recovered a hold upon the Republic.

On the last day of that year, Folco Portinari died; and Beatrice was 'made full of the bitterness of grief' to such extent that one of her women friends said in Dante's presence — he having come to the house of mourning — that 'one might die for pity, beholding her.' In the June of the next year, Beatrice followed her father into Paradise.

'After this most gracious creature had gone out from among us,' Dante says, 'the whole city came to be as it were widowed and despoiled of all dignity.'

In 1292, when he was twenty-seven, Dante married Gemma Donati, another girl of his neighborhood, of 'the Scandal Section,' and began to take an active part in politics. He matriculated in the guild called Medici e Speziali which included among the 'Speziali' painters and booksellers, and became eligible to the highest offices of city government.

The year following Dante's marriage, a noble of demagogic tendencies, Giano della Bella, induced the Florentines to enact that no man of noble family, even though engaged in trade and a member of one of the guilds, could hold office as a prior. (The government of the city was by six *priori* of the greater guilds.) And this did much to precipitate those bitter factional struggles between the Blacks and the Whites which divided the city almost into armed camps, cost immeasurable suffering, and led to Dante's exile. The Blacks were those who espoused the side of the nobles; and their leader was Corso Donati, one of Gemma's kinsmen. Dante himself, while favoring certain modifications in the new 'Ordinances,' was of the Whites, or People's Party. The Pope was for the nobles.

In 1300, the first Anno Santo, Dante was one of the six priors governing Florence when a Cardinal-Ambassador arrived from Pope Boniface VIII to 'mediate' between the Blacks and Whites. The heads of each faction were banished from the capital, and among them was Dante's dearest friend, the poet, Guido Cavalcanti, who in exile wrote the little poem beginning:

'Because I think not ever to return,
Ballad, to Tuscany, —
Go therefore thou for me
Straight to my lady's face,
Who, of her noble grace,
Shall give thee courtesy.'

And of a fever he contracted in the place of his banish-

ment, Guido died, soon after his return was permitted. What grief this must have been to Dante, we may imagine. But Dante was now overwhelmed with griefs. His party was denounced as enemies of the Pope because against them were arraigned the Guelf nobles who were the Papacy's strong supporters.

The exact circumstances of Dante's leaving Florence, we do not know. One story is that he went to Rome on an embassy to the Pope, and while there learned that he had been charged, at Florence, with peculation of public funds; and, because he was not there to defend himself, he was condemned to pay a heavy fine. His accusers knew that he could not appear, and that the fine was more than he could pay. Furthermore, they contrived to get a merciless default judgment against him, to the effect that unless the fine were paid within three days, his property was to be 'destroyed and laid waste' and he was to be burned alive if ever he fell into the hands of the Florentine Republic.

It was probably at the end of September, 1300, that Dante, early in his thirty-sixth year, looked his last on Florence and passed into an exile of one and twenty years.

'Since it was the pleasure of the citizens of the most beautiful and most famous daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth from her most sweet bosom (in which I was born and nourished up to the summit of my life, and in which, with her good will, I desire with all my heart to rest my weary soul and end the time given me), I have gone through almost all the parts to which this language extends, a pilgrim, almost a beggar, showing against my will the wound of fortune.'

Dante was not alone in his banishment; all the other leaders of the White Guelfs (the moderate democrats, we might call them) shared his fate; and, smarting under the injustice of their treatment at the hands of the Pope's

supporters, they 'went over' to the Ghibellines and became allies of the Emperor's party.

'We must consider,' says Arthur John Butler in his admirable Dante article in the Encyclopædia Britannica, 'if we would understand the real nature of Dante's Ghibellinism, that he had been born and bred a Guelf; but he saw that the conditions of the times were altered, and that other dangers menaced the welfare of his country. There was no fear now that Florence, Siena, Pisa, Arezzo should be razed to the ground in order that the castle of the lord might overlook the humble cottages of his contented subjects; but there was danger lest Italy should be torn in sunder by its own jealousies and passions, and lest the fair domain bounded by the sea and the Alps should never properly assert the force of its individuality, and should present a contemptible contrast to a united France and a confederated Germany. Sick with petty quarrels and dissensions, Dante strained his eyes towards the hills for the appearance of a universal monarch, raised above the jars of faction and the spur of ambition, under whom each country, each city, each man, might, under the institutions best suited to it, lead the life and do the work for which it was best fitted. . . . In this sense and in no other was Dante a Ghibelline. The vision was never realized — the hope was never fulfilled. Not till five hundred years later did Italy become united and the "greyhound of deliverance" chase from city to city the wolf of cupidity. But is it possible to say that the dream did not work its own realization, or to deny that the high ideal of the poet, after inspiring a few minds as lofty as his own, has become embodied in the constitution of a state which acknowledges no stronger bond of union than a common worship of the exile's indignant and impassioned verse?'

It is exceedingly difficult, when writing of Dante's Flor-

ence, to know when or where to leave off. But we must, I know, be on our way down through the centuries and the rest of Florence's Hall of Fame.

Florence, in his young manhood, saw the foundations laid for many of the superb structures which have been her glory ever since. The Cathedral was begun in 1296, the Palazzo Vecchio two years later, Santa Croce two years earlier. The first stone of the present Church of Santa Maria Novella was laid in 1278.

The Church of Santa Trinità was ancient in Dante's day; as were San Stefano and Santissimi Apostoli. The Bargello was where he ruled, briefly, and was ruled against.

Of the bridges we know to-day, only the Ponte delle Grazie (east of the Ponte Vecchio) was trod by Dante's feet. It was called the Rubaconte then.

Some of the old towers of his day, and earlier, still exist in the truncated height (ninety-five feet) to which they were reduced by Guelf decree.

If you chance to be staying at Pension Piccioli, at Number One Via Tornabuoni, you are housed in a palace that Dante knew; and Number Six Piazza Santa Trinità (close by) is believed to have belonged to Buondelmonte who was murdered at Ponte Vecchio.

One of the things I would have you do very early in your Florence stay is to walk east out of this Piazza Santa Trinità (which is to Florence what Piazza di Spagna is to Rome: the heart of the Strangers' Quarter) through Via Porta Rossa to Number Nine where you will find Palazzo Davanzati, restored and refurnished in the fourteenth-century manner so that we need take with us only a very modest amount of imagination wherewith to whisk ourselves back into the life of a day not much later than Dante's nor very different from his day.

No matter how brief your Florence stay is to be, this

palace is (in my opinion) one of the places you should not miss. It is open from nine to three, for a small fee; and there is an elevator by which you may ascend to the roof. It is within a stone's throw of Cook's, the American Express office, and the tea-rooms most frequented by visitors; yet I doubt if one tourist in a hundred sees it, or knows of its existence, although those who do see it are unanimous in declaring it one of the most interesting sights in Italy.

Of Dante's contemporaries in Florence besides the ones we have mentioned, those most important for us to have in mind during a brief stay are Cimabue and Giotto, Arnolfo di Cambio, Orcagna, and the Pisani. Boccaccio and Petrarch knew Florence after he had left it.

Concerning Cimabue, the Father of Florentine painting, the master of Giotto, we know very little. Running north from the transept of Santa Croce is a narrow street called Via Borgo Allegri which is popularly believed to owe its name to the rejoicing of the people when Charles of Anjou went there to visit the studio of Cimabue and see the Madonna Cimabue was painting for the Rucellai Chapel in the Church of Santa Maria Novella. The King of England owns a beautiful painting by Lord Leighton, showing Cimabue's Madonna being carried through the streets of Florence.

Dante, writing of the fickleness of fame, said in his Purgatorio:

> 'Cimabue thought
> To lord it over painting's field; and now
> The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed.'

Cimabue had just died when Dante went into exile; Giotto was still a very young man, being some ten years Dante's junior. When Giotto painted the portrait of Dante that is in the Chapel of the Bargello, we can only guess; but it was probably in the summer of 1300, when Dante was

Prior. And a fourteenth-century writer tells us that when Giotto was painting the Arena Chapel at Padua, in 1306, Dante was his honored guest. It was after this that Giotto painted the two Chapels of Santa Croce which are almost all that Florence retains of his work as a painter. One of these is the Chapel of the Bardi, the family into which Beatrice Portinari married.

(The Campanile, always called Giotto's, he did not live to see risen above the first story; but the design of it was largely his.)

Arnolfo di Cambio, who designed Santa Croce, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Duomo (Cathedral), was about the age of Dante's father, but was still hard at work when Dante ceased to know Florence. He was undoubtedly an acquaintance of Dante's, if not a friend.

Orcagna was not born until after Dante's exile; he was painter, sculptor, architect, like Giotto. That work of his which you must see, in Florence, is his Tabernacle in Or San Michele. This is in Via dei Calzaioli,the street up and down which you will pass many times, between the Loggia dei Lanzi and the Baptistery. The best light for seeing this most interesting interior is about 10 A.M. And be sure to give at least a few minutes to the niches of the guilds and their patron saints, on the exterior of the church. Your guide-book gives you all the details, so I won't repeat them. (This may, however, be as good a place as any to tell you that a most excellent little guide-book whose English is sometimes as clumsy as its title indicates — 'Artistical Guide to Florence' — but whose information is copious and reliable, may be had in any Florence bookshop for seven lire, which is about thirty-two cents as I write. It can be slipped into almost any pocket, and is even easier to carry about than one's Baedeker or Bertarelli. I can testify to its helpfulness, and do so with all heartiness. My copy is

of constant service to me, even though I have so many Florence guide-books.)

Orcagna was a pupil of Andrea Pisano, sculptor of the earliest of the famous bronze doors of the Baptistery and co-worker with Giotto on the sculptures of the Campanile.

The earliest and greatest of the Pisani (or sculptors who designated themselves as Pisans although it is not certain that any of them were natives of Pisa) was Niccolò who wrought the celebrated pulpits at Pisa and Siena, the fountain at Perugia, and was also a great architect and engineer. Of Niccolò's Pisan pulpit (finished about five years before Dante's birth) it has been said that 'out of it issued forth, as from an Ark, all the great sculptors of Tuscany.' Cotterill says that 'the reliefs on this pulpit offer the first truly artistic treatment of a Christian subject in Italian sculpture; and the sudden, unheralded apparition of this work of noble design and classical technique at a time when in Italy — anyhow in North Italy — the sculptor's art was in a state of almost hopeless degeneracy, is a startling fact.' The wonder excited by this pulpit and those succeeding works wherein Niccolò was assisted by his son Giovanni, must have been no small factor in the background of Dante's youth.

Giovanni was architect of the beautiful Campo Santo at Pisa and of Siena Cathedral; and sculptor of the pulpit in the Church of Sant' Andrea at Pistoia.

Architectural and sculptural beauty of a very great order was developing in Florence at the same time with the fathers of modern painting (Cimabue and Giotto) and the three greatest writers Italy has ever produced: Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio.

With this in mind as to Florence in Dante's day, it is interesting to think of Naples under the splendor-loving Angevin Kings who were such ardent patrons of the arts.

The Papal Court moved to Avignon in 1309, while Dante — also in exile — was writing his Divine Comedy.

In France, Philip IV, 'the Fair,' was controlling the Papacy, extirpating the Templars, and greatly strengthening the power of the French crown.

In England, Edward I was busy with his Welsh and Scottish Wars (the early years of Dante's exile were the years of William Wallace's struggles for Scottish nationalism) and, later, Edward II, married to Philip the Fair's daughter Isabelle, was watching the youth of his son who, as Edward III, was to claim the crown of France and inaugurate the Hundred Years' War. (Philip the Fair was succeeded by three sons, none of whom left an heir; so Isabelle, their sister, claimed the throne for her son, Edward. It went, instead, to Philip of Valois, whose house was regnant in France until another King — Henry II — was succeeded by three sons none of whom left an heir; and then the Bourbons began to rule, with Henry IV.)

I don't know how much you may care for this sort of reminder. But as for me, I find it of great interest and helpfulness.

There are just four periods of Florentine history that I find it supremely important to have well in mind when visiting Florence and reading about her; and the Dante period is preëminent among them.

II

YOU BEGIN GETTING ACQUAINTED

YOUR strolls in Dante's Florence will take you from the Baptistery and the Duomo to the Via Bardi and other near parts of Arno's south bank; and between Ponte alle Grazie — which he knew as Ponte Rubaconte — and Ponte Santa Trinità.

In this same area you will find many of the most alluring shops and the popular tea-rooms; so that you need not feel *too* deep in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries as you make your way about. Here, also, you will find the Uffizi Gallery into which I hope you will not hasten too soon, since its treasures mean more to us in proportion to what we know about the Florence which called them into being.

I do not go so far as Maurice Hewlett when he says that 'the Uffizi, then, may be considered as one vast shambles, where two thousand Madonnas and two thousand Bimbi are strangling each other.' But I go a long way with him when he says:

'I think that despair may well fill the heart of the traveller when he enters the great Uffizi rectangle, and sees before him the leagues of imprisoned pictures, torn all of them from their sometime homes and flowering-places, and pinned to these walls. As well study men in a troop-ship, or plants in a botanist's cabinet, as works of art in such a place! A "Birth of Venus" which may have seemed a very mystery of sea, shore, and quiet dawn upon the wide walls of the villa, cramped into a cell exactly big enough to hold it, terrified into drab nonentity by a crimson and blue "Coronation" on one side of it and a magenta and yellow tapestry on the

other. . . . "Adorations," "Conceptions," "Nativities," "Assumptions" — alas! what are they doing here . . . brazening it out like tavern signs?'

Without having a tithe of Maurice Hewlett's ability as a connoisseur of art, I have dared to feel that galleries are the poorest sort of places to enjoy art; and that a great deal of the eye-strain and backache and foot-soreness incurred by the average traveller in trying to 'do' the Uffizi in a morning might be incurred in a better cause or avoided altogether.

This does not mean that I would have any intelligent traveller spend even a very short while in Florence without visiting the galleries. But that I would have him steep himself as well as may be in Florence and try his best to get the point of view of the Florentines who created immortal beauty, and of the others who made great rejoicing when beauty was created. I'd take my dear friend who was new-come to Florence to Santa Maria Novella to see the Cimabue Madonna of the Ruccellai Chapel, and to the Borgo Allegri, where it was painted; and I'd describe as well as I could the Leighton canvas which the King of England owns; and do all that is in my power to re-create the thirteenth-century city we talked about in our last chapter, before I thought of taking my newcomer to the Uffizi. I'd take her to other places, too — as I shall take you. And then, not too precipitately, we'd make our modest attack on the Uffizi, the Pitti, the Accademia, and try to see in each of them a very few treasures with which we could linger long enough to feel a definite acquaintance.

Let us suppose that your first day's stroll in Florence has taken you along the Arno to the Ponte Vecchio, up Por Santa Maria and Via Calimara to the Baptistery; perhaps down Via dei Calzaioli to Via Dante Alighieri and over into 'the Scandal Section,' and then to the Bargello. (Mind that you get to the Bargello soon after two o'clock, though; for

it closes at four. And to do this with economy of time and steps, you should lunch at Melini's, 13 Via dei Calzaioli; or Moderno, 5 Via Lamberti, across from the south side of Or San Michele.) The Bargello will give you the 'feeling' of fourteenth-century Florence. I won't enter into details about it here; since they are so fully given in all guide-books. And if you have time for two visits to it, I urge that you see only the building to-day, and come back later for the Museo.

Across Via del Proconsolo from the Bargello is the Badia or Abbey of Saint Stephen, where (and not in San Stefano, near the Via Por Santa Maria, as is frequently stated) Boccaccio lectured on the 'Divine Comedy,' in 1373 — with small success in making its splendors appreciated; for he wrote:

> 'But of all this there is no gain at all
> Unto the thankless souls with whose base ends
> Nothing agrees that's great or generous.'

If you have been strolling and looking since ten o'clock or so, with only an hour's interval for luncheon, you must be ready at four o'clock for a long restful drive; so I suggest that you hail the first available *vettura* or horse-drawn taxi, and say 'San Miniato' to the driver (San Min-ee-ah'-to). He will take you across the Ponte alle Grazie and either up or down by the Viale dei Colli, one of the most beautiful drives in Italy.

You may or may not care for the beautiful and storied old Church of San Miniato; but you will certainly be entranced with the view from the Piazzale Michelangelo, just below the church. But don't take this drive unless the afternoon is clear and gives promise of a fine sunset.

Once upon a time, in a novel of mine which is now out of print ('The Keys of Heaven'), I paid my humble tribute to that sunset hour on the Piazzale where stands 'the colossal

bronze of Michelangelo's "David," silhouetted against the glowing sky and seeming higher than the Apennines which bend their shoulders eternally behind the immortal youth. Across the silver river, beneath Santa Croce's roof, the venerated dust lies of that most world-weary old, old man whose joy in young manhood's beauty gave, when he himself was young, this triumphant David to mankind.

'Standing above Florence, as any day of her history passes into eternity, one thinks first of all of how many memorials to their undying love of her her citizens and her guests have been privileged to leave in that fair city after their spirits took flight to the city not made with hands. Every bit of love her beauty has inspired is somehow enshrined there still — if not the actual masterpiece, at least the memory of its accomplishment. She treasures every token of her admirers, that gracious lady whose head is never so turned with adoration that she does not happily disclose all her best charms to each eager new lover who woos her as she wills to be wooed.

'Then, wondrously, the city that was and is, seems like a lovely antechamber of the City that ever shall be. Arno, on her way to Pisa and the Ligurian Sea, becomes a street of pure gold passing between walls of jacinth and beryl and amethyst and emerald to that great glory where God sits enthroned above the praising cherubim.

'Silently they watch, who line the terrace brim, each heart aware of its own wistfulness.

'Next, Arno is a blood-red way, remindful of the path to glory and the heart's desire.

'The stillness grows the more profound.

'Red fades to rose, then pearly pink. The purple mountains drape themselves in vapory veils of such shades as arbutus wears. Lily-like towers blush in the presence of so much majesty. And pointed cypresses bristle like spear points advancing on heaven's battlements.

'The pregnant moments pass and no one counts them. Then, in a sky colored like the lining of the deep sea's loveliest shell, a pin-prick of starlight — another world! — shines through. And above the downy tree-tops of the Cascine, the crescent moon hovers, reluctant, like all young things, to go to bed.'

When one comes down from a sunset hour on that Piazzale, it is as if he had been on a mount of heavenly vision, lifted above this world's strifes and pettinesses and permitted to see life from the viewpoint of those who have learned what it is all about and in their knowledge are ineffably content.

Let us, then, further suppose that you have begun your second day's ramble at Palazzo Davanzati, and have, on issuing forth, followed Via Porta Rossa to its termination at Via dei Calzaioli, then turned south into Piazza della Signoria, where the Palazzo Vecchio is and the Loggia dei Lanzi; where the original of Michelangelo's 'David' stood for centuries (and is replaced by a copy now, the original being in the Accademia); and where Savonarola was burned.

The Palazzo Vecchio, begun in the days of Dante's political career, was built as the Palace of the People, to house their Priors — those members of the Guilds who constituted the Signoria or the democratic government. The Bargello, on the other hand, while built a generation earlier for practically the same use, was taken by the Ghibelline conqueror for his residence, at the time (five years before Dante's birth) when the Guelfs were defeated, the first Florentine Republic crushed, and the houses of its exiled leaders razed to the ground; and thereafter it was for a long time the residence of the Podestà and his retainers, the headquarters of that 'government from outside' to which the burghers had to submit in all matters that were not city government.

You may visit the lower part of the Palazzo Vecchio now, and save the upper floors for a later day (midway between your visits to the Riccardi Palace and the Pitti is the ideal time for it) or see it all at once, as your time permits and inclination prompts.

My recommendation is that you give your attention, on your first visit to this piazza, to a general survey of the palace from the outside, and a close scrutiny of the Loggia dei Lanzi. (After you have been to San Marco, you will care more about the Savonarola scenes here; and after you have left San Marco and visited the Accademia, where the original 'David' is, you will be more interested in the story of its setting-up here.)

This piazza, or square, has been the Forum of Florence for about seven hundred years. Here the populace gathered and here their magistrates addressed them. Not infrequently it rained — as you may well believe, after even a brief stay in Florence where rain falls, 'tis said, on three hundred out of three hundred and sixty-five days in each year — and the Priors thought that they should have shelter to stand under at popular assemblies. So this lovely loggia was built. (Not for two centuries after its building did the 'Lanzi' or Lancers of Duke Cosimo lend their name to it.)

Here you have Giovanni da Bologna's 'Rape of the Sabine Woman' (you probably saw his famous 'Mercury' at the Bargello, yesterday); and Benvenuto Cellini's 'Perseus with the head of Medusa'; and 'Menelaus with the body of Patroclus' — another copy, also ancient, of this group furnished the fragment at Rome which served for the Pasquinades.

Giovanni or Gian da Bologna (sometimes written 'Gianbologna') was a Frenchman, of Douai, who came to Florence when he was twenty-five to study sculpture and

remained in Italy throughout the rest of his long life. His 'Mercury' was made for the glorious gardens of Villa Medici at Rome. His so-called 'Rape of the Sabine Woman' (executed with no such title in view, but thus named to give a cloak of history to a piece of work that seemed too sensual for public view if called merely 'Youth Triumphant over Feminine Beauty'), was done to the order of that Medici Duke Ferdinand whose statue, also by Bologna, is celebrated in Browning's poem of 'The Statue and the Bust.' He did, also, the statue of Ferdinand's father, Cosimo, which stands in the Piazza outside the loggia.

Cellini's 'Perseus with the head of Medusa' was made in 1553, when that 'gifted, impetuous, boastful, and audaciously mendacious individual' was fifty-three years old — long after he killed the Constable de Bourbon and the Prince of Orange; long after his experiences at the Court of Francis I in Paris and at Fontainebleau; long after his imprisonment in Sant' Angelo.

When Cellini showed his wax model for this statue to Duke Cosimo, who had commissioned it, the latter declared that it could not be cast in bronze. In his Autobiography, Cellini tells us how he devised and built a special kind of furnace, made the mould, and set it beneath the smelting pot, which was filled with many chunks of copper, bronze, and alloy, and was connected with the mould by channels that could be opened and closed. Unluckily, all these efforts brought on a serious attack of fever, so that after having lit his fire he was obliged to betake himself to bed. Visitors, however, came and assured him that his enterprise was impracticable and that the metal was getting spoilt and not liquefying, and this roused him. He sent to a neighbor for several hundredweight of well-dried young oak wood, and the molten mass began to clarify and flash, the heat being terrific.

'Now, when they saw that the brew was beginning to clarify, all the crew obeyed my orders with much zeal, and I made them fetch half a "loaf" of tin, weighing about sixty pounds, and cast it into the brew, which, helped by the fuel and other means, and by being stirred up with iron bars and poles, in a short time became liquid.

'Now, when I saw that I had raised the dead, against the belief of those ignorant fellows, such vigor returned to me that I was no longer aware of having fever or any fear of death. But all of a sudden there was a crash and a mighty flash, just as if a thunderbolt had been discharged in our very presence, so that by the extraordinary and fearful shock every one was quite dazed, and I more than any other. When the great noise and light had ceased, we began to gaze at each other, and we perceived that the cover of the furnace had burst and was lifted up in such a way that the bronze was overflowing. Then hastily I had the mouths of my mould opened, and when I saw that the metal did not run with requisite ease, having recognized that the probable cause was that the alloy had been consumed by reason of the terrible heat, I sent for all my pewter plates and dishes and trays, which numbered about three hundred, and threw them one by one in front of the channels, and a part I threw into the pot.

'Thereupon, when every one saw that my metal had become beautifully liquid and that my mould was filling, they all gladly and heartily helped and obeyed, while I gave my orders, now here, now there, and lent a hand and kept exclaiming "O God, Who with Thine infinite powers didst raise Thyself from the dead and gloriously didst ascend into heaven . . . " so that all of a sudden my mould was full; for which reason I threw myself on my knees and thanked God, and then turned to a plate of salad that was there on a bench, and with great appetite ate and drank, together with

all that crew, and then, it being two hours before dawn, I went to bed feeling very well and joyous, and lay myself to sleep so sweetly as if I had never known any misfortune in my life.'

(The house where all this happened is on Via della Colonna, which runs southeast out of Piazza San Marco; it stands between Numbers 31 and 32, and has a bust of Cellini on the façade. Benvenuto was a bachelor and took care of his widowed sister and her six daughters. And close by the house is the Basilica of Santissima Annunziata, where both Bologna and Cellini are buried — the former in the Fourteenth Chapel in a sepulchre which he made for himself and for other Flemish artists who might die in Florence; and the latter in the Chapel of the Brotherhood of Saint Luke, in the Cloister of the Dead.)

Do you, as you look at Perseus, wish for your Classical Dictionary, to refresh your recollections of his story? Let me lend you mine. The mother of Perseus was that Danaë whom you saw so exquisitely realized by Titian in the Naples Museum and by Correggio in the Borghese Gallery at Rome. Her father, a King of Argos, had been told by an oracle that Danaë's son would be the means of his grandfather's death. So, that Danaë might have no son, her father shut her in an underground chamber where no man might see her surpassing loveliness and woo her. But Jupiter, distilling himself into a shower of gold, flooded the girl's prison, and won her. Their son was Perseus. And Grandpa, in dismay, had mother and baby boxed up in a chest and set adrift on the sea. Rescued by a fisherman, they were conveyed to the King of another country who, when Perseus was grown up, sent him to attempt the conquest of the Gorgon Medusa. Medusa had once been a maiden with beautiful hair whom Minerva had jealously transformed into a monster whose ringlets became hissing

serpents and whose aspect was so frightful that no living thing could behold her without turning into stone.

How Perseus got the sword of Mercury, the shield of Minerva, the helmet of Hades that made its wearer invisible, and the wingéd shoes, and sped to the hall of the Gorgons, is too long a tale to tell here.

Poor Medusa, 'tis said, was praying when Perseus slew her — praying the gods to end her misery. It was on his way back, with the head of Medusa to prove that his task was fulfilled, that Perseus used it to change to stone Atlas, of the Garden of the Hesperides, and make him become a mountain 'upon whose shoulders rests heaven with all its stars'; and, also on that return journey, the young hero rescued beautiful Andromeda from the rock to which her parents had chained her to appease the wrath of those sea nymphs her mother, Cassiopeia, had offended.

When you come again to the Piazza della Signoria, after having been at San Marco, you will be in the mood to think principally, in the Loggia dei Lanzi, of Savonarola. But, although his connection with it antedates Bologna's and Cellini's, there are excellent reasons for letting them have our first attention there.

Leaving the Piazza, now, by Via Vacchereccia on the end of which the Loggia faces, walk through the latter street to the Por Santa Maria, cross this, and enter Via della Terme, so you may walk past the Palazzo di Parte Guelfa, or headquarters of that Guelf Party which continued, with intervals of broken power, to rule Florence (in the sense that Tammany Hall has long ruled New York) for many years. Here the Black Guelfs, who were Dante's persecutors, had their stronghold — as the White Guelfs, to whom he belonged, had theirs in the Cerchi Palace, Via Condotta, north of the Piazza delle Signoria.

You may wish to turn down into Borgo Santi Apostoli to

visit the venerable Church of Santi Apostoli; or you may prefer to keep straight on in the Borgo till you come to Piazza Santa Trinità, 'the Piazza di Spagna of Florence' in the sense of being the hub of the Visitors' Quarter. It used to be one of the favorite places for outdoor gatherings, in Dante's day, and later. It was here, on May Day, 1300, just before Dante's exile from Florence, that the first blood was shed between Blacks and Whites.

The Column in the Piazza once stood in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome.

Many are the interesting associations of this square. It was here, for instance, that a group of Florentines one day called to Leonardo da Vinci and asked him to give his explanation of a certain passage in Dante. Leonardo and Michelangelo were then both engaged upon cartoons from which they were to paint the Hall of the Council of Five Hundred, in the Palazzo della Signoria. It was the year 1504. Leonardo was just past fifty-two, and had six years before finishing his 'Last Supper' at Milan, the greatest fresco painting yet produced in Italy. Michelangelo was twenty-nine, and had recently won fame as a sculptor with his 'David,' but had no reputation yet as a painter. He came into the Piazza just as Leonardo — very elegant in his long rose tunic, and very handsome and full of charm — was answering the questions of the disputants. Courteously, the elder and more famous man called in the young sculptor and asked his opinion.

'Explain it yourself,' said Michelangelo, most *dis*-courteously, 'you who made the model of a horse to cast in bronze, and could not cast it, and to your shame left it in the lurch.'

And on he strode.

The 'horse' he referred to was part of a colossal equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, which Ludovico Sforza had

engaged Leonardo to model because Leonardo had helped Verrocchio with the famous Colleoni statue (indeed, had not improbably designed it) in 1481. Leonardo's clay model of the horse was not cast, and the French destroyed it when Ludovico was haled off to die in the dungeons of Loches; but why Michelangelo, who had never (that I have been able to learn) done any bronze-casting, felt entitled to this jibe, I don't know. He had been a small boy of eight when Leonardo went to Milan to work on that commission; so Michelangelo couldn't have felt defrauded of it by the other artist. But such was his rancor that, not content with leaving Leonardo as rosy as his tunic, Michelangelo called back further insult, saying: 'And those thieves the Milanese who thought you capable of such a work!'

Michelangelo was a super-man; but he seems to have achieved a great deal of his unhappiness in much the same manner as lesser folk do — by jealousy and self-pity and an edged tongue, the most complete equipment for misery that anybody could have.

You should enter the Church of Santa Trinità for a brief glimpse, even if you are not specially interested in its architecture (originally by Niccolò Pisano of the gorgeous pulpits, but much altered and restored), nor in the superb tomb by Luca della Robbia, nor in Ghirlandaio's splendid frescoes in the Sassetti Chapel. One need not, however, be a student of painting to find interest in these frescoes. A lover of old Florence should make a point of seeing that one in which the piazza outside the church is represented as it may have looked in Dante's time.

In Chapel XIV is a sarcophagus of the earliest Christian times, in which is buried one of the Davanzati whose home you have visited this morning.

For luncheon, if you do not return to your hotel, I recommend Doney's, at 16 Via Tornabuoni — upstairs, above the shop.

And while you're lunching, there or elsewhere, you may make 'a mental journey' over to the Baptistery and imagine yourself a staid citizen of Florence, forty years of age in the year 1401. Your family has lived in Florence for at least two hundred years, has been industrious, prosperous, respected, has at times played ardent parts in Florentine affairs, but has not been prominent, save briefly, in popular uprisings. You are wealthy, public-spirited in another sense than leading riots, and interested in art. So your fellow-citizens have appointed you one of the judges in a competition which is arousing tremendous interest: Florence has again been ravaged by a visitation of the plague, and in the hope of propitiating Heaven against a recurrence of this scourge, the whole city is contributing to a votive offering which is to take the shape of two pairs of very beautiful bronze doors for the Baptistery. Artists of every country are invited to submit modelled designs for a single bronze panel representing the sacrifice of Isaac. From these, you and your associates are to select the best, and to its creator assign the great commission. It is seventy years since Andrea Pisano finished his bronze doors for the Baptistery; the other two portals are now to be given doors of bronze, and you are to have a voice in choosing the sculptor.

From your house on the Piazza del Duomo, where you live with your wife, Piccarda, and your two sons, Cosimo (eleven) and Lorenzo (five), you often walk over to study Andrea's doors and wonder what the competition will develop. Giotto has been dead for sixty-three years, and Orcagna (his great pupil) for half as long, and no one has come forward since who was in any way worthy to be called a master. And although more than a century has passed since the people of Florence voted the exemption of Arnolfo di Cambio from all taxation, since, 'by reason of his in-

dustry, experience, and genius, the Commune and People of Florence hope to have a more beautiful and more honorable temple than any other which there is in the regions of Tuscany,' that beautiful and honorable temple is still unfinished, and there are not lacking those who declare that it never will be.

Indeed, great though the interest in the competition is, only six designs are submitted, and from them you and your fellow-judges easily eliminate three and proceed to choose one of the three remaining. These three are by young men, two of them Florentines and the other a native of Siena. The former are Filippo Brunelleschi, aged twenty-two, and Lorenzo Ghiberti, a year older. And it soon becomes evident to your jury that Ghiberti's panel is the best; so the commission is given to him.

He learned the goldsmith's trade under his father and stepfather, and has done some fresco painting up at Rimini whither he fled during the plague. You are much impressed by the young fellow when you meet him — by his ardor for study, by his religious fervor, by his poetical idealism. And, schooled as you are in self-discipline, in taking the reverses as well as the advances in the battle for fortune, you are a little contemptuous of young Brunelleschi taking so to heart his failure to win the commission that he hies himself off to Rome, accompanied by the fourteen-year-old lad Donatello.

Fortunately, you have nearly three decades of life ahead of you, so that you are going to see Ghiberti's first door finished (after twenty years of labor) and his second well begun; you are going to know a great deal of the patience with which the sculptor cast and recast each panel, again and again destroying the result because it was below his ideal. You will see the effect of this devotion upon his numerous assistants and even upon the whole mass of the

Florentines; you will see his studio, near the Duomo, become a marvellous school of art. You will see Donatello there, and will know how fortunate for art was that pique of Brunelleschi's which took him and young Donatello to Rome to work there as goldsmiths while studying classic sculpture and architecture and preparing to become the leaders of the Renaissance in art. You will see Donatello's 'Saint Peter,' 'Saint George,' and 'Saint Mark,' made for the outside niches of Or San Michele — for which Ghiberti made 'John the Baptist,' 'Saint Matthew,' and 'Saint Stephen.'

You will see Brunelleschi, returned from his close study of the Pantheon, given the commission to build the Cathedral dome. You will see him introduce into Florence a new style of architecture, which he will inaugurate in the Spedale degli Innocenti, or Foundlings' Hospital, for which you will provide the funds. You will be so impressed by the classic dignity of his Capella de' Pazzi at Santa Croce that you will select him as the architect to rebuild, on classic principles, your parish church of San Lorenzo, consecrated by Saint Ambrose in 393, and now falling into ruins.

Your name? Oh, yes! It is Giovanni di Bicci de' Medici, and your son Cosimo (married to one of the Bardi girls) is to be known in history as 'Pater Patriæ,' or father of his country.

You are the first of your family to be identified with that patronage of art which is to be so associated with your name for many generations. And it may have been Ghiberti, his master, or Brunelleschi, his friend, who called your attention to the genius of that divine boy, Masaccio, who, while struggling beneath the burden of poverty and the care of younger brothers, painted, before he was twenty-one, those frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmelites (Santa Maria del Carmine) over across the

river beyond the Ponte alla Carraia, with which 'painting entered on a new epoch, and the Brancacci Chapel became sacred ground to all painters, since there almost all the great masters after him, including Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, and many of lesser genius, studied and copied the works of one who was the inaugurator of all that we understand by modern painting.'

'In this chapel wrought
One of the few, Nature's interpreters,
The few whom genius gives as lights to shine,
Masaccio.
. . . . . .
Look around
And know that where we stand stood oft and long,
Oft till the day was gone, Raphael himself;
Nor he alone, so great the ardor there.
. . . . . .
Anxious to learn of those who came before,
To steal a spark from their immortal fire
Who first did break the universal gloom,
Sons of the morning.'

(Raphael copied those frescoes seven times. And it was while studying them that Michelangelo got into the fight with a fellow-student which resulted in Michelangelo's broken nose.)

Masaccio painted your portrait there, but fire is to destroy that fresco, three hundred years later. And then he went off to Rome, to work and study as Brunelleschi and Donatello had done; but died there, when he was only twenty-seven — in the same year that you are gathered to your fathers and laid to rest in the only portion of your new San Lorenzo which is finished at your death — the Sacristy, which we now call the 'Old Sacristy,' since Michelangelo built the 'New' one.

I think that if I were you ('you' being not an early

Medici now, but a twentieth-century pilgrim to Florence, just through with lunch), I'd hail a little horse-drawn cab and say 'Battistero' (Bah-tis-tay'-ro) to the driver, dismiss him there, and have a closer look at those three pairs of doors.

After which I'd skirt the vast bulk of the Cathedral on its shady north side, to the east end, and visit the Opera del Duomo or Cathedral Museum, where you'll find the superb Cantorie or singing galleries of Donatello and Luca della Robbia, and the silver altar for the Baptistery on which Verrocchio and Pollaiuolo worked. On no account would I miss doing this — though a majority of visitors to Florence *do* miss it. I'd see those galleries and that altar even if I had to go without seeing the interior of the Cathedral, where the galleries used to be.

The two galleries were finished almost simultaneously (about 1440) and offer a study in contrasts which should interest even the most casual observer of art. And even if those most exquisite objects were not there, the place itself is of supreme interest because in this building Donatello had at one time his school and studio, and at a later date Michelangelo here hewed out his 'David.'

Now, having made acquaintance with Luca della Robbia as a sculptor in marble, I'd go over to the Cathedral and look at his lunettes in glazed terra-cotta — the 'Resurrection' and the 'Ascension,' over the sacristy doors; and his bronze door beneath the 'Resurrection.' After this, in going about Florence, you'll be well started on your appreciation of the della Robbia — Luca, and his nephew Andrea, and the latter's son, Giovanni.

Of course you'll look further about the Cathedral, now that you're within it; you'll wish to see the famous statue of Boniface VIII, Dante's terrible enemy, which used to be on the old façade; and the picture of Dante (by the door

that leads out of the north aisle into the street) which is so precious to us because it was painted while the authentic portrait of him at Santa Croce, now lost, was in existence; the monuments of Arnolfo di Cambio and of Brunelleschi; and (behind the high altar) Michelangelo's last effort in sculpture, a Pietà most impressive to compare with the exquisite one in Saint Peter's, Rome, which he executed in his early youth. This one he probably intended for his tomb.

If I had seen these things since luncheon (cool and shaded from the sun of high afternoon, all of them except the Baptistery doors, and involving a very inconsiderable amount of walking), I'd feel that I had done sight-seeing enough for one day.

But, of course, while I was on that spot I'd glance with no languid interest at the lovely Loggia of the Bigallo, on the southwest corner of Piazza San Giovanni, and at the Palazzo of the Misericordia at the southeast corner. (And, equally of course, I'd be taking as many enraptured looks as possible at Giotto's Campanile, though I haven't yet found the viewpoint for it that satisfies me.)

The Society of the Misericordia is going about its works of mercy to-day almost precisely as it has done for seven centuries. The tradition of its founding (some time before Dante was born) is that a pious Florentine, who was also a prosperous business man of the Woollen Industries, was so grieved by the profanity of his companions that he got them to consent that every time they fell into this fault they should pay a fine. The Florentines are not reckless with money; so they must have felt that their swearing was a privilege worth paying for, since the fines soon mounted to a considerable sum, which was used to buy several ambulances (or litters) for carrying the sick.

At first, the men of the too-ready oaths carried the litters on errands of mercy to the sick poor who needed removal to

the hospitals. Then, when the grateful esteem in which these ministrants were held made them a power in the community, there was a general wish to join it on the part of all classes of citizens.

Whatever the manner of its origin, the Society has held a high place in the hearts of Florence these many hundreds of years, and is to-day going about its relief work with a pride in the nobility of serving that is as strong and fine as it was in the great days of the Republic.

When the Republic fell, in 1530, the members of the Misericordia changed the color of their costume from scarlet to black — and black it has been ever since. There are more than four thousand Brothers to-day, among them many of the most illustrious and influential men in Tuscany. And if some sudden mischance were to make you the object of their ministrations (which is scarcely possible, since strangers have many other agencies to care for them unless they are destitute and friendless), you wouldn't know whether it was the highest or the humblest in Florence who came to you beneath that black cowl and behind that black mask.

Should you be especially interested in the Brotherhood, you will find a visit to their headquarters a memorable one.

Across the way from them is the Loggia of 'the Captains of Santa Maria' who devoted themselves to the care of orphans and foundlings, as the Brothers of the Misericordia did to the sick, wounded, and dead of more adult age. In 1425, their company united with the Misericordia. This building dates back to the middle of the fourteenth century, and the lovely loggia is where children were displayed for adoption or to be claimed by their parents from whom they had become separated.

I'll tell you what I do (in my own little way of identifying one or two vivid personalities with a place, instead of trying

COMPANY OF THE MISERICORDIA BEFORE THE ORATORY

to think of its whole history): I see Luca della Robbia hovering about here, bachelor that he was with no babies at home to watch, getting impressions for those lovely terra-cotta *bambini* he has left to all posterity.

This afternoon might be the best possible time for your visit to Fiesole if your stay in Florence be during the long, daylight-saving summer days. The tram for Fiesole starts from Piazza del Duomo (Line Number 7); the ride is five miles each way, and will cost you some eighteen cents, round trip.

Your way leads out Via de' Servi, from the northeast corner of the Duomo, where (Number 2) Donatello had a studio; at Number 8 in that street is a group of old houses wherein were many studios, in one of which Benedetto da Maiano may have modelled his exquisite Santa Croce pulpit or drawn the first designs for the Strozzi Palace or made the bust of Giotto you have just seen in the Cathedral. The hospital that Beatrice's father built lies but a stone's throw to your right, but you won't see it.

A very few minutes' ride will take you past the Piazza della Santissima Annunziata, with Giovanni da Bologna's statue of Grand Duke Ferdinand I, made supremely interesting to English-speaking visitors by Browning's poem 'The Statue and the Bust,' which seems to be one of the Browning poems that almost everybody knows. You will surely come again to this quarter for some loitering on foot, so we won't attempt to get more than the brief impression our trolley-car allows as it rattles past Brunelleschi's Hospital of the Innocents, the church where Cellini and Bologna lie, and the house where Andrea del Sarto lived (now a part of the Royal Institute of Higher Studies, or University, on your left, after you pass the church), and the Botanical Gardens which are among the oldest of their kind in Europe.

Now you come to the line of boulevards marking the last bulwark of Florence to be taken down as the city grew too large to be contained, and warfare grew too terrible to be restrained by walls.

After crossing the boulevard, you come soon to Piazza Savonarola (on your left) with a modern statue of the great Dominican; and at Via Masaccio, named for that young painter whom so many great painters copied and adored, you turn south for a short distance, and then go through Piazza Giorgio Vasari (commemorating that architect, painter, and gossipy biographer) to the Barriera della Querce, whence you go to San Domenico, an ancient Etruscan town where, since 1406, there has been a Dominican church and convent. Here Fra Angelico and his brother Benedetto were both friars and priors, and both painted much.

Nearly opposite the door of this church is a little steep path which leads to the Badia Fiesolana, built for Cosimo the Elder by Brunelleschi and much favored by Cosimo and his descendants. This is the vicinity of many famous villas: Villa Palmieri, with 'many terraces guarded (Laurence Hutton said) by ancient statues of Italian gentlemen and ladies of Boccaccio's day, who strike one as being plastic representations of the very members of high life who so long ago narrated Boccaccio's tales of deep and lasting love.' It was here that they began the third of their ten-days' story-telling which makes the 'Decameron'; the first two days of their flight from the plague raging in Florence having been spent at the Villa Gherardo with its tenth-century castle, described by Boccaccio as a 'stately palace, with a grand and beautiful court in the middle, upon a little eminence, remote from any great road, amidst trees and shrubs of an agreeable verdure, and two short miles from Florence.' Thence, on the Monday morning early, 'con-

ducted by the music of the nightingales and other tuneful birds,' the party went 'full west' by a little path to another beautiful palace situated also on an eminence and on a large plain — Villa Palmieri — where Signor Filostrato began the First Novel of the Third Day.

East of Fiesole is Villa Careggi, the splendid mansion built by Michelozzi for the elder Cosimo — who died there, as did his magnificent grandson, Lorenzo, who sent for Savonarola and confessed to him. Absolution would be given him, the fearless Dominican said, on three conditions: First, that Lorenzo should have a full and lively faith in the mercy of God. That, Lorenzo professed. The second condition was that he should restore all things whereof he had unjustly possessed himself. That was hard — but Lorenzo was through with those things, and could order them given back. The third condition was that Lorenzo should reinstate in their liberties the people of Florence. This being refused, Savonarola left the magnificent Medici to die unshriven. That, at least, is the familiar story.

Colonel Young, the most recent biographer of the Medici and their perhaps-rather-too-ardent apologist, says:

'There are two very different accounts of what took place at the interview with Savonarola. On the one hand we have the account (written at the time) by Politian, who was present, and who simply states that Savonarola exhorted Lorenzo to hold fast to the Faith, to resolve to amend his life if spared, and to meet death, if it was to be so, with fortitude; that he then prayed with him and gave him his blessing. The other account (which appeared long afterwards) is the well-known story . . . which bears on its face evidence of its falsity, yet has probably played a greater part in creating the mental picture generally formed of Lorenzo the Magnificent than any of the authenticated facts of his life.'

It was at Villa Careggi that the Platonic Academy held its meetings from which issued so much that was the literary and philosophic glory of the Renaissance.

We must not attempt even an enumeration of the scores of historic and lovely villas hereabouts; since most of them, if accessible to strangers, are for the sojourner in Florence and not for the traveller through it. But I'm sure that every English-speaking person who makes the ascent to Fiesole will wish to know that Villa Landor lies just a little way east of Villa Palmieri (both nearer to Florence than San Domenico). Walter Savage Landor bought this villa in 1829. Here he lived in a solitude which his turbulence created. His little house was 'poor and bare,' but he had the glorious outlook from his windows; he had books; he was companioned by those great spirits with whom he held famous 'Conversations,' and he was visited (briefly!) by all the distinguished men of letters who came to Florence in his day. It was from a dining-room window here that Landor once threw his cook — and afterwards lamented his rage because the 'outgoing cook' had landed in a favorite tulip bed to its very great disadvantage. Cooks were evidently plenty in his day; but tulips deserved some consideration.

At Fiesole see the remains of the Etruscan walls and fortifications and those of the Roman amphitheatre, and climb to the convent of the Franciscan friars on what was the acropolis of the Etruscan town, to get the superb panorama.

III

SAVONAROLA AND SOME OTHERS

For your next day in Florence I suggest that at Piazza Signoria or Piazza Vittorio Emanuele you take Tram 1 or 2 out Via Cavour to the Church and Convent of San Marco — a ride of perhaps fifteen minutes; or that you drive there from your hotel. Walking till our feet refuse to go farther is, indeed, the only way to become truly acquainted with any city; but the wise traveller doesn't let himself get tired early in the day or before going into museums and palaces and churches, which he should enter with the most refreshed and eager feelings. If we're sauntering, let us make a day of it, or devote to it the latter part of a day we have begun otherwise.

So to-day I invite you to start not later than 9.45, and to be at San Marco when the doors open. (For story-telling reasons, I'd rather begin at the Riccardi Palace and go the other way; but your time and strength will be better conserved by the sequence I am outlining.)

Our guide-book tells us that 'at the instance of Cosimo the Elder, Pope Eugenius IV gave this convent to the Dominicans in 1436; and Cosimo had the church and monastery rebuilt by Michelozzo,' etc. And yet it was here, we know, that Savonarola lived while he was arousing Florence against the Medici, fifty years later.

We shall have but a confused impression of San Marco as the background of great events unless we do a bit of sorting and reassembling among the mass of more or less vague recollections wherewith we approach it.

Yesterday, for purposes involving the Baptistery doors,

you looked out upon Florence through the eyes of Giovanni de' Medici.

To-day suppose you feel yourself regarding it through the eyes of Giovanni's eldest son, Cosimo.

You were forty years old when your father was laid to rest in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo. When you were about twenty-five, you married Contessina Bardi, of the family into which Beatrice Portinari married, and your eldest son, Piero, was born in one of the Bardi palaces, across the river. But your marriage didn't advance you much in a money way.

For the Bardi and the Peruzzi families, both enormously rich banking houses, had ruined themselves by lending a sum equal (in our present money) to some $35,000,000 to Edward III of England for his war to get the crown of France. Edward didn't get the crown, and he didn't pay his debt.

Your banking business, on the other hand, has grown quite fabulously, and you have banks in sixteen capitals of Europe. You are so rich that the nobles of Florence, descended from her haughty old Guelf and Ghibelline leaders, not only hate you as an 'upstart,' but they fear you because you use a great part of your vast income in public beneficences which make you too popular with 'the masses.'

Not long after your father's death, you decided to build yourself a new house, surpassing anything that had been seen in the way of domestic architecture since the grandeur of Imperial Rome. Yet when Brunelleschi submitted you a plan for such a palace, you decided that it was too pretentious, and employed his pupil, Michelozzo, to build one not quite so declamatory. And for the beautiful *cortile* or courtyard which Michelozzo planned, you commissioned Donatello to make for you some bronze statues such as the ancients delighted in for their palaces.

The first of these that Donatello undertook was the 'David' (now in the Bargello), 'the first statue made in Italy since the age of Constantine which can be regarded as an independent work of art,' and not as an architectural adjunct. The second bronze he did for you was the 'Judith and Holofernes' (now in the Palazzo Vecchio).

But your new house was too grand for your jealous fellow-citizens. As long as Niccolò da Uzzano, your old neighbor of the Via Bardi, lived, he held the other nobles somewhat in check in their plans against you. It wasn't because Niccolò approved of you, but because he feared that with you out of the way Florence would only fall a prey to the Albizzi family whose head would be a worse despot than you. (The critics tell us, now, that the colored terra-cotta bust at the Bargello, copied the wide world over, which we have always called Niccolò da Uzzano and ascribed to Donatello, is probably a Roman hero by some sculptor of the sixteenth century. But for lack of any better impression of how Niccolò looked, I'm still 'seeing' him as that familiar bust looks.) When Niccolò died, in 1432, the Albizzi began manipulating the forthcoming election so as to secure a Signory they could influence; and then proceeded to have you accused of scheming to exalt yourself into some rank dangerous to the liberties of Florence.

You were arrested, consigned to a prison high up in the tower of the Palazzo Signoria (now Vecchio), and your enemies, fearing to bring you to judicial murder, sought to poison you; but you would eat or drink nothing. So they got a decree of banishment declared against you and all your kith and kin as 'being dangerous to the Republic by reason of their wealth and ambition.' And they escorted you all, under armed guard, to the frontiers of the Republic.

You went to Padua and thence to Venice, and Michelozzo went with you, while Donatello went to Rome.

A year later, the new Signory proved to be favorable to you, the Albizzi were banished from Florence, and you and your brother Lorenzo came home in triumph, entering the city on October 6, 1434; and almost unprecedented for a non-military citizen were the demonstrations of affection and joy with which the populace acclaimed you.

Now, the Pope and the Emperor were involved in a quarrel at this time, which forced the Pope to flee from Rome in disguise and in danger of his life, and to take refuge at Florence, where he arrived just as you returned from exile, and where he resided for the next eight years at the Dominican Monastery of Santa Maria Novella, while Rome remained in the possession of his enemies.

Early in 1436, Brunelleschi completed his dome for the Cathedral, and the great edifice, which had been building for one hundred and thirty-eight years, was ready for consecration.

The day chosen was the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25th. A raised passage, richly carpeted and decorated with tapestry, damask, silk, and flowers, was constructed from the door of Santa Maria Novella, and, passing through the Baptistery, to the western door of the Cathedral. Along this an imposing procession, consisting of the Pope, thirty-seven bishops, seven cardinals, the Signoria, and the envoys of foreign powers, passed to the consecration ceremony which lasted for five hours. And no man in that day's proceedings — not the Pope, even, nor Brunelleschi himself — was more observed and felt than you.

It was soon after this that you induced the Pope (Eugenius IV) to remove, from the half-ruined monastery out beyond your home and gardens, the Silvestrine monks, and to grant this property to the Dominicans of Fiesole.

And what more natural than that you should give to the architect, whose work on your palace so pleased you

and elicited the admiration of the discriminating, the commission to build for the Dominicans a new convent? When Michelozzo had finished his work, you felt that so fine a place should have a valuable library.

This was not easy to secure, even with Medicean wealth; for manuscripts were then not only commanding exorbitant prices, but were difficult to obtain at any price. But just then the greatest manuscript collector in Europe died. He had been one of the most learned men of his day and had 'spent his whole life and fortune in acquiring a store of codices that was the admiration of all Italy,' Villari says. He bequeathed this treasure to Florence, but his creditors intervened, demanding that it be sold to satisfy their claims. So you paid off the debts, and, reserving for your private collection only a few of the more precious manuscripts, gave the rest to the Monastery of San Marco, thereby establishing the first public library in Italy.

Among the Dominicans from near Fiesole for whom this new convent was built were two brothers (brothers in the flesh as well as in the Order), one of whom did exquisite work as an illuminator of manuscripts and painter of miniature pictures for them, and the other had for many years been a fresco painter of extraordinary ability. When he came here, the latter, Fra Angelico, was fifty years of age, but in the early heyday of his artistic ability. And as he began painting in the cloister and the cells of San Marco those frescoes which were to be the wonder and delight of centuries, with what intense interest you watched him, when you came here, weary from your counting-house, your cares of state, your palace, to the cell you had Michelozzo build for you and where you had Fra Angelico paint 'the Adoration of the Magi,' because you desired to have always before your eyes, as a reminder for your own guidance as a ruler, this example of kings who were

wise men laying down their crowns at the manger of Bethlehem.

History will credit you with many deeds which that fresco could not have inspired. But there are some of us who have few impulses toward judgment; we wonder at many things, but are glad we don't have to *decide*. Perhaps you're a rascally old tyrant, Cosimo, as some folks say you are, and your benevolences are conscience-money paid to propitiate the One who knows you as you are. Perhaps Machiavelli was not currying favor with your descendants when he wrote of you that 'by the unwearied generosity of his disposition he triumphed over all his enemies and made himself most popular with the people.'

In any case, we may see you carried here, an infirm and helpless old man of seventy-four, after the death of your favorite son, your Giovanni. His elder brother, Piero, who survives him, has been practically a lifelong invalid from gout, the disease that has also crippled you. But Giovanni was all that you could hope for as a successor to you in wealth and power and patronage of learning. He was married to one of the Albizzi, your old enemies; but their only child, a little son then nine years old, died two years before his father. This child's death was a severe blow to you; but when his father followed him to the grave, you were crushed, indeed, for your elder and surviving son was likely to die any day; and his heir, Lorenzo, was only fourteen years old.

Many of your household who heard you were moved to tears as you were carried through the rooms of your spacious palace, murmuring, 'Too large a house now for so small a family.'

Your cell, here, fits better with your mood. Gone on into a Heavenly Beatitude, where he must have found himself very much at home, is Fra Angelico — dead in Rome,

whither Pope Eugenius lured him, nine years ago. United with him, again, is his old Prior, Antonino, 'the founder or reviver of nearly every benevolent institution in Florence,' and canonized by popular acclaim long before church processes approved the elevation. With their successors, here, you doubtless are less in tune, as is the way with each passing generation — more or less gently set aside by the oncoming, and thereby made less reluctant to move on.

Not from this cell, however, but from your villa at Careggi, do you pass into eternity.

What retrospect they have who are There, we know not. But, if any, it must be interpreted by a long prospect — they can be patient and just who know 'the end of the story.' So, even if you had knowledge, some thirty-odd years later, of what was going on here at San Marco, you probably were not disturbed by it — you knew that it was playing its great part in human history, as you in your day played yours.

So I think that we shall not do ill if we keep you not far from the forefront of our consciousness as we see San Marco in Savonarola's time.

You had been dead for fifteen years when Savonarola became a member of the Dominican Convent you loved so well. He was in his thirtieth year, a native of Ferrara, of good family attached to the splendid Court of the Este. A shattered romance (with a girl who was an illegitimate daughter of one of the Strozzi, living in exile at Ferrara) caused young Savonarola to determine that he would forsake the world and don the white robe and black cloak of the Dominicans. This was so terrible a grief to his parents that he had to flee from his home in their absence, which he did in April, 1475, when he was in his twenty-third year; and from the Dominican Monastery of Bologna, where he had received admittance to prepare for his novitiate, he

wrote at once to his family. 'Dearest father,' he entreated, 'my sorrow is already so great, do not, I pray you, add to it by yours! Be strong, seek to comfort my mother, and join with her in granting me your blessing.'

Their blessing must have been slow in coming; for in a second letter he says: 'If some temporal lord had girt me with a sword, and welcomed me among his followers, you would have rejoiced; yet, now that the Lord Jesus Christ has girt me with His sword and dubbed me His Knight, ye shed tears of mourning.'

For some six years he lived in the monastery at Bologna, leading a silent life, 'so worn by fasting and penance that, when pacing the cloisters, he seemed more like a spectre than a living man. . . . The fervor of his devotion excited the wonder of his superiors, and his brother monks often believed him to be rapt in a holy trance.'

In 1481, he was sent to preach in Ferrara, where he permitted himself few glimpses of his family or old friends. But times were troublous there, and soon the Superior of the Order closed the University at Ferrara and dispersed the Dominicans there to other establishments of the Order.

Savonarola was directed to go to Florence. And when he said farewell to his family, friends, and native town, it was forever; for he was destined never to see them again.

Florence delighted him, at first, with her beauty; and the Convent of San Marco seemed to him the fairest place a monk could live. But disappointment was not long deferred. The ardent young Dominican was entirely out of accord with the enthusiasm for Greek art and letters and philosophy which amounted almost to a frenzy in Florence just then; he was horrified by the way even preachers sought popularity by the classic rather than the Christian appeal of their sermons. And he regarded the love of lux-

ury and pleasure then prevalent in Florence as destructive to the virtues which he believed essentially Christian.

Many kinds of comprehension I have learned — I hope; there are few other just measures for that increasing spiritual flexibility which is our very rich compensation for waning physical flexibility, as life goes on and on. But I have not yet mustered the qualities necessary to comprehend austere, denunciatory religious types. So I don't know how successful I shall be at trying to see the Florentines as Savonarola saw them. I'll do my best. But I may as well admit (since you'd discover it, in any case) that my interest in Savonarola is a mere scared little flicker as he thunders his warnings and incites his hearers to light bonfires; and I don't begin to know enough about statecraft and government to appraise his work as a political reformer. It is when I stop 'trying his case,' stop balancing Villari's estimate of him against Colonel Young's (for instance), and begin to think of him only as an intrepid soul making a magnificent stand for what he believed to be the right, that his cell in San Marco becomes a shrine to me.

I am not seeking to limit the ways in which you shall think of him as you stand here in San Marco. I am only explaining my inability to offer you any worth-while reminders as to what he may have accomplished by his religious or political leadership.

I find myself wondering, wistfully, what treasures, unique of their kind, were burnt as vanities at his behest and if the world is the better for that fanatical sacrifice. I find myself quite shocked at his attitude toward the invasion of Charles VIII and his army, hailing them as the scourge of God upon Florence for her sins — when, as a matter of fact, Charles was simply hacking his way through Italy to Naples to claim the crown which had once belonged to his great-grandfather.

But these things, and many others, are mere details of his background now; or matter for historians. What stands out for us, and for all time, is the lean, monkish figure leaving these exquisite cloisters (due to the beneficence of a Medici) and going forth to battle against the Medici as the promoters of sin and shame in Florence, and against the Pope (Alexander VI — Roderigo Borgia) as the unworthy head of the Church. He knew the end of the path he took, but he took it unflinchingly, nevertheless.

His earliest sermons in Florence were preached to dwindling congregations in the near-by Church of San Lorenzo. It wasn't until seven years later (1490) that Florence began to be stirred by the oratory he had been developing in other towns of Northern Italy.

On his return, he began preaching here in the convent garden. Then the crowds grew too great for that; and on the first day of August, 1490, he preached for the first time in the Church of San Marco. It is said that on that day he foretold that he should preach for eight years.

The next year he was invited to preach in the Cathedral, and there he foretold the deaths of Lorenzo de' Medici, of the Pope (Innocent VIII), and of the King of Naples. In July of that year he was elected Prior of San Marco, and was expected to go to the Medici Palace and pay a visit of respect to Lorenzo as the head of that House which had done so much for his convent. This he refused to do.

In the April following, he did visit Lorenzo — but it was to a dying man he went, and not to the magnificent ruler of Florence. That was the visit you recalled on your way to Fiesole.

Lorenzo's death, as predicted, and the fact that he sent for Savonarola to give him absolution, gave the friar greatly increased prestige in Florence. In July, Innocent VIII died as predicted, and Roderigo Borgia was

elected in his place. Savonarola was 'invited' to leave Florence, where he was now venerated. But it was not many months before he was back again; and San Marco, where he instituted drastic reforms, was soon the most popular monastery in Florence.

When Charles VIII came, Piero de' Medici (Lorenzo's pitifully incompetent son and heir) at first opposed him, then hurried to the French camp and humbled himself before the King.

This seems to have been rather a sagacious than a cowardly thing to do; but the Florentines did not so regard it, and when Piero returned to Florence, he was met by a storm of indignation and a clamor for his banishment and that of his whole family. This latter was decreed the next day; the Medici had to flee for their lives, a price was put on their heads, and the mob was permitted to plunder the Medici Palace and to destroy priceless treasures of learning and art. Philippe de Commines, the French historian, estimated the value of what was destroyed at a figure now equivalent to a million and a half of dollars. (I shall never be able to comprehend why people in pursuit of their liberties seem always to begin celebrating their freedom by slashing pictures, smashing statues, and burning precious books and records.)

Now the Florentines sent an embassy to Charles VIII to arrange terms with him; and of this embassy was Savonarola — for whom Charles entertained great respect, as was due one who had hailed him as the agent of God. The friar, however, was not able to dissuade Charles from entering Florence; and on November 17th he led his army of twenty thousand men in through the Frediano Gate (over on the other side of the Arno) and across the Ponte Vecchio to the Cathedral.

The French army of invasion consisted of three thousand

cavalry, the flower of the French chivalry, five thousand Gascon infantry, five thousand Swiss infantry, four thousand Breton archers, two thousand cross-bowmen, and a strong train of artillery, the latter drawn for the first time by horses, instead of oxen, a new thing in that age.

'The King of France rode under a rich canopy, borne by four knights; and on each side of him rode his marshals. The royal body-guard followed, consisting of a hundred of the handsomest youths of France, and two hundred Knights of France on foot, in splendid dresses. Then came the Swiss guard with their brilliant uniforms of various colors, having halberts of burnished steel, their officers wearing rich plumes on their helmets. . . . The centre consisted of the Gascons, short, light, active men, whose numbers seemed never ending. After these came the cavalry, whose splendid appearance was admired by all. They had engraved armor, mantles of richest brocade, banners of velvet embroidered with gold, chains of gold, and ornaments of gold. The cuirassiers presented a hideous appearance, with their horses looking like monsters, from their ears and tails being cut quite short. Then came the archers, extraordinarily tall men from Scotland and other Northern countries, and they looked more like wild beasts than men.'

It was in Florence, occupied by this army which was quartered on the citizens, that Savonarola, who had acclaimed their coming, found himself looked to for that leadership which should bring the city safely through so grave a crisis. He had, however, some excellent aid; when you are on the Arno side of the Uffizi you must note there the statue of one of them, Piero Capponi, who had been Florentine ambassador to France and was at the time of the French entry into Florence a senator. It was he who, at the meeting in the Medici Palace where the Florentines

were conferring with Charles as to his terms for withdrawing, checkmated the King. Discontented with the amount of the indemnity, Charles threatened: 'I will bid my trumpets sound.' Whereupon Capponi snatched the disdained treaty, tore it in half, and gave that answer which has passed into a Florentine proverb: 'If you sound your trumpets, we will sound our bells.'

Charles knew what that meant: a general alarm of the Florentines, rioting, massacre, plundering. So he laughed it off, and came to terms — which, however, were hard enough for Florence. Two days later, he was gone, southward; and Savonarola became the new pilot of the ship of state. He held no office, but he directed all; and his reforms were based on such formulæ as these: the fear of God and purification of manners; promotion of public welfare in preference to private interests; a general amnesty to political offenders; a council on the model of that of Venice, but with no doge.

This great council consisted of thirty-two hundred citizens of blameless reputation and over twenty-five years of age, a third of the number sitting for six months in turn, in that great hall of the Cinquecento built in the Palazzo della Signoria expressly for that purpose.

How they ever got anything done, with so many councillors, is hard to comprehend. But for a time, while Savonarola's preaching could keep Florence in a state of exaltation such as some of us have seen on a smaller scale in a revivalist's campaign, the new machinery of government worked well enough.

'Pleasure-loving Florence was completely changed. Abjuring pomps and vanities, its citizens observed the ascetic régime of the cloister; half the year was devoted to abstinence and few dared to eat meat on the fasts ordained by Savonarola. Hymns and lauds rang in the streets that

had so recently echoed with Lorenzo's dissolute songs. Both sexes dressed with Puritan plainness; husbands and wives quitted their homes for convents; marriage became an awful and scarcely permitted rite; mothers suckled their own babes; and persons of all ranks — nobles, scholars, and artists — renounced the world to assume the Dominican robe.'

Now Alexander VI began to take a hand. He offered Savonarola a cardinal's red hat. But the friar spurned it, with the words, thundered from his pulpit: 'No hat will I have but that of a martyr, reddened with my own blood.'

Three separate papal briefs summoned Savonarola to Rome. He disregarded them all and continued to urge rebellion against Alexander as an unlawful and unworthy occupant of the Holy See.

But the Florentines were growing weary of austerity and asceticism. The Medicean faction united with their ancient enemies against the cowled dictator. And when Alexander excommunicated Savonarola, and the Bull was read in the Duomo, the terrifying ceremonial made a deep impression on the Florentines.

(It was after this that Alexander, sunk in deepest grief over the murder of his young son, the Duke of Gandia, received from Savonarola a letter in which the friar, though calling on the Pontiff to repent of his sins, expressed condolence not without real sympathy for the stricken father.)

Driven from the Duomo, the friar continued to preach in San Marco. But Alexander notified the Signory that they must either silence Savonarola themselves or send him to be judged by a Roman tribunal. They chose the former, and entreated the friar to stop preaching, lest all Florence be made to suffer excommunication with him. He yielded. And now those who were his implacable enemies prepared to destroy him.

To do this with safety and even advantage to themselves, they must first arouse the populace against him, in derision. And to this end, a Franciscan, preaching in Santa Croce, was either moved or directed to challenge Savonarola to prove his Divine mission by a miracle, by passing unscathed through fire. To show Florence that God was with the Franciscans and their friends, the Santa Croce preacher declared himself ready to enter the flames with Savonarola. (The preaching of this sermon, from Benedetto da Maiano's exquisite pulpit, on Sunday, March 25, 1498, is one of the scenes you will be interested in re-creating, as you visit Santa Croce.) Savonarola scorned this silly 'dare-you'; but his too-zealous disciple, Fra Domenico, accepted it for himself. Then the Franciscan 'dodged,' saying he would enter the fire only with Savonarola himself. Finally, another Franciscan was found who agreed to match himself against Fra Domenico for manifestations of Divine preference and protection.

And on 'the 7th of April an immense throng gathered in the Piazza della Signoria to enjoy the barbarous spectacle. Two thick banks of combustibles forty yards long, with a narrow space between, had been erected in front of the palace, and five hundred soldiers kept a wide aisle clear of the crowd. Some writers aver that the piles were charged with gunpowder. The Dominicans from one side, the Franciscans from the other, marched in solemn procession to the Loggia dei Lanzi, which had been divided by a hoarding into two separate compartments. The Dominicans were led by Savonarola (unwilling to withhold his spiritual aid, and perhaps feeling that, in the event of a miracle, he ought to be associated with it) carrying the host, which he reverently deposited on an altar prepared in his portion of the loggia. The magistrate signalled to the two champions to advance. Fra Domenico stepped forward, but no Fran-

ciscan appeared. . . . Defrauded of their bloody diversion, the people were wild with rage. . . . Against the real culprits, the Franciscans (who had slipped quietly away), no anger was felt; the zealous Prior, the prophet and lawgiver of Florence, was made the popular scapegoat. Notwithstanding the anguish that must have filled his heart, the fallen man preserved his dignity and calm,' and, protected by the soldiery, he regained San Marco and withdrew to his cell, whence he could hear the mob in the square outside clamoring for his blood.

The next morning, his arrest having been ordered, the populace rushed to attack the convent. The monks made a desperate defence, but Savonarola besought them to lay down their arms. When the church was stormed, he was seen praying at the altar, and Fra Domenico, armed with an enormous candlestick, guarding his master from the blows of the mob.

'A few disciples dragged their beloved master to the inner library and urged him to escape by the window. He seemed about to consent when a cowardly monk cried out that the shepherd should lay down his life for his flock. Thereupon Savonarola turned, bade farewell to the brethren, and, accompanied by the faithful Domenico, quietly surrendered to his enemies. The prisoners were conveyed to the Palazzo Vecchio, and Savonarola was lodged in the tower cell which had once harbored Cosimo de' Medici. . . . His judges were chosen from his bitterest foes. Day after day he was tortured, and in his agony, with a frame weakened by constant austerity, he made every admission demanded by his tormentors. But directly he was released from the rack he always withdrew the confessions uttered in the delirium of pain. . . . Alexander was frantically eager to see his enemy die in Rome. But the Signory insisted that the false prophet should suffer death before the Florentines whom he had so long led astray.'

BURNING OF SAVONAROLA

From a painting by an unknown artist

Besides Domenico, another disciple, Fra Silvestro, had been arrested and tried with the friar. On the evening of May 22d, sentence of death was pronounced on all three. Savonarola listened in silence; Fra Domenico exulted in the thought of dying with his master; but Fra Silvestro raved with despair.

The three men had been kept apart during the forty days of their torture and trial; and the only favor Savonarola asked before death was a brief meeting with his fellow-victims. This took place in the vast hall of the Cinquecento, built to accommodate that Great Council of popular government in which Savonarola had so ardently believed. There he prayed with his disciples, gave them his blessing, and exhorted them to submit meekly to their martyrdom.

The execution took place next morning. The prisoners, clad in penitential haircloth, were first degraded, with the formula, 'I separate thee from the Church militant and the Church triumphant'; to which Savonarola, in firm tones, replied, 'Not from the Church triumphant; that is beyond thy power.'

They were then 'handed over to the secular arm' to be hanged from the gibbet and then burnt.

The ghastly details of the last scene, I will spare you.

It was the morning of the 23d of May, 1498. On the morning of May 30th, sixty-seven years before, at Rouen, 'the secular arm' had performed a similar service for one cast forth from Holy Church. Now, as then, there were those who cried that they had burned a saint. Now, as then, the ashes were thrown into the river, so that none might possess relics and claim to work miracles thereby.

Thus, in brief summary, the story of Savonarola, on which you will muse, soberly, here in San Marco, and when next you visit the Duomo and pass through the Piazza della Signoria.

Before you leave here, however, I want you to recall some others than the martyr-prior.

Across Via Cavour from San Marco is the Casino Medici, now used as the Courts of Justice. Where it stands, there were formerly the Medici Gardens in which Lorenzo the Magnificent kept many of his casts of ancient art, which the ambitious youth of Florence were so eager to study that Lorenzo opened for them a kind of academy, under the direction of one of Donatello's pupils, Bertoldo.

(Cosimo's sickly son, Piero the Gouty, had outlived his father by five years, and was succeeded in 1469 by his elder son, Lorenzo, then just twenty.)

Vasari says that every young man who studied in these gardens distinguished himself.

In 1489 there came here, to study sculpture, a fourteen-year-old lad who for a year had been apprenticed to Ghirlandaio, the eminent and fecund painter who was then at work on his frescoes in the choir of Santa Maria Novella. The lad 'fell out' with his master (as he continued to 'fall out' with nearly every one he met) and decided to abandon painting and become a sculptor. To this end, he entered the Bertoldo school in the Medici Gardens. One of his early attempts at modelling was the mask of a grinning faun, which caught the eye of Lorenzo one day when Il Magnifico was in his gardens, and so interested him that he made inquiries about the young sculptor and offered him lodging in the Medici Palace, a place at the table of his own sons (including that one who was later to be Pope Leo X), and admittance to the company of those learned men who frequented Lorenzo's 'Court.'

These men were the great Platonists who were doing so much to make Florence the Athens of the modern world.

But when our lad (Michelangelo) had been but a year in the academy across the way, Savonarola came back from

his preaching in other parts of Italy (recalled, it is said, by Lorenzo's orders) to begin those impassioned sermons on the Apocalypse which threw Florence into a frenzy of fear and trembling.

'The young artist,' says Romain Rolland, 'saw the small, frail preacher, who was consumed by the Spirit of God; and the terrible voice which hurled thunderbolts on the Pope from the pulpit in the Duomo and suspended the bloody sword of God over Italy, froze him with terror.

'Florence trembled. People rushed about the streets weeping and shouting like demented beings. The wealthiest citizens demanded to enter into Orders. Platonists became Dominicans. Michelangelo did not escape this contagious terror.'

After Lorenzo's death, a young poet, friend of Michelangelo's, had a vivid dream in which the shade of Lorenzo, wearing a tattered black robe, appeared and commanded the poet to tell Piero (Lorenzo's son and successor) that he would shortly be driven from his house, never again to return. Michelangelo, being told of this, urged the dreamer to relate everything to Piero, who was then at Careggi. Piero burst into laughter and had the poet lashed by his lackeys. Michelangelo, full of faith in the friar's predictions and of fear inspired by his friend's dream, fled from Florence in a panic of terror. A month later, Piero was an exile, with a price upon his head, and the magnificent Medici Palace was sacked and plundered by the Florentine mob. Michelangelo was in Venice then. He did not see the entry of Charles VIII into Florence; but his friend Granacci did, and you must look for the latter's picture of this event, in the Uffizi — Room XIII, where Michelangelo's 'Holy Family' is.

That winter of 1494–95, Michelangelo spent at Bologna, where he seems to have shaken himself free from the fanati-

cism that was still regnant at Florence when he returned. He remained, however, but a few months, and then went to Rome, where he was when Savonarola suffered martyrdom. But not a trace of this event is to be found in any of Michelangelo's letters. What he thought of it, we do not know.

But we must not leave San Marco without some thought of another great artist among those upon whom Savonarola's preaching left a deep impress: Botticelli, whose works began to take on a very different character after those sermons on the Apocalypse shook Florence as by a cyclonic storm. Botticelli was a mature man of forty-six when Savonarola began those sermons, in 1490. And during the next eight years his pictures were keyed to the 'revival' mood of Florence. Unlike Michelangelo, Botticelli left us in no doubt as to what he thought of Savonarola's martyrdom. He gave utterance to his feelings in the picture called 'Calumny,' which is in Room V at the Uffizi.

'The scene is laid in a stately judgment hall in the classic style, on the decoration of which every resource of art has been expended. Between its lofty arches there is a distant view of a calm sea; life-sized marble figures stand in the niches of the pillars of the hall. It is a magnificent Renaissance building, which fancy imagines a place in which poets and thinkers may prepare new intellectual achievements as they walk in the stately portico by the sea. Instead of this we witness a fearful deed of violence — a noisy throng is dragging the innocent victim of calumny before the tribunal of the Unjust Judge, with ass's ears into which Ignorance and Suspicion whisper, while in front of the ass-eared Judge, Envy declaims and drags on Calumny who holds a burning torch before her as a treacherous symbol of her pretended love of truth. Calumny's attendants, Fraud and Deception, are busy twining fresh roses in her golden hair. Behind these comes their inevitable follower, Remorse, a

hideous hag who looks over her shoulder at the figure of naked Truth.'

This picture was painted just after the friar's martyrdom, and is Botticelli's indictment of those responsible for it. A year or so later, in his last picture ('The Nativity,' now in the National Gallery, London) Botticelli showed rejoicing angels falling on the necks of Savonarola and his two companions.

This Piazza San Marco is the place to recall Bianco Capella; but I think we ought not to do it now; since it is easy to come here again, on our way to Piazza della Sant' Annunziata to see the statue and recall 'The Statue and the Bust.'

Let us go, instead, down Via Ricasoli, from the south-east corner of Piazza San Marco to the Accademia di Belle Arti. Many of the pictures, to see which we used to make pilgrimage hither, have since the War been moved to the Uffizi. For the student of painting, this gallery is still a great treasure-house of early Italian works of art. But for the traveller with only a few days to spend in Florence, it is of importance chiefly because of Michelangelo's 'David,' which stands here in a tribune especially designed for it, and amid casts of his other sculptures with which it may be compared. Hanging behind some of these, in the long gallery or hall leading to the tribune, are superb Florentine tapestries telling the story of Adam and Eve. How you may regard them, I cannot guess; but for my own part, I find them, as pictures, inexpressibly delightful and entertaining. I could, I think, be continuously amused if I lived in even the gloomiest of old castles hung with these companionable beasts who were the fauna of Adam's world.

And as for 'David' —! I have spent a very great deal of time studying him, and a considerable amount of money buying bronze and marble casts and fine carbon photo-

graphs of him; yet every time I approach that tribune, I get a new thrill of wonder at his sublimity, a new flash of understanding of what he symbolizes for the Florentines.

They had a strong feeling for Goliath's intrepid challenger. It was the young David whom Cosimo de' Medici commissioned Donatello to set in his beautiful Michelozzo courtyard. Cosimo's grandson, Lorenzo, ordered from Donatello's greatest pupil, Verrocchio, another bronze 'David,' now also in the Bargello. About 1465, the Opera del Duomo commissioned Agostino di Duccio to carve from a gigantic block of marble 'the figure of a prophet'; whether they specified David, or not, I don't know. Duccio made no more than a beginning; thereafter, for more than five-and-thirty years, the block of marble lay in the courtyard of the 'Opera' (where you went to see the Singing Galleries and the Silver Altar) until Michelangelo, returned from Rome, secured an order to 'release' from it the figure of David he saw therein. It is of this statue that the familiar story is told of the Gonfaloniere Soderini (head of the Signoria) criticizing the nose as a little too large; whereupon Michelangelo mounted the scaffolding (the statue was still in his studio behind the Duomo) carrying a chisel and a little marble-dust. Taking care not to touch the nose, he pretended to chisel at it, letting the marble-dust fall, little by little.

'Now,' declared Soderini, 'it pleases me much better. You have given it life.'

On January 25, 1504, a committee of artists, including Filippino Lippi, Botticelli, Perugino, and Leonardo da Vinci, deliberated over the question of the site for the 'David.'

'At the request of Michelangelo, they decided to place it in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. The removal of the enormous block was entrusted to the architects of the Ca-

thedral. On the evening of May 14th the marble colossus was brought out from the wooden construction where it was kept, a wall above a door being demolished in doing so. During the night the populace (shocked at its nudity) attempted to shatter it with stones and it had to be strongly guarded. Slowly the huge statue — suspended in an upright position, so that it could swing freely without striking the ground — advanced. It took four days to move it from the Duomo to the Old Palace. On the 18th, at noon, it reached its destination. They continued to keep a guard around it at night, but, one evening, in spite of all precautions, it was stoned.'

Next time you pass through Piazza della Signoría, note where the statue stood for three hundred and seventy years (replaced, now, by a copy of it) and — thinking of that stoning — let your eye wander to the spot where, on another May Day, six years before, the same mob, probably, had howled around the flame-encircled gibbet of the great preacher of Puritanism.

When you leave the Accademia, walk south in Via Ricasoli to Via degli Alfani, turn to your right, to Via Cavour, then down Via Cavour to the Riccardi (formerly Medici) Palazzo.

The story of this palace would fill a very big and splendid book; and we must make a very few pages suffice. 'Not many palaces in Europe,' Colonel Young says, 'have given hospitality to so many notable persons as have passed through the entrance doorway of this home of the Medici. Migliore says that, owing to the number and high rank of those entertained there, the Medici Palace was called "the Hotel of the Princes of the whole world."'

Among the multitude of events for which this palace was the background, we should (I think) muse on a few as we stand in the courtyard for which Donatello made his

'David' and 'Judith with the Head of Holofernes,' or climb the stairway to the Chapel that Gozzoli painted.

First of all, I'd like to invite you to one of the magnificent parties which may have been given here when the house was not quite finished for occupancy — at the time of the Council of Florence, in 1439. The Eastern Emperor, John Paleologus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and a great body of Greek scholars and statesmen, had come to Italy to confer with Pope Eugenius IV on how Constantinople might be saved from falling to the Turks. At first, the Council to this end was held at Ferrara. Then Cosimo I used his influence with the Pope to get it transferred to Florence.

'A gathering which included an Emperor of the East and his retinue, a Patriarch of Constantinople, the principal authorities of the Eastern Church, a Pope of Rome, the principal authorities of the Western Church, and all the learned men of both East and West, had never before been seen. Moreover, it was the last occasion on which such an assemblage was possible; fourteen years later the fall of Constantinople swept away all that formed its peculiar interest, making it impossible for such a gathering ever to occur again.'

These persons were all entertained at the expense of Cosimo de' Medici — housed in different palaces throughout Florence, but all as his personal guests. As a Council, they sat in session beneath Brunelleschi's great dome. The East hoped to get help that would save its empire; the West hoped to unite the two branches of the Church under the Pope of Rome. Neither hope was fulfilled — but the Reformation and the Renaissance were both set in motion.

The latter moved the more rapidly. The 'New Learning' that was to develop through study of ancient manuscripts which Eastern scholars brought with them into Italy

needed some eighty years yet to get the Reformation under way; but almost immediately it began, through the enthusiasm engendered for Greek philosophy and art, to dower Europe with the dazzling products of the Renaissance.

Gozzoli was a lad of nineteen when this tide of pageantry was flowing daily through the streets of Florence; and, thirty years later, he put on the walls of that tiny chapel wherein the descendants of Cosimo rendered their devotions the sumptuous record of the Council that all the world now goes there to see. Even Fra Angelico, his master, was so stirred by the gorgeousness of the Eastern visitors that thereafter his angels began to be more splendidly garbed.

After the Council dispersed, Cosimo and his family took up their permanent abode in the new palace. Their son Piero was twenty-four years old then, and Giovanni was nineteen.

When Piero married, he brought to the magnificent home that was the wonder of all Europe a bride who was one of the most accomplished women of that age: Lucrezia Tornabuoni, a poetess, a highly educated and deeply religious woman, bred to the love and patronage of art.

One of the personages I like best to feel myself near to in the palace is Lucrezia, who was a tender and devoted mother, and who wrote for her five little children Bible stories in song which soon were being crooned beside most of the cradles in Florence.

Having been in the Davanzati Palazzo, you know how life was lived under the patriarchal roof in those days; how there would be Cosimo and Contessina here; and Piero and Lucrezia with their three daughters and two sons; and Giovanni with his wife, Ginevra degli Albizzi, and their only child, that little boy who died two years before his father.

In 1463, the 'Father of his Country,' Cosimo, was carried

through his palace murmuring, heart-brokenly, 'Too large a house now for so small a family.'

The next year he was laid to rest in San Lorenzo; and two years thereafter Donatello was laid beside him, attended to the tomb by every architect, sculptor, and painter in Florence, and by all the art lovers and patrons. Donatello was eighty-one when he died; and Luca della Robbia, who outlived him sixteen years, died at the same age.

In 1468, Lorenzo became betrothed to Clarice Orsini, of the great Roman family. His mother chose the bride. Lorenzo loved Lucrezia Donati (a girl of that family into which Buondelmonte had sought to marry, and Dante had married), but his parents opposed the match, and Lorenzo was inconsolable.

'I took to wife,' he wrote, 'Donna Clarice, or rather, she was given to me in December, 1468.'

But that was a proxy marriage, in Rome, where Clarice tarried for six months. In February, '69, Lorenzo gave a great tournament in Piazza Santa Croce, which he said was in honor of his Lucrezia, and others said was in honor of Clarice. We shall recall his tournaments (this and a later one) when we are at Santa Croce. Here, we'll try to feel ourselves part of all the flurry of preparation for them, and of the festivities that must have been held here following upon the jousting.

On the 4th of June, Lorenzo and Clarice were married in the Church of San Lorenzo, and for three days 'feasting, dancing, and music continued day and night, until one wonders at the endurance of the people.' There were five immense banquets in the Medici Palace, loggias, and gardens for the wedding party; and in every square of Florence there was profuse entertainment for the populace.

Lucrezia Tornabuoni de' Medici may have been a proud mother then; but she was destined soon to become a very

unhappy mother-in-law, glad to withdraw from this palace to Careggi, to escape the tongue and temper of Clarice.

The time of this wedding was the time when Benozzo Gozzoli, pupil of Ghiberti and of Fra Angelico, was painting the Chapel frescoes, commissioned by Piero the Gouty, Lorenzo's father, whose brief rule was near its end.

Concerning the 'Journey of the Magi,' Colonel Young says that it is 'from end to end an elaborate memorial pointing to all that the Medici had up to that time done for Florence, and for which they had gained honor among their countrymen . . . of how the great gathering of 1439 had been invited to Florence at the instigation of the Medici, and hospitably entertained by them there; of how it had brought to Florence the most learned men of the time, and furthered that revival of ancient learning which the Medici had, ever since the foundation-stone of this palace was laid, been fostering; of how learning and culture, when driven from Constantinople, had taken refuge in Florence'; and so on.

For the first of the three kings, Gozzoli selected the Patriarch of Constantinople, the elderly, white-bearded man riding a mule whose hindquarters were cut off when a new entrance into the Chapel was made. The Patriarch wears the dress he wore in processions of 1439.

For the second king, he chose the Emperor of the East, John Paleologus, superbly astride his white charger and wearing a costume of his familiar to Florentines thirty years before; and for the third king, young Lorenzo, in the costume he wore in the tournament of 1469.

Behind the three kings come their retinue, in the front rank of which we have Cosimo the Elder and his brother Lorenzo (who died about the time Cosimo moved into this palace, and through whose son, Pier Francesco, descended the cadet branch of the family which furnished the Medici

rulers after 1537); in the left corner, Piero the Gouty, for whom the fresco was painted, and who is represented with uncovered head. Beside Piero is his fifteen-year-old son, Giuliano; and then behind these members of three generations of the Medici family comes a long procession of notables responsible for the dawn of the Renaissance.

This portrait of Lorenzo the Magnificent is more or less as he looked when he became the ruler of Florence in that year of his marriage.

These days when Gozzoli is painting the Chapel, and the members and guests of the household are watching the progress of the pictured story, are days when young Botticelli is practically 'one of the family,' living here on terms of so great admiration of his talents that he is treated, Colonel Young says, almost like a son. He is five years older than Lorenzo; and Gozzoli is old enough to be Botticelli's father. I'm sure that the young painter neglected no opportunity to quiz the older man about Ghiberti and Fra Angelico — yes, and to talk with him about Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli's master, who died while this chapel was being painted.

During Lorenzo's boyhood, Botticelli had painted the beautiful portrait of Lucrezia Tornabuoni, which has unfortunately got to Berlin; he also painted (here in the palace, probably) the 'Madonna of the Magnificat,' which you are to see in the Uffizi, and into which he introduced portraits of Lorenzo and Giuliano when they were respectively sixteen and twelve. (They are the angels kneeling before the Madonna and Child, and holding the inkstand and the book in which the Blessed Virgin is writing her song. Giuliano is the one facing the spectator, with the curly lock straying down on his forehead.)

A year later than the painting of the 'Madonna of the Magnificat,' there occurred the conspiracy, headed by Luca

THE PROCESSION OF THE MAGI (DETAIL)

By Benozzo Gozzoli

The picture contains portraits of several of the Medici. The youthful Lorenzo on a white horse is the most conspicuous figure.

Pitti, to kill Piero de' Medici and destroy the power of his family. This was frustrated and the leaders surrendered. Piero refused to have them put to death; some among them he exiled, but Luca Pitti he pardoned outright — and thereby converted into a friend for life.

To commemorate these events, Piero seems to have ordered Botticelli to paint the 'Adoration of the Magi' (now in the Uffizi) for the Church of Santa Maria Novella. In this picture (antedating Gozzoli's by two years) three generations of the Medici appear. Cosimo kneels, embracing the feet of the Christ child; his second son, Giovanni, whose loss was such a bitter grief to the old man, is the man with very black hair and dress of black and red, standing at the right of the picture; Piero kneels in the centre, his right profile toward us; young Lorenzo is at the extreme left, clasping the hilt of his sword; and Giuliano, the idol of the family, kneels between his father and his Uncle Giovanni. The courage and astuteness of young Lorenzo had much to do with frustrating the Pitti plot — and that is why he handles so big a sword in this picture. Botticelli was a mere lad of twenty-two and twenty-three when he painted these pictures — if the chronology is correct which dates the 'Adoration' 1467, and not 1476 as some writers put it; I am not vouching for the dates of pictures, since scarcely any two 'authorities' agree on them; I am merely choosing probable dates which help us comprehend the conditions in which the pictures were painted.

You may like to see Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan, coming here in 1471, with his wife and two daughters, to visit Lorenzo and Clarice, and bringing a retinue of 'councillors, chamberlains, courtiers, and vassals; twelve litters covered with gold brocade, in which the ladies travelled; fifty grooms in liveries of cloth of silver; numerous servants all clad, even the kitchen boys, in silk or velvet; fifty war

horses with saddles of gold brocade, gilded stirrups, and silk-embroidered bridles; five hundred pairs of hounds, with huntsmen, falcon, and falconers, together with trumpeters, players, and musicians. Also a bodyguard of one hundred knights and five hundred infantry.' Quite a house-party!

And you will certainly wish to be a retrospective onlooker at some of the preparations made here for that ultra-magnificent tournament which Lorenzo gave in Giuliano's honor, in 1475. For this pageant, to be held in Santa Croce, Botticelli designed many of the art features, Verrocchio was employed to make helmets for Lorenzo and Giuliano, and to paint Giuliano's standard; and the splendor and costliness of the ladies' dresses exceeded anything ever seen before.

Lucrezia Donati was again 'Queen of the tournament,' but she was eclipsed by a newcomer who was acclaimed the 'Queen of Beauty.' She was a bride of sixteen, lately married to Marco Vespucci. We know her best as Simonetta, the exquisite Venus of Botticelli's 'Birth of Venus' (now in the Uffizi) and of his 'Venus and Mars,' in which Mars is Giuliano de' Medici (now in the National Gallery, London), and in his 'Primavera,' or 'Return of Spring,' where also Giuliano figures as Mercury scattering the clouds of winter.

Less than a year after the tournament, lovely Simonetta was dead. (We shall recall her death and burial when we are at the Church of the Ognissanti.) And two years after that, handsome, winsome young Giuliano was brought home here, on Easter Sunday, from the Duomo where he had been murdered near the High Altar — Lorenzo escaping, wounded, but with his life.

This outrage emanated from the Pope Sixtus IV, who desired to seize Tuscany for one of those greedy 'nephews' of his, and was operated through the Pazzi, an ancient Florentine family, also bankers, whose palace (on Via del Pro-

consolo, north of the Bargello) is now the Bank of Florence.

After Giuliano's death, there came to heart-broken Lucrezia a girl named Antonia Gorini, bringing a little son for whom she claimed Giuliano's paternity. Lucrezia and Lorenzo took the baby, and he was brought up with Lorenzo's sons. This was the Giulio de' Medici who became Pope Clement VII; he was two years younger than his cousin, Giovanni, Lorenzo's second son, who became Pope Leo X. Giulio was the father of an illegitimate son, Alessandro (for many years ascribed to Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, father of Catherine de' Medici), whose mother seems to have been a negress. Alessandro was the last of old Cosimo's descendants to rule Florence.

Before you leave this palace you will, I'm sure, want to remind yourself that it was the birthplace of Catherine de' Medici, the only child of old Cosimo's last legitimate successor. Catherine's father was but two years old when the Medici were exiled at the time of Charles VIII's coming to Florence. He was twenty-one when his uncle, elected Pope (Leo X), made him ruler of Florence, and once again this palace had the Medici for tenants. Six years that young Lorenzo ruled. Then he died, and was succeeded by the bastard Alessandro, married to an illegitimate daughter of the Emperor Charles V. In 1537, Alessandro was assassinated, next door to his palace; and his successor, Cosimo I, descended from old Cosimo's brother Lorenzo, moved to the Palazzo Vecchio and then to the Pitti. So that the association of this palace with the Medici covers considerably less than a hundred years. Their later history we shall recall at the Pitti Palace.

Now, let us go through Via de' Gori into Piazza San Lorenzo. The gentleman whose far from sightly statue dominates the square, is Giovanni delle Bande Nere (or John of the Black-Armored Troops), who was the son of

Catherine Sforza, one of the Milanese princesses who came to visit at the Medici Palace when Lorenzo the Magnificent was its young lord. Catherine married, for her third husband, one of the Medici of that cadet branch descended from old Cosimo's brother Lorenzo; her husband was of the same generation as Lorenzo the Magnificent, but younger. This, their son, was the only soldier of the Medici family; he married a granddaughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent (Maria Salviati), and through them descended the later Medici who ruled Florence as Grand Dukes, beginning with their son, Cosimo I. Giovanni was in command of the Papal troops at the siege of Pavia, but was wounded ten days before the battle; and to this fact Francis I of France ascribed his defeat and imprisonment. The next year (1526 — when Giovanni was but twenty-eight years old) he received his mortal wound, fighting against the Emperor's forces near Mantua. His wound was in the leg, and an effort was made to save his life by amputation. Those attending him said he must be held by ten men; but he declared that no one should hold him, 'and, taking the candle, held it himself throughout the operation, which was performed with great ignorance and roughness, causing indescribable agony.' And after all, it was of no use, for mortification set in, and he died. He was buried in his black armor, in the Church of San Francesco in Mantua, where he lay until 1685, when his remains were brought hither and interred with the others of his race. His coffin was opened in 1857, and it was found that his amputated leg was there, too — the horrible hacksaw method of its severing still very evident in the ragged bone.

In the Sala di Giovanni delle Bande Nere in the Palazzo Vecchio you will see frescoes picturing his victories in battle; and in the Uffizi colonnade you will see his statue. He was probably the finest commander Italy produced in

the sixteenth century; and many students of history feel that if he had lived even a little longer the history of Italy would have been quite different — that Rome would not have fallen to the Imperial army in 1527. He is said to have been 'the first commander under whom the infantry began to acquire fame since the time of the Roman legions,' and the first who in war exercised a personal care over the welfare and morale of his troops. His son, afterwards Cosimo I, was only seven years old when Giovanni died. One wonders if, in other ways than by his military skill, Giovanni might have changed the history of Italy; if, for instance, he could have made another sort of person out of his ignoble son.

This statue (which was in the Palazzo Vecchio until 1850) is by Baccio Bandinelli who presumed to consider himself a rival of Michelangelo's. It was the latter's intention to 'balance' his 'David' in front of the Palazzo della Signoría by a group of Hercules and Cacus. (Cacus was the giant, living in a cave of the Aventine, who plundered the surrounding country, and stole some of the oxen of Geryon when Hercules was driving them home. That their footprints might not indicate where they had been driven, Cacus dragged the oxen backward by their tails to his cave. But they bellowed or lowed to Hercules as he passed the cave with the remainder of the herd — and he despatched the giant.) The Florentine seal has the figure of Hercules in it, and Michelangelo felt that the Greek hero should stand side by side with the Hebrew at the door of Florence's seat of government. But Clement VII gave the block of marble that Michelangelo wanted for his Hercules, and the commission for the statue, to Bandinelli (this was thirty years after the 'David' was set up, and when Clement was master of Florence through his basest of bastards, the unspeakable Alessandro), who perpetrated the atrocity

that some one (Cellini, I think) called 'a sack of melons'. What Bandinelli 'did to' della Bande Nere is almost as bad.

Perhaps the square is 'crammed with booths, buzzing and blaze,' now as you enter it, reminding you of Browning's description of it on the day when he found here, and bought for a lira, the 'square old yellow book' with 'the crumpled vellum covers' which gave him the story of 'The Ring and the Book.' The stall whereon he found it was

> 'Toward Baccio's marble, — ay, the basement-ledge
> O' the pedestal where sits and menaces
> John of the Black Bands with the upright spear,
> 'Twixt palace and church — Riccardi where they lived,
> His race, and San Lorenzo where they lie.'

If you are a great lover of 'The Ring and the Book,' you will like to follow Browning, sometime, with that square old yellow book, and see him:

> 'At the Strozzi, at the Pillar [in Piazza Santa Trinità],
> at the Bridge;
> Till, by the time I stood at home again
> In Casa Guidi by Felice Church,
> . . . . . .
> I had mastered the contents.'

Now, before you enter San Lorenzo, I know you'll wish to take a few minutes' vacation from the Medici, and glance up Via della Stufa, which runs north from 'Baccio's marble.'

In the year 1495, while Savonarola was the pilot of Florence's ship of state and the Medici were in their second exile, a man who lived in Via della Stufa got married for the third time. He was Francesco del Giocondo, was near forty years of age, had lost two wives in childbirth, and had recently gone to Naples and married the niece of one of those deceased ladies — a girl of twenty-one, named Lisa Gherardina. On the day that he brought Lisa to her new home and her two step-children, not his house only, but the

street was adorned in honor of the event, and the neighborhood was pleasantly expectant.

That year (the year after Charles VIII's entry into Florence) an old friend of Francesco had taken a new studio in Via Martelli (that short stretch of street leading north from the Baptistery, and continuing as Via Cavour) and was busy there with cartoons for the decoration of the great Council Hall of the Five Hundred which Il Cronaca was constructing in the Palazzo della Signoría for the sittings of that vast democratic assembly by which Florence was now governed. The artist's name was Leonardo da Vinci, he was forty-three years old, and for the past ten years he had been employed in Milan by the Sforza.

You may like to imagine him at work upon the drawings for the Council Hall (those drawings which, together with Michelangelo's for the same Hall — neither of them having materialized in pictures — were 'the school of the world as long as they existed,' Cellini tells us; sections of Leonardo's drawings still exist in many places — one in the Uffizi, for instance; but of Michelangelo's cartoon we have only copies of fragments) and looking up to see Francesco's new bride go by. Perhaps Lisa smiled, as Leonardo then saw her, that smile he was later to put on canvas — beginning the portrait about 1500 and painting at it from time to time during four years.

Now you may be a bit readier to enter San Lorenzo and to visit the Medici tombs.

The nudity of the façade will shock you. Pope Leo X and Cardinal Giulio de' Medici commissioned Michelangelo, in 1518, to make a façade (Brunelleschi evidently had not designed one), and Michelangelo said, 'I shall make the most beautiful work that was ever made in Italy, if God helps me.'

God probably helped him; but unless one can believe

that God handles people like puppets, it is easy to see how all the inspiration that was given Michelangelo for this task was frustrated by those waywardnesses of his which kept him ever in conflict with the conditions of his employment. Patrons who showed only genial appreciativeness to Raphael came to seem tormentors to Michelangelo.

In the matter of this façade, he insisted on Carrara marble, although the Medici, who were paying for the façade, wanted to use marble from the Pietrasanta quarries recently acquired by Florence. Before he yielded to their wishes, Michelangelo got so involved with the Carrara quarries that they fought against his using the rival marble. He toiled and fretted himself into a fever. He refused to begin work on the façade until he had brought to Florence a very mountain of marble. All this labor of selection and transportation could, and should, have been done by a master-workman, skilled in directing such tasks. But Michelangelo persisted in doing it all himself. The result was that nothing was accomplished. (His design for the façade you may see at Casa Buonarroti, this afternoon.) At the end of two years and two months, he was 'released' from his contract. Yet, a year later, Cardinal Giulio gave him the commission for the Medici Chapel and tombs.

Not much, if anything, was done on them, however, until after Giulio's election to the pontifical throne, in November, 1523. (His uncle, Leo X, had died in December, 1521; and for eight months of the intervening time there had been the pontificate of Adrian VI.)

The original plan for the Chapel was that it was to contain four tombs: those of Lorenzo the Magnificent and of his murdered brother Giuliano, of Lorenzo's third son, Giuliano — born soon after his uncle's murder — and of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, grandson of Lorenzo the Mag-

nificent. (Of these four tombs, only the last two were even begun; they are the ones we see, but they are unfinished.) Then Giulio (now Clement VII) decided to add to these the sarcophagus of Leo X, and his own, reserving the place of honor for them. (The Medici Popes are buried in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, at Rome; their monuments, in the Choir, being by Sangallo, with 'figures of Virtues' by that Baccio Bandinelli who made the 'sack of melons' outside the Palazzo Vecchio, and the statue of Giovanni delle Bande Nere in San Lorenzo Square.)

'In judging of the general effect of the New Sacristy,' Edmund Gardner reminds us, 'it must be remembered that Michelangelo intended it to be full of statues and that the walls were to have been covered with paintings.' But when he left Florence forever, not even these two statues had been set up.

Your guide-book being so informative about the Medici tombs, I am not attempting any detailed comment — only to supply such interpretative facts as the guide-book does not give.

Michelangelo made no attempt at portraiture in the figures of the two Medici — as you may satisfy yourself when you see their portraits in the Uffizi — nor does it seem that he tried even to symbolize the two young men; since Lorenzo was anything but a 'pensieroso,' and Giuliano was much more thoughtful and peaceful than ambitious and military. However, when this lack of resemblance was pointed out to Michelangelo, 'he contemptuously asked who would know it in the ages to follow.'

Giuliano, Duc de Nemours, was a lad of fifteen when his family was driven out of Florence in 1494, and very much the same sort of handsome, winsome youth his uncle was, for whom he had been named. He was a favorite at all the Courts he lived in and visited during his exile, and has been

called 'one of the most attractive personalities the Italian Renaissance can claim to have produced.' His brother Giovanni was elected Pope (Leo X) in 1513, and two years later sent Giuliano as his representative to congratulate the new King of France, Francis I, on his accession. And Francis was so delighted with Giuliano that he gladly gave him in marriage the charming young Philiberte of Savoy, then seventeen years old (she was the sister of Louise, mother of Francis), and created him Duc de Nemours. Giuliano died in March, 1516, at the age of thirty-seven. He left no children by Philiberte, but an illegitimate son, Ippolito, born at Urbino in 1509, educated by his uncle, Leo X, and murdered (when we was twenty-six) by the infamous bastard of Pope Clement VII, the mulatto Alessandro. You will see Titian's superb portrait of Ippolito in the Pitti Gallery. A magnificent portrait of Giuliano, by Raphael, is now in Berlin.

Lorenzo, of the other monument, was a baby of two years when his father Piero fled Florence on the approach of Charles VIII. He was made ruler of Florence when he was twenty-one, as the representative of his uncle, Pope Leo X. Three years later, Leo X got Lorenzo a dukedom by the entirely primitive method of chasing Francesco della Rovere, Duke of Urbino, out of his duchy and declaring Lorenzo Duke of Urbino in his stead. In 1518, Leo X sent Lorenzo to France to represent him at the baptism of Francis First's heir, and to marry the French King's distant relative, the beautiful Madeleine de la Tour d'Auvergne.

The Court of Francis I, then the most brilliant in Europe, was at Amboise when Lorenzo arrived; and there, amid festivities on a more splendid scale than had ever before been witnessed in Christendom, Lorenzo and Madeleine were married.

Madeleine died at the Medici Palace on April 29th of the following year, a fortnight after giving birth to her daughter Catherine; and six days later, Lorenzo followed her to the tomb. He was only twenty-seven years old, and worn out by his dissolute life.

To shield his uncle, Cardinal Giulio, Lorenzo had not repudiated the paternity, which gossip ascribed to him, of the mulatto Alessandro, born when Lorenzo was nineteen. (They lie in the same sarcophagus now — and over their ignoble dust sits that superb Thinker, wrought with God knows what irony by Michelangelo.)

Alessandro misruled Florence for five dreadful years, and then was murdered by his young relative and boon companion, Lorenzino de' Medici, of the cadet branch. Lorenzino fled Florence after the murder. And this left Cosimo, son of Giovanni delle Bande Nere, the head of the House of Medici — except for his many-times-removed cousin, Catherine, who was just his age.

I shall not go with you into the Chapel of the Princes, the burial-place of the cadet line of Medici. There is much that we might say there; but I think you must have had Medici enough for one morning, and those later members of the family are best recalled at the Palazzo Vecchio, the Uffizi and the Pitti.

Let us give our last thought, as we leave San Lorenzo, to Donatello; then pass on to the Brunelleschi cloisters, haunted by homeless pussycats, and to the Biblioteca Laurenziana, where one of the most glorious collections of ancient manuscripts in the world is housed in the building that Michelangelo designed at the same time when he was working on the New Sacristy and its tombs.

My one consolation for not having space in these few chapters for detailed comment on the treasures of this library is that, after all, they are not so essentially of the

story of Florence as are the things to which I am calling your attention.

Those who wish to lunch hereabouts may do it satisfactorily at Cencio, Number 21, Borgo San Lorenzo, close to the Library.

IV

THE LATER MEDICI AND SOME OTHERS

A MORNING of such sight-seeing as is outlined in our preceding chapter ought to be followed by a very leisurely afternoon of loafing, shopping, driving. But not many travellers have time enough for Florence to permit themselves such concessions. And for that majority who must snatch quickly what they can, I suggest the following:

Drive or walk down Via del Proconsolo, from the south-east corner of the Duomo, past the great palace that Brunelleschi built for some of the Pazzi and which is now the Bank of Florence, and turn east on Via Ghibellina which skirts the north side of the Bargello, to the Casa Buonarroti, which Michelangelo bought for his nephew Leonardo. It is number 64 Via Ghibellina, and will repay the not-too-hurried visitor for a brief stop; but those with four or five days for all Florence may pass it by.

Your objective now is Santa Croce. Should you be driving, and interested in snatching a glimpse of the prison of the Murate, you may continue along Via Ghibellina till you pass it, then turn down Via delle Casine and approach Santa Croce from the east — which is a better way than seeing it first from Piazza Santa Croce, dominated by the none-too-pleasing modern façade.

Early in the sixteenth century the Murate Convent was the most important convent in Florence, patronized by all those ladies of the principal Florentine families who took the veil. Its name was due to the ceremony with which each of the nuns was admitted, a portion of the wall of the convent being opened for her entrance and bricked up

again behind her. It had, of course, its doorway for regular uses, and that doorway is little changed in the four centuries since a certain scene took place there that you may like to recall:

Catherine de' Medici (another of whose names was Romola), who had been taken to Rome when she was six months old, and kept there till she was six years of age, was back in Florence, in 1527, living in the Medici Palace, when word came that the army of Charles V had taken Rome and the Medici Pope (Clement VII) was besieged in the Castle of Sant' Angelo. Then the Florentine mob began to gather outside the Medici Palace, bent on plundering it again. The bastards, Ippolito and Alessandro, fled; but little Catherine was not allowed to go; she was held by the Republic of Florence as a hostage, in the case of trouble with Pope Clement. For six months they kept her in the convent of the Ognissanti. Thence she was removed suddenly, one December night, walked through the streets of Florence, where a plague was raging, to the convent of 'the walled-up ones,' where she was to be held 'incomunicado' from all friends of her family.

On another night, nearly three years later, this convent of the Murate was aroused by a loud knocking at the entrance and a summons to open in the name of the Republic. When this was obeyed, the frightened nuns were confronted by three Senators who ordered them to surrender the girl Catherine de' Medici. Catherine and her guardians protested with all their might, but were able to win no more than a few hours' respite. Granted this, Catherine seized some shears, cut off all her fair hair (she was very blonde in her youth, and her dark hair of later years was not improbably dyed), donned the garb of a Murate nun, and, when the Senators returned by morning light, bringing a horse for her to ride, she dared them to take her away

and give the people of Florence the impression that they were forcibly carrying off a nun. There was a long contest of wills in which that of the girl of eleven years could not be overcome; she was taken away, dressed as she was, to another convent.

'The Murate,' Colonel Young says, 'still bears out its name by sheltering "walled-up ones"; for it is now the great prison of Tuscany. Its forbidding door in the centre of the high, grim wall remains as when Catherine and the Senators of the Republic had there that contest of wills, and recalls the strange scene — the horse which had been waiting before the door for so many hours, the weeping nuns within the doorway, afraid that their little charge was being taken away to be murdered, the three Senators striving to induce the latter to doff her offending attire, and in the midst the small figure in her black dress, with pale, determined face, whom not all their endeavors could shake.'

Twice, in later times, the Murate was Catherine's home; and it was from here that she set out, in August, 1533, to go to Nice, there to meet Pope Clement and accompany him to Marseilles to marry Henry of Orleans, second son of the King of France.

Concerning Santa Croce, which is one of my favorite places in all Florence, and among my favorite churches in all Italy, there is so much in your guide-book that I am constrained to economize here in our narrow space — especially since it may be your most excellent fortune to find there Signor Alfred Branconi, official guide of Santa Croce, who speaks fluent English and makes a tour of the church with him a liberal education. Every one new-come to Florence should, of course, visit Santa Croce at least once in this 'educational' way, as a great museum of art and a great shrine of history. And then, as often thereafter as he can he should go thither with his eager mind as much

in leash as possible, and his emotions set free to lead him whither they will. For Santa Croce is preëminently an emotional church, a place for transports — not because of the great who wrought there and the illustrious who sleep there, but because of what one would feel, I should think, who might find himself wandering therein without any slightest knowledge of its traditions or its treasures.

I don't, except with a special effort for some special purpose, 'see' or feel anybody, in Santa Croce, nor incline to recall any event among the many enacted there. No one stands out here from the others — not Giotto, nor Donatello, nor Michelangelo. It is truly 'the Pantheon of Florence,' because here one worships *all* the gods of Florence, not as units but as the collective symbols of a faith in beauty to whose cult the whole Western world raises shrines.

Be sure to see the Cloister of the Dead, and the Pazzi Chapel. The Grand Cloister of Brunelleschi has been incorporated in the magnificent new building for the National Library, into which I hope you will go for a brief visit if not for a long one. This superb collection of books and manuscripts and autographs and antique bindings deserves a long chapter to itself, and I am most humbly apologetic for rendering it but a paragraph. I am, however, trying to keep constantly in mind, as I write, that fleeting traveller with the tiniest handful of hours to spend in Florence; and unless he is a special devotee of books, not as literature only, but as *sources* of literature, he is almost sure to feel that the use he ought to make of his time in Florence is to get himself as well as may be into those phases of feeling which Florence expressed in art. What she expressed in literature, we may feel (measurably) at our far-off firesides, with the humblest printed edition of, say, 'The Divine Comedy,' even better, perhaps, than we could feel it in this library with the Dante code of 1329. But not all that anybody can convey to us, in

glowing words or faithful copies, can give us even a foretaste of the feeling we have when we find ourselves standing in the Baptistery or staring at the Ponte Vecchio or seeing a sunset from the Piazzale Michelangelo. And there are street pictures to be seen in Florence, as one strolls about, which are really worth more to most of us than a sight of the Elzevirs and Aldines in the splendid library; for the street scenes illumine great old books for us, so that henceforth, when we read them at our far firesides, they are as splendid as those Books of Hours which the exquisite miniaturists made for kings of yesteryears.

If now, for instance, it were much earlier in the day, I should urge you to go up, past the Murate, to Piazza Ghiberti where the Mercato del Erbi, or fruit, flower, and vegetable market, presents many a picture of Florentine life in which Dante would not feel himself a bit of a Rip Van Winkle, were he to come wandering through it with us at his heels. And when we cross the Ponte Vecchio, for our stroll on the other side of the river (in Oltrarno, as it was called in Dante's day), we shall be even more mindful than we are elsewhere in Florence of those humble citizens, in their humble occupations, who have bred nearly all that makes Florence glorious.

Before you leave Piazza Santa Croce, where you have reënacted many splendid tournaments, including the one whereof little Simonetta was Queen of Beauty, be sure to go into one of the workshops in which this vicinity abounds, wherein that amazing marble inlay is done which reproduces, in stone of infinite variety, every triumph of color and design in nature and in art.

Then, if it were *my* Florence day, I'd go a-driving — perhaps in that most exquisite little park on the western edge of Florence, called the Cascine; perhaps farther afield (by motor) to the Royal Villa of Poggio a Caiano, to visit

which I had secured a free *permesso* at the Pitti Palace. It is ten miles to this villa, out through the Porta al Prato near the Cascine; and when I speak of going there rather late in an afternoon, I am thinking of the long afternoons of late spring and early summer.

There are not many evening diversions in Florence for the visitor who understands little Italian; and the delightful thing to do there, as a relaxation after sight-seeing, is to take a restful little journey into the exquisite country round about Florence, returning about set o' sun. (This, of course, if daylight be not too brief, and if weather permits. The matter of long days is one to consider, when planning a trip abroad.)

By this time, I'd feel fairly ready for a first visit to the Uffizi.

You know, ere now, my aversion to directing people's attention to what they should see in these vast palaces of art where enormous powers of exclusion and concentration are required of one before any picture or statue can make to him, among so many counter-claims, the appeal with which its creator sought to endow it. It does sometimes happen, I dare say, that one who strolls through an immense gallery finds a picture, till then quite unknown to him, making a strong appeal for his interest or his favor. But, generally, what impresses us is the thing we have come to see; the thing we know through reproductions or descriptions or associations. (All this is rankest heresy from the standpoint of many art critics and modern painters, I am well aware. They would have us enter a museum like the Uffizi with no 'predispositions' toward anything, no interest in anything for its subject, its artist, its history — unaware of aught but what a work of art may be able to say to us by its manner of expression. Do it that way if you like. I have no 'school'

to defend, no quarrel to pick with any one. Recognizing in myself an exceedingly simple-minded person, I assume to be no one's mentor.)

The prime thing to have in mind in Florence's superb picture galleries is that in the main these almost innumerable works of art, including a great percentage of the world's acknowledged masterpieces, were either done for or otherwise collected by the Medici family and bequeathed to Tuscany by the last of their race, with the stipulation that they should never be removed from Florence.

Rooms IV, V, VI, XI (the latter the Tribune, with the 'Venus de' Medici,' the 'Wrestlers,' Raphael's 'Julius II,' 'La Fornarina,' Correggio's 'Madonna adoring the Divine Child,' and many other familiar works — not always the same, because of frequent rearrangement), and XIII contain most of the works of art which visitors who can make but one visit to the Uffizi would least like to miss. Beyond this little 'hint,' I refuse to essay the rôle of guide.

When you leave the Uffizi, you might like to spend a half-hour in the Piazza degli Uffizi, seeing how many stories its eight-and-twenty statues tell you. Or you might have some shopping to do. Or you might have energy enough left to make a worth-while visit to the Palazzo Vecchio — to the Sala dei Cinquecento; the halls of Leo X, Clement VII, Giovanni delle Bande Nera, Cosimo the Elder, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Cosimo I. These halls are like the picture book of Florentine history in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Here, for example, you may see Cosimo the Elder going into exile, and returning from it; all about him are the famous artists whose patron and friend he was. Here, in Lorenzo's Hall, we see him with the notables of his time. Here is Leo X passing in Papal procession through the Piazza, outside. Here is the siege of Florence by the Imperial army. And so on.

Then go into the apartment of Eleonora di Toledo, and there reflect a while.

Did you, as you passed Giovanni da Bologna's statue of Cosimo I, in the square outside, note the bas-relief on the pedestal showing the Council offering him the rule of Florence?

Cosimo was a relatively obscure youth of seventeen when the foul Duke Alessandro, the mulatto, was murdered and Florence was left without a ruler. This lad (Cosimo) whose father had been the best of the recent Medici, whose mother was a granddaughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was a taciturn youth of a demeanor 'so humble and submissive as to provoke the contempt of his friends.' When he came down from the hills into Florence, after Alessandro's murder, he seemed to sundry astute Florentines the best tool that could have been fashioned for their purposes. They would invest him with a semblance of power, on his promise to leave the real authority in their hands. He promised.

One of those responsible for his elevation was Filippo Strozzi, the handsome, courtly, and very rich husband of Clarice de' Medici. Another was Francesco Guicciardini, who hoped to marry his daughter Lisabetta to Cosimo, and thus make himself the real ruler of Florence.

No sooner was Cosimo installed as chief of the State, however, than he assumed absolute authority and became so arbitrary a tyrant that a large number of Florence's leading citizens deserted the city, got help from French troops, and prepared to drive Cosimo from the control they had given him.

They were defeated by Imperial troops whose assistance he had obtained, and fell into his hands. The Bargello was crowded with prisoners representing nearly every distinguished family in Florence. Not one was pardoned; all were first tortured and then executed.

To the Emperor Charles V, Cosimo represented himself as a willing vassal who might be relied upon to combat in every way the French interest in Italy. And in return for this, Charles issued a Diploma which conferred on Cosimo 'all the authority formerly borne and exercised by Duke Alessandro,' the husband of Charles's young illegitimate daughter Margaret.

Cosimo then tried to get Margaret for wife, but failed. And in 1539, when he was twenty, he succeeded in arranging for himself a marriage with Eleonora, only child of Don Pedro di Toledo, Viceroy of Naples. Eleonora was very, very rich, not in estates alone but in 'ready money,' which Cosimo needed.

When her father brought her to Florence to be married, they were met at the villa of Poggio a Caiano by Cosimo; and soon afterwards the wedding was splendidly celebrated at San Lorenzo.

Eleonora went to live in the Medici Palace, and there her first child, little Maria, was born.

Then Cosimo decided that the Elder Cosimo's palace was not sufficiently defensible for so unpopular a ruler as he found himself to be, and had no accommodation for the bodyguard of troops necessary to protect his person. So he moved his residence to the Palazzo Vecchio and kept the door of it guarded by those Swiss lancers of his who caused the loggia wherein they stayed while on duty to be called thenceforth the Loggia de' Lanzi.

These were small quarters for Eleonora, as her family increased. When she left here for the new palace across the river, she had seven children living, and one dead. Her youngest son was born after this ceased to be the family home.

Of those children, Maria died at sixteen. Then there was Francis I, Bianca Capella's lover, who died suddenly and

mysteriously, with her, at Poggio a Caiano. Next, there was Isabella, married to Paolo Orsini, Prince of Bracciano, by whom she was strangled so that he might wed Vittoria Accoramboni, whose husband Orsini then had assassinated. The daughter younger than Isabella was Lucrezia, married at fifteen to the Duke of Ferrara, and dead at seventeen — poisoned by her husband, some have said, on the ground of infidelity; but this is now considered a baseless fabrication. The second and third sons of Eleonora and Cosimo were Giovanni and Garzia, both of whom died within a month and were followed to the tomb by Eleonora who survived Garzia only six days. The boys were about nineteen and sixteen, respectively, and their mother was but forty.

She was buried in the dress in which Bronzino painted her in the portrait you may have seen in the Uffizi, with her little son Ferdinand by her side. (He is the unheroic 'hero' of 'The Statue and the Bust' story.) When she had been dead nearly three hundred years, all the Medici coffins were opened; and hers, which was without any name or inscription either inside or out, was identified by this dress.

Eleonora's youngest son, who was only eight years old at her death, was Pietro, who at twenty married a namesake of his mother's, who was only fifteen when she came to Florence to live a life of neglect and abuse. She fell in love with one of the Antinori, and was killed by her husband.

The eldest son and heir of Cosimo I, Francis, brought to these rooms, three years after his mother's death, his bride, Archduchess Joanna of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand I. Vasari was ordered to beautify the old palace and fit it for the abode of an emperor's daughter. These apartments were redecorated. The massive pillars in the *cortile* were encrusted with stucco ornamentation. Verrocchio's beautiful fountain of the 'Boy with the Dolphin,' made for the villa at Careggi, was set up here. And Vasari

was instructed to build the corridor, nearly half a mile long, connecting the old palace with the ducal palace we now call the Pitti, although no Pitti ever lived in it. Before this time the shops on the Ponte Vecchio, over one row of which the passage runs, were occupied by butchers. But Cosimo ordered them all out now, and directed the jewellers to replace them.

Much was done for the Archduchess. But she doubtless knew, before she had been here very long, that her husband's heart was elsewhere. For more than a year he had been passionately attached to Bianca Capella.

Bianca was a beautiful Venetian girl, daughter of one of the most illustrious nobles of Venice. When she was about seventeen, she fell in love with a young Florentine who was working as a clerk in the Salviati bank in Venice. They were secretly married and fled from the indignant wrath of Bianca's family to the indigence and resentment of the bridegroom's poor home on the south side of Piazza San Marco, where Bianca became a household drudge.

She had been married three years when Francis, heir to the Dukedom of Florence, looked up one day as he was crossing the piazza before her humble home, saw her at a window, and fell in love with her. She soon became his mistress, and her complaisant husband seems to have shared with her, for a time, the palace in Via Maggio wherein Francis installed her. (You may see it there yet, soon after you cross Ponte Santa Trinità going toward Casa Guidi — the profusely frescoed façade still bearing Bianca's coat of arms.)

Bianca's husband was murdered in a street brawl one night. And in the course of time, Joanna was carried (all splendid in crimson satin and gold) to the Medici tombs in San Lorenzo; she had borne Francis six children, only two of whom survived childhood — one of these

latter being Marie de' Medici, destined to become Queen of France.

Very soon after Joanna's death, Francis and Bianca were privately married here in the small chapel of these apartments. But in the following year they had a public and very magnificent ceremony in San Lorenzo, followed by tournaments, bull-fights, balls, opera, feasts, and finally — in the great Hall of the Cinquecento here — an imposing ceremony in which Bianca was crowned with the crown of Tuscany.

Both Francis and Bianca were exceedingly unpopular with the Florentines, and their marriage was considered a disgrace to Tuscany. No one resented it more than did Francis's brother Ferdinand, who had been made a cardinal when he was fourteen. The hostility between the brothers was not on account of Bianca alone, for they had always disagreed on everything; but Ferdinand, being heir to the crown of Tuscany, since Francis had no surviving male child, feared to see a son of Bianca's come between him and that he coveted.

Francis was not only a liberal patron of the fine arts and the real founder of the Uffizi Gallery, but an impassioned student of natural science, a deep delver into chemistry, and a most successful experimenter in certain processes — he discovered the method of melting rock crystal, and became distinguished for his skill and taste in making vases of this material, many of which are still to be seen in the Gem Room of the Uffizi Gallery. He was also the first to achieve the manufacture of porcelain in imitation of the Chinese, and founded the existing porcelain industry of Florence.

These things absorbed him, but not — it would seem — to the exclusion of business interests, which he operated on a large scale, amassing great wealth. He had been in his tomb for many years when that wealth bought his daughter

Marie the crown of France and the unofficial title of 'the fat bankeress from Florence.'

In October, 1587, Ferdinand came from Rome to visit Francis and Bianca at Poggio a Caiano. Hatchets seemed to be decently if not deeply buried, and all was going well except that Bianca's dropsy, of which she had suffered for two years, took a bad turn and kept her in bed.

On the fourth day of her indisposition, there was a hunting party at which Francis caught a severe chill which developed into what we call pneumonia and carried him off in eleven days. Bianca was not told of his danger, or of his death, she being herself in such a grave condition. But she divined what was happening, and survived Francis only a few hours — as she had always said she wished to do, if she did not precede him.

Lurid stories are told of this double death. Ferdinand was suspected of poisoning them; Bianca was said to have prepared a poisoned tart for Ferdinand and, seeing Francis eat of it by mistake, herself devoured a part of what remained, so that she might not survive him. Ferdinand ordered a post-mortem examination of the two bodies, and no traces of poison were found. But the stories persist.

The bodies were brought back together, to Florence; that of Francis was embalmed and ceremoniously buried in the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo. But Ferdinand would not permit Bianca to lie there. Her remains were wrapped in an ordinary winding sheet and cast into the Carnaio, or charnel house of the nameless poor.

Your next objective in Florence (after lunch!) might well be the Piazza Santissima Annunziata where Ferdinand perpetually rides past the window 'where now is the empty shrine.'

Browning waxed quite delightfully indignant, once upon

a time, when an American reader wrote to the Open Letter department of his favorite newspaper a number of questions about the personages and places of 'The Statue and the Bust.'

'I have seldom,' wrote the author, 'met with such a strange inability to understand what seems the plainest matter possible . . . but any guide-book would confirm what is sufficiently stated in the poem.'

Guide-books in Robert's day must have been explicit, indeed; and I'd like to see one. For there are many points of the story I am unable to clear up, after the most diligent search.

Duke Ferdinand was thirty-eight years old when he resigned his cardinal's rank (together with a good prospect of being the next Pope) and succeeded his brother Francis as Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Looking about Europe for a wife, the choice of Ferdinand fell upon Christine of Lorraine, granddaughter of Catherine de' Medici. It was, however, more than a year before Christine was able to leave France; she stayed with her grandmother till the latter's end, at Blois.

Was it, I wonder, while 'the Great-Duke Ferdinand' was waiting for his bride to come from France, that he looked up and saw the Riccardi bride?

> 'That selfsame instant, underneath,
> The Duke rode past in his idle way,
> Empty and fine like a swordless sheath.'

He looked at her, as she looked at him;

> 'And lo, a blade for a knight's emprise
> Filled the fine empty sheath of a man —
> The Duke grew straightway brave and wise.'

Then her bridegroom, the Riccardi Duke, also 'grew wise,' and told her 'the door she had passed was shut on her' and

'The world meanwhile, its noise, and stir,
She could watch like a convent's chronicler.'

She determined to 'fly to the Duke,' 'but not to-morrow' —

'My father tarries to bless my state:
I must keep it one day more for him.

'Is one day more so long to wait?
Moreover, the Duke rides past, I know;
We shall see each other, sure as fate.'

And the Duke, too, had reasons to wait. However —

'Be sure that each renewed the vow,
No morrow's sun should arise and set
And leave them then as it left them now.

'But next day passed, and next day yet,
With still fresh cause to wait one day more
Ere each leaped over the parapet.
. . . . . .
'So weeks grew months, years; gleam by gleam
The glory dropped from their youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream.'

Then the lady summoned a carver of 'Robbia's craft' and commanded:

'Make me a face on the window there,
Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square!
. . . . . .
'Where is the use of the lip's red charm,
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm —

'Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine?
A lady of clay is as good, I trow.'

And the Duke had 'bade them fetch'

'Some subtle moulder of brazen shapes —
"Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
Ere his body find the grave that gapes?"'

And at this prudence and cowardice Browning hurled his scathing invective, thus:

> 'The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
> Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
> Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.'

Ferdinand had hated the scandal that his brother's infatuation for Bianca brought upon their name. He might have been expected to think long and well before snatching the bride of one of his leading nobles. But Browning had no patience with a man who could weigh a dukedom in the scale with love. And as he and Elizabeth had 'run away,' I like to imagine him reading this poem, as he was working on it, to her, in Casa Guidi; and to see her, as he has pictured her in 'By the Fireside,' listening to it, by firelight,

> '. . . . . that great brow
> And the spirit-small hand propping it,'

and the dark ringlets framing her transfigured face.

Before you leave Ferdinand's statue, you may like to be reminded that it is made from the bronze guns captured from the Turks in the victories gained by Ferdinand's fleet; and that it was this statue which Marie de' Medici had in mind when she declared her intention of presenting Paris with an equestrian statue of her husband, Henry IV, to be set up on the 'prow' of the Île de la Cité, between the two sections of the Pont-Neuf.

She wrote to her Uncle Ferdinand asking him to allow Giovanni da Bologna to execute it; and as the sculptor was then past eighty and might not live to complete the commission, Marie coolly requested Uncle Ferdinand to give her the bronze horse of his statue, and get himself another.

Ferdinand refused to do this, but suggested that the moulds used for casting his horse might be put at Marie's service. Bologna's statue was melted by the Revolutionists, in 1792, and the one we see to-day is a nineteenth-century production set up when the Bourbons came back into power with Louis XVIII.

Ferdinand may have been a too-prudent lover, but he deserves to be remembered for some other things than his failure to elope.

He had, while cardinal, built the Villa Medici at Rome, and gathered together there a superb collection of antique sculpture, including the 'Venus de' Medici,' the 'Dancing Faun,' the 'Wrestlers,' the 'Knife-Whetter,' the group of Niobe and her children, the 'Apollino' — all now in the Uffizi Gallery, which was for a long while so much more noted for its sculpture than for its pictures that it was called, down to quite recent times, 'the Gallery of the Statues.'

And Ferdinand's connection with the opera should be gratefully borne in mind. Toward the beginning of his reign a few music-lovers had formed themselves into a society to bring about a reform on the lines of what they believed to have been the method of the Greeks in their dramas — to see whether, instead of musical interludes being introduced here and there into dramas, it might not be possible to combine the two, the drama being sung continuously.

This society held its meetings in the Bardi Palace; and the first continuous musical drama, 'Daphne,' was performed in the great hall of the Uffizi in 1597. Next came 'Euridice,' which was first performed in the same hall in 1600 at the marriage festivities of Marie de' Medici.

Ferdinand virtually created Leghorn, and by making it a port of universal toleration, an asylum for the persecuted of all religions and nationalities, saw it rise in a score of

years from an obscure fishing village into the leading commercial port of Italy after Genoa.

Now, make your visit to the Basilica of the Annunciation (not forgetting to see Giovanni da Bologna's sepulchre, and the chapel of the Brotherhood of Saint Luke, off the Cloister of the Dead, where Cellini lies).

Then see the Hospital of the Innocents, or Foundling Asylum, the oldest institution of its kind in Europe, with its beautiful portico, its lovely della Robbia *bambini*, and its chapel altarpiece, 'The Adoration of the Magi,' by Ghirlandaio.

If, now, you go to the first cross-street south of Piazza della Santissima Annunziata, Via degli Alfani, follow it in an easterly direction for a block, and turn down Via della Pergola, you will come, soon, to Via Sant' Egidio which leads to Piazza Santa Maria Nuova, and the hospital that Folco Portinari built. (Or, you may come back down Via de' Servi, which you went out, and turn east in Via Bufalini. In either case, it is a very short walk from one hospital to the other.) This may seem an excessive amount of hospital to you; and if it does, I shall not quarrel with you, since there is nothing here that Beatrice and her father knew.

What you'd rather do, perhaps, is to walk down Via della Colonna (on the north of the Innocenti) past the house where Cellini was living when he cast his Perseus (between Numbers 31 and 32), and pay a visit to the Museo Archeologico, in Palazzo Crocetta, at 28 Via della Colonna.

The Etruscan and Roman remains here are not only of incalculable value to the student, but of absorbing interest to most of us when explained by one who has a gift for such explaining. This is one of the places where I would that there might be assistant curators who are able to

talk interestingly on the exhibits — one speaking English, another French, another German, and another Spanish, after the manner of the Trappist monks at the catacombs of Saint Calixtus in Rome. It may be that some of the professional guides to Florence are capable of doing a scant justice to this museum; but I doubt it.

Perhaps you know a Mæcenas who would endow an English lectureship here. Florence always has a large English-speaking colony, including many scholars. Why not a fund, an endowment, the income from which will enable a good student of archæology (the sort who's bent on sharing and popularizing what he knows, rather than on keeping it as exclusive as possible) to live in Florence for a year and give one 'tour' a day (morning or afternoon) of a treasure-house like this?

Pending this time, we must do the best we can here. I'd like to offer you some help, but am afraid to venture — being no archæologist. My interest in these things, and eagerness to know about them, enables me to get a good deal from them that pleases me; but it might horrify the savants if I essayed to pass it on to you. So I'll just remind you not to miss the Idolino (in Room 17), a Greek bronze of the fifth century B.C., 'the golden age' of Greek art; nor the bronze statue of the 'Orator' (in Room XI); or the famous François vase (in Room XII), and the sarcophagi in adjoining rooms numbered XXI and XXII.

When you leave here, you are but a very short distance from the English Cemetery, where Elizabeth Barrett Browning lies, and Walter Savage Landor. If you follow Via della Colonna to Via Borgo Pinto, and, turning to your left, walk two blocks up the latter, you will find yourself at Piazza Donatello, on which is the little cemetery.

At the cemetery gate, you can take tram number 19, the Viale di Circonvallazione (or line of the outer boulevards)

to the entrance of the Cascine, on the other side of town; and there get a cab for driving in the park. Or, if you were at the Cascine yesterday, leave your tram at Via Santa Caterina (two blocks after you pass Piazza Cavour) and take tram number 3 to Piazza dell' Unità Italiana, which is alongside the Church of Santa Maria Novella. For the part it has played as a background in Florentine history, and for its many famous works of art, this church is one that should not be slighted by even the most hurrying visitor in Florence with the smallest possible interest in churches *per se*.

Detailed information about the church is so accessible, in our guide-books, that I shall not repeat it here.

But be sure to do justice to the Rucellai Chapel and Cimabue's Madonna; to the Strozzi Chapel, with Orcagna's paintings of Heaven and Hell as Dante had helped him to conceive them, and the other chapel of the same name, with Benedetto da Maiano's tomb for Filippo Strozzi; the choir, with Ghirlandaio's frescoes, at which he was working when the boy Michelangelo was studying with him; the Cloisters, and the Spanish Chapel.

Via de' Fossi, one of the most tempting shopping streets in Florence (brocades, brasses, bronzes, marbles, antiques, majolica, terra-cottas, etc.), leads from the Piazza Santa Maria Novella down to Piazza Goldoni at the Ponte alla Carraia. And if you have any money left when you get through it, you can spend it delightfully and to excellent purpose in Via Borgo Ognissanti, running northwest from Piazza Goldoni, or in Via di Vigna Nuova, running northeast from it.

V

ACROSS THE ARNO

Now, on a morning (preferably Thursday), which you may have begun by stepping for a moment into the Church of the Ognissanti (at the very door of the hotels where a majority of travellers stay), to reflect on Amerigo Vespucci and Botticelli and Simonetta, who are all buried there, take your way, as unfatiguingly as possible, to the Ponte Vecchio.

Our objectives to-day have great variety; for we are bent upon the Pitti Palace and Museum and the Boboli Gardens; on quaint little old shops and the carts of country-folk come to market; on watching the fishermen and sand-gatherers in the river; and going past Macchiavelli's house, and stopping at Casa Guidi, and passing on out through Porta Romana to the Certosa, and to call at Arcetri, in company with John Milton, on Galileo.

If some American or Englishwoman living in Florence would only open, on or near Piazza Pitti, a modest little tea-room where one could get a good cup of tea and a plate of sandwiches, I think I could almost insure her a livelihood, and I *know* I could insure her a grateful place in the affections of thousands of travellers. For there isn't a place (that I know of) on that bank of the Arno where a sight-seer may bend a knee in rest; and it's very wearying to 'trek' way back to one's hotel and return. Yet return one must; for no half-day can ever cover what even the most fleeting traveller wants to see hereabouts.

Pending the opening of that tea-room, the only thing I can suggest is that those who make this visit on Thursday

take with them a discreet small packet of luncheon put up by Doney or Giacosa in Via Tornabuoni, or by their hotel; 'check' this at the entrance of the Museum; and consume it in some secluded spot of the exquisite Boboli Gardens. I can only trust that for making this suggestion about a picnic in the King's palace gardens, I do not find myself in limbo on my next visit to Florence — or get *you* landed in limbo for essaying it!

You must do the best you can about rest and luncheon. Here's what there is to see:

As you cross the bridge, or loiter on the quay approaching it, note the sand-gatherers at work in the river. Theirs is an old, old trade which harks back to Dante's day and beyond. Palaces were built for defence, and the walls were double, with a space between that was filled with coarse gravel and a cement made of fluid sand; this filling hardened into a well-nigh indestructible mass, and greatly strengthened the walls against assault. This method of building called into being the trade of sand-gathering (*renaioli*, its workers are called); and while houses are no longer built for defence, they still use (as you have doubtless noticed) great quantities of mortar; so the trade is a fairly good one, especially when combined with fishing.

'It is very picturesque,' as Miss Grierson reminds us in 'Things Seen in Florence,' 'to watch these *barcaioli* [the sand-gatherers who have boats] at work, for in warm weather they often throw off all their upper garments, and we see them standing, lithe and alert, clad only in a ragged shirt and bright-colored sash, their supple, sunburned limbs showing brown and bronze against the clear, translucent green of the river, while the wet sand piled at their feet in the centre of the boat glistens and sparkles in the sunlight.'

Note them, too, as they fish with those odd-shaped nets

on arrangements of poles which are immemorially old; and as they start off to hawk their catch, carrying it in gourds strung to their waists. These gourds furnish the poorer people of Florence with a cheap and durable substitute for crockery. The peasants shape them while they are growing (and the *zucca*, which produces them, will grow in almost any corner) by resting them on boards, to make them flat on the bottom, and tying a tight bandage near the top to give it a narrow neck. Then, after it has been cut from its stem and baked in the sun, the *zucca* is made watertight by pouring into it a little boiling pitch and turning it round and round until the whole inside is coated with a kind of glaze. If you were to visit the kitchens of peasants or of poor city-folk, you would see the rafters hung with these gourds containing the family store of rice, beans, etc.

You will certainly make at least one small purchase on the Ponte Vecchio — probably of some jewelry trinket, since the shops thereon have continued to be 'goldsmiths' since Cosimo I ordered them there to replace the butchers. Much of the stuff sold there to-day is sadly pinchbeck, and what Cellini (whose bust adorns one of the open spaces) would think of it, one hates to imagine. The great artists of the Renaissance who learned the foundations of their craft in goldsmiths' shops were grown and gone on before that guild took possession of the Ponte Vecchio. Cellini was still alive, but near his journey's end. Giovanni da Bologna may have had some association with the bridge; but it is doubtful, for his apprentice days were long past when it became goldsmiths' headquarters. He lived near it, at any rate — on Borgo San Jacopo, Number 4.

Many of the shops now on the bridge sell gew-gaws which look as if they had poured out of a hopper, so little do they suggest that delicate craft which developed sculptors and painters and a mastery of design that ranged

at will from chalices to cathedrals. But here and there among them one still gets glimpses of silversmithing, at least; and I advise some lingering purchasing at one of these — Ricci, for instance, at the south end of the bridge, on the west (or right hand as you cross toward the Pitti) side.

When you leave the bridge, you are in that part of Florence least modernized, most picturesque. Here are the little shops so characteristic of old Florence; the streets that few evidences of present-day life have invaded; the people at their ages-old tasks in ages-old ways.

At your right, as you leave the bridge, is the narrow and tortuous Borgo San Jacopo with the eleventh-century Church of San Jacopo sopr Arno, in the Ridolfi chapel of which Brunelleschi tried out his theory of a Pantheon-like dome such as he had studied in Rome and meant to execute for the Duomo. Number 7 in this street is the Novellucci Palace with a courtyard that Michelozzo is said to have designed; and at Number 12 you may see the lower part of an old defence tower of Dante's day or thereabouts. At the end of the street, by the Trinità Bridge, the Frescobaldi had their palaces, in one of which Charles of Valois took up his headquarters, in 1301. And across the bridgehead from them lived that heroic Piero Capponi who told a later Charles of France (Charles VIII), 'If you sound your trumpets, we will ring our bells.'

On your left, as you leave the Ponte Vecchio, is Via de' Bardi, where Beatrice went to live, and where she died; where the elder Boccaccio worked in the Bardi Bank, and heard of Beatrice from her husband's nephews; where Petrarch's mother was born; where Niccolò da Uzzano lived; and where George Eliot made Romola live more vividly than any of those who actually made history there.

George Eliot made her first visit to Florence in the

spring of 1860, staying at the Pension Suisse, 13 Via Tornabuoni.

On the 27th of May she wrote to Major Blackwood, her publisher:

'Florence has aroused a keener interest in us even than Rome, and has stimulated me to entertain rather an ambitious project.'

This is the first hint of 'Romola.'

In the spring of '61, she was back again (always with Mr. Lewes, of course) at the Albergo della Vittoria, on the Arno, and 'dear Florence was lovelier than ever.'

'We have been,' she wrote, 'industriously foraging in old streets and old books. I feel very brave, just now, and enjoy the thought of work — but it may turn out that I can't work freely and fully enough in the medium I have chosen, and in that case I must give it up; for I will never write anything to which my whole heart, mind, and conscience don't consent, so that I may feel that it was something — however small — which wanted to be done in this world, and that I am just the organ for that small bit of work.'

From her diary I have strung together a few brief extracts which tell the outlines of what she went through in giving birth to this book. Only those who have struggled in similar agony of creation can read between the lines all that lies there; but every one (I find in lectures) gets something from the extracts which makes the book more vivid for them; so I am giving the outline here:

August 10 ('61) — Walked with G. [Mr. Lewes, her husband.] Talked of my Italian novel. [She was long since back home, in London.]

August 12 — Got into a state of so much wretchedness in attempting to concentrate my thoughts on the construction of my story, that I became desperate and suddenly burst my bonds, saying, I will not think of writing!

August 20 — This morning I conceived the plot of my novel with new distinctness.

October 4 — Still worried about my plot, and without any confidence in my ability to do what I want.

October 7 — Began first chapter of my novel.

November 6 — Almost resolved to give up my Italian novel.

December 12 — Finished writing my plot, of which I must make several other draughts before I begin to write my book.

January 1 — I began again my novel of 'Romola.'

January 26 — Detained from writing by necessity of gathering particulars about Lorenzo's death, Savonarola's preaching, etc.

February 17 — I have written only the first two chapters of my novel, besides the proem.

February 26 — I have written now about sixty pages of my romance. Will it ever be finished? Ever be worth anything?

February 27 — George Smith, the publisher, laid before G—— a proposition to give me ten thousand pounds for my new novel —— serial and book copyrights at home and abroad — but offer is given up as he wishes to commence serial publication in May, and I cannot consent to begin until I have seen nearly to the end of the work.

April 2 — At the 77th page.

May 23 — I am to publish 'Romola' in the 'Cornhill' for £7000 paid in twelve monthly payments.

September 26 — At page 62, Part VI.

October 31 — Finished Part VII.

December 17 — Extremely spiritless, dead, and hopeless about my writing.

May 16 — Finished Part XIII. Killed Tito in great excitement.

June 9 — Put the last stroke to 'Romola.'

The tradition that she wrote 'Romola' at Villa Trollope in the Piazza Indipendenza, for many years a *pension* popular with English and American visitors, is a hard one to 'down.' There is no reason to believe that she ever spent more time here than sufficed for a call upon the Trollopes; and not a line of 'Romola' was written in Florence.

Via de' Bardi has also its eleventh-century church, its decapitated towers, and its air of neither knowing nor caring what century happens to be in transit. What does a century more or less matter in a street perennially mediæval?

The street leading southwest from the bridgehead to Piazza Pitti is Via Guicciardini, named for the senator and historian of Florence whom young Cosimo I duped and outwitted. The Guicciardini Palazzo (at Number 17, at the northeast corner of Piazza Pitti) was a venerable one when the historian was born in it. His neighbor, friend, and fellow-historian, Macchiavelli, did not live to see Guicciardini's discomfiture; he died, here at Number 16, in June, 1527, just a month after the Florentines (emboldened by the Imperial sack of Rome and the imprisonment of Clement VII in Castel Sant' Angelo) for a third time banished the Medici and — as if the voice of Fra Girolamo were still driving the wills of men as a mighty wind drives fallen leaves — elected Jesus Christ King of Florence. Macchiavelli did not live to see Christ as ruler of Florence succeeded by the unspeakable mulatto, Alessandro. What pungent comment that would doubtless have provoked from him, we may imagine.

He was a strange compound, Macchiavelli! Perhaps he cannot be called a great man; but his was a master-mind, which first formulated the science of politics for the modern world.

Down to the birth of the New Learning, the Renaissance, there were (broadly speaking) just two camps of political opinion: the adherents of Papal supremacy, and the adherents of Imperial supremacy. The New Learning made men think there might be other possibilities than these, but no one evolved a definite theory of a state and a ruler (prefiguring the absolute monarchies of the

sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which played their great part in saving civilization from anarchy) until Macchiavelli began to deduce a science of government, of international relations, founded on human nature not as it *ought* to be, but as it *is*. He underestimated the ideality which lurks somewhere in most human nature, however selfish and expedient; he was misled into thinking that religion, seemingly unable to restrain men from acts violently opposed to it, was therefore without any influence in their lives; these, and other miscalculations he made. Yet he dreamed of a United Italy, protected by a national army, with a fervor which he was able to communicate (through his writings) so that it burned steadily for more than three centuries until, under Mazzini and Cavour and Garibaldi, his dream was realized — 'came true.'

We are, however, letting ourselves make too quickly the transit of Via Guicciardini; are leaving too soon the Borgo San Jacopo where we have come not only to note palaces, but to peer into the dark little old shops, where blacksmiths and coppersmiths and goldsmiths work in neighborly proximity with cobblers and carpenters and cake-bakers — all 'carrying on' with no disturbing difference from their progenitors of far-off yesterdays. The copper and brass, and the potteries, make one curse the difficulties of transporting such treasures home. But I'll never advise you to be deterred by those difficulties. Suppose your purchase *does* cost as much, by the time you get it safely home, as you could have bought it for at your favorite department-store. The worth of our possessions is the pleasure they give; and what value has your 'charge-and-send' article compared with one which is constantly evoking memories of the day-of-delights on which you found it, in some such ancient shop as these, and your efforts at bargaining for it, and the shopkeeper's comments, and so on?

I'm through resisting temptation to buy abroad. Every time I go, I resist less, because I've learned how much my trophies yield me in those reminders which are my only fortune. I try to buy discriminatingly, with due regard for where I can use a tempting thing. But I buy!

On Via Guicciardini are many shops in which I delight: majolica shops, and shops which sell the lovely painted wood articles in the Venetian manner, and shops selling stamped-leather goods.

Note well, as you wander, all the picturesque interiors which the ancient doorways frame, and marvel at the successive generations of Italian painters who lived amid such surroundings and never developed a school of *genre* painting. What would not some of us give, to-day, for a picture of Ghiberti's studio, or of the shop where Pollaiuolo's father sold poultry, or of the goldsmith's *bottega* wherein Cellini served his apprenticeship, in exchange for some of the 'Crucifixions' and agonizing saints of Italian churches and museums?

But those who commissioned art in Florence were not intent on perpetuating the picturesqueness of the humble life about them. It is to the Puritanism and the sturdy pride in labor of the Netherlanders that we owe those canvases of theirs wherein their daily life and occupations are immortalized.

The manner of life has changed little hereabouts in centuries. That curiously shaped country cart, drawn by three animals of assorted sizes and species, which blocks your way, is different in no particular, probably, from the carts past which Toscanelli crowded as he passed and repassed here, dreaming of that extension of the western horizon which a Genoese sea captain was to accomplish ten years after Toscanelli's death.

In those days, doubtless, as in these, the farmers built

their framework carts of seven kinds of wood — beech for the shafts, cypress for the floor, acacia for the triangular drag (which just clears the ground when the car is in motion, but rests upon it and prevents tipping when the horses are unyoked), ilex for the spokes, walnut for the felloes; and so on.

In those days, as in these, the horses wore just such a high wooden saddle, and tinkled with tiny bells, and glittered with metal-decorated harness, and carried just such protections against the evil eye.

Nor have the cargoes changed. Life on Tuscan farms is not essentially different from what it was when Dante knew it. While as for those magnificent white oxen, the Val de' Chiana breed with black noses and long horns, which serve the Tuscan and Umbrian farmers so efficiently and effectively, they are direct descendants of the 'milk-white steers' we read of in Roman history. It may even be that in these streets of Florence you will encounter a pair of them drawing a load of oil or wine to market.

Now, in your sauntering, you've come to the broad Piazza Pitti. I trust you started early on your rounds to-day; and that you've reached the entrance to the Pitti Gallery not too many minutes past ten o'clock. (As a matter of fact, you will do well to drive direct to the Pitti, and leave your loitering among old shops to the later part of the day.)

The Pitti Palace, in which no Pitti ever lived and wherein six generations of Medici dwelt and made history for two hundred years, was the merest fragment, half-erected and all unroofed, when Cosimo I bought it (with Eleonora's money) in 1550.

At the palace of the elder Cosimo, we recalled Botticelli's painting (now in the Uffizi) of the 'Adoration of the Magi,' Piero de' Medici's votive offering to Santa Maria

THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS

By Botticelli

The three kneeling Kings are portraits (left to right) of Cosimo, Piero and Giovanni de' Medici. The tall young man in black standing behind the white-robed Giovanni is Guiliano de' Medici, and the youth at the extreme left in the foreground is Lorenzo. The figure at the extreme right, with head turned toward the left shoulder is Botticelli himself

Novella for the deliverance of himself and family from the death and ruin plotted against them by Luca Pitti and his fellow-conspirators; and how Piero pardoned Pitti and converted him into a friend for life. Others, less endangered by Pitti, were less kind.

Macchiavelli tells us that when Pitti began the building of this palace, to rival and eclipse old Cosimo's across the river, 'not only did citizens and private persons contribute and aid him with things necessary for the building, but communes and corporations lent him help'; but, when his conspiracy against the Medici failed, 'straightway he learned what difference there is between success and failure, between dishonor and honor. A great solitude reigned in his houses, which before had been frequented by vast throngs of citizens. In the street his friends and relatives feared not merely to accompany him, but even to salute him, since from some of them the honors had been taken, from others their property, and all alike were menaced. The superb edifices [this, and another at Ruciano, about a mile from the city] which he had commenced were abandoned by the builders; the benefits which had been heaped upon him in the past were changed into injuries, honors into insults. Many of those who had freely given him something of great value, now demanded it back from him as having been merely lent, and those others, who had been wont to praise him to the skies, now blamed him for an ungrateful and violent man.'

I think you will wish to 'see' Luca Pitti wandering past here in those years of his shrunken dignity and fortune, looking at the low, roofless mass of what was to have been his so-sumptuous abode. Don't you wonder if Piero de' Medici was clever enough to realize how much more he humiliated his old enemy by pardoning him than he could have done by punishing him? It is our human nature to

cherish the underdog whom some one else (especially some one rich and strong) has made to yelp piteously; but it is also our very human nature to inflict cruelty upon those whom we have ourselves elected as the objects of it. Piero might have made a martyr of Pitti. Instead, he let the Florentines make a 'mark' of him. And a century later, his great-great-grandson (through Maria Salviati, Lorenzo's granddaughter, married to Bande Nere) bought the half-raised and roofless structure, together with much ground surrounding it, for nine thousand gold florins, paid to a descendant and heir of old Luca Pitti.

Most writers ascribe the design of Luca Pitti's palace to Brunelleschi; but Colonel Young (author of 'The Medici') says that when Cosimo, on making the purchase, asked for Brunelleschi's plans, they could not be found; so the building as we see it owes little to the architect of the Cathedral dome, except a small portion of the central part as far up as the seven windows over the three middle arches of the ground floor. When completed for Cosimo, 'it was a plain oblong building, three stories high, with seven windows on the front which faces the Via Romana, and without either the central court or the two great wings on either side of the latter (running back at right angles to the façade) which now form the great central court of the Palace.'

In 1553, Cosimo and Eleonora and their seven children moved into it. Here their eighth and last child was born — that Pietro who was to murder his young wife who was his mother's namesake. Here, in that same year, their first-born child died, at the age of sixteen. She was Maria de' Medici, aunt of that other Marie de' Medici who became Queen of France. The lurid chroniclers (who may be right, for all I know) declare that Cosimo poisoned Maria because he discovered she had fallen in love with a page at

his Court. If you like bloodcurdling tales, you may have them of the palace before you, in 'The Tragedies of the Medici,' by Edgecumbe Staley. I hold no brief for the Medici, and I like good, swanky villains ''sdeathing' around behind the arras, especially in castles and palaces. But — Oh, well! I'm sure that Cosimo was not a pleasant gentleman to be related to. Perhaps he was as far from pleasant as Edgecumbe Staley makes him out; perhaps he was a shade more like a human being, though still 'a bad lot.' You may have him 'as you like it'; for I am anything but arbitrary.

He liked gardens, at any rate (just as murderers frequently like canary birds), and seems to have taken the greatest pleasure in the laying-out of the beautiful Boboli Gardens. He was interested, too, in Etruscan and Egyptian antiquities, and made a collection of them which became the exceedingly important nucleus of the Archæological Museum of Florence which we visited yesterday. These are but two of the many commendable things which Cosimo carried high-handedly to execution as tyrants may — wherefor the race will always suffer them, at intervals, as a temporary relief from the futile confabulations of democracy. How sage is that Providence which permits us to saddle ourselves first with the tyranny of the many, then with the tyranny of one, and to alternate between them, learning something with every change, but never enough to rest content!

It was Cosimo who introduced the cultivation of the olive into Tuscany. It was he who established the Florentine Tapestry Manufactory whose products rivalled the Flemish and the Gobelins. You will see a magnificent collection of these tapestries if you visit the royal apartments of the Pitti Palace, open for inspection on Thursdays and Sundays.

As you stand, now, on the side of Via Romana farthest from the Palace, looking across at its windows, you may like to know that the three windows above the centre door are those of the vast Sala delle Nicchie, or Room of the Niches, which used to contain many of the antique statues collected by the Medici, and to serve as a banquet hall. It is now part of the Palace as distinguished from the Museum; this room, and all that is to your right as you stand facing the Pitti, is of the royal residence; of that to your left, part is now occupied by the Gallery or Museum, and a large part by the royal apartments.

The next two windows to your right are those of the Green Room, whose ceiling has a painting showing the Medici family receiving the keys of Tuscany direct from the hand of Jupiter. From this, one enters the Throne Room. Next on the right is the Blue Room (Sala Celeste); then, the upper part of the Chapel, and after that the Queen's apartments — first, a drawing-room called the Parrot Room; then, the Yellow Room; then, the bedroom; and beyond it, the lovely oval-shaped dressing-room hung in white satin exquisitely embroidered, and the round work-room and music-room. This latter at the extreme right of the Palace.

Back of the Parrot Room is the King's bedroom, his study, his Red drawing-room and its antechamber. The ballroom and the tapestry rooms are also on this side of the Palace; while, on the other side, back of the rooms now devoted to the Museum, are the apartments of the Crown Prince, many ceremonial rooms, etc.

Now, go to the extreme left of the Palace front, and enter the Pitti Gallery, where sixteen splendid rooms are devoted to the collection which many art-lovers consider the choicest in the world. I came near saying that I'd like to see the pictures in less gorgeous rooms, overborne by less voluptu-

ous ceilings; but I'm glad I didn't say it, for you might have thought me one of those detestable persons who pride themselves on never finding anything quite to their exacting taste. I loathe that breed, so I make no remarks about the blowsy gods who perpetually drag blowsier Medici from Love to Virtue and Glory, across ceilings so colorful that the restrained tints of the masterpieces below seem more sombre than they should.

Nor do I, as you no longer need to be reminded, venture to suggest what you shall look at in these rooms containing so many of the loveliest things ever achieved by the hand of man. But if you have a fancy for following me on my round of the Gallery, you'll probably find me drifting toward these pictures (which I cannot essay to 'place' for you, because in each catalogue I have of the Pitti Gallery, they are ascribed to different rooms):

Raphael's 'Portrait of Pope Leo X, with Cardinals Giulio de' Medici and Luigi Rossi.' This has always impressed me, greatly; and as I am quite constantly reading history which involves two of these three Medici, each time I go back to the picture (or study it in an excellent photograph of it bought at the Pitti), I find more to marvel at in Raphael's delineation.

The portraits Raphael painted, early in his career, of Angelo and Maddalena Strozza Doni. Titian's 'Portrait of a Man,' which is no longer supposed to be the Duke of Norfolk and has been guessed (by Georg Gronau) to be Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, fascinates me for exactly an opposite reason from that of Raphael's three Medici. About this man whose personality has been immortalized in what is considered 'the most splendid portrait ever painted by Titian,' we know nothing actual — not even his name; yet most of us feel that a detailed biography of him might only confuse us as to his real self which may often have been in conflict with the things he did.

There is a theory, now, that 'The Concert,' another of my great favorites in the Pitti, and long ascribed to Giorgione (Titian's contemporary and his fellow-student under Giovanni Bellini) is an early work of Titian 'while he was under the spell of Giorgione.' It is almost undoubtedly a portrait — or, rather, three portraits; but whose, we cannot guess, nor do we care to; they are transported by the music they are making; perhaps if we could see them about any of their other occupations in life, we should not recognize them for the same persons.

Among the other portraits that absorb me here are Raphael's 'Donna Velata,' probably La Fornarina; his 'Cardinal Bibbiena' — Maria's uncle; Titian's 'Ippolito de' Medici' and his 'Philip II of Spain'; Van Dyck's 'Charles I and Henrietta Maria'; Clouet's 'Henry III of France'; Velasquez's 'Philip IV of Spain'; Titian's 'Alfonso d'Este'; etc.; not forgetting the portrait of Andrea del Sarto and his wife — which isn't by Andrea, they tell us, but serves to recall and illustrate Browning's poem. You know the story, doubtless. I've heard it said that Browning wasn't altogether fair to Lucrezia (although he based his assumptions on Vasari, who knew Andrea and Lucrezia well); and that the truth about this 'faultless painter' who somehow fell short of the mark of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael (all bachelors) was not that his wife's greed shackled him, but, as Elizabeth Browning makes some one say in 'Aurora Leigh': 'this tailor's son had but his father's soul.'

It seems to be true that Michelangelo did say to Raphael, in substance, what Browning has rendered thus:

> 'Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
> Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
> Who, were he set to plan and execute
> As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
> Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!'

And it is also true that, soon afterwards, Andrea was not 'pricked on' by kings, but entreated, almost cajoled, by Francis I of France; spent a 'long festal year at Fontainebleau,' accomplishing little; that he returned to Florence to fetch his wife, and to buy some pictures for Francis; and that he stayed in Florence and spent Francis's money to build Lucrezia a fine house.

It would have been like a small-souled man to say, after such opportunities:

> 'Love, we are in God's hand.
> How strange now looks the life he makes us lead;
> So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
> I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!'

But Browning makes Andrea go on to say (to Lucrezia, although he admits 'You don't understand, nor care to understand about my art') of those who outshine him:

> 'There burns a truer light of God in them,
> In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
> Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
> This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.'

Then he goes on to say to her:

> 'Had you . . . given me soul,
> We might have risen to Rafael, I and you!
> Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think —
> More than I merit, yes, by many times.
> But had you — oh, with the same perfect brow,
> And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
> And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
> The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare —
> Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
> Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
> "God and the glory! Never care for gain.
> The present by the future, what is that?
> Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!
> Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!"
> I might have done it for you. So it seems:
> Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.
> Beside, incentive comes from the soul's self;
> The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
> What wife had Rafael, or has Agnolo?'

Of the Raphael 'Madonnas' which are the greatest glory of the Pitti, what can I say to you that has not many times been said? But you may not chance to know that the Madonna del Gran Duca, which Raphael painted before he left Florence for Rome, had been lost sight of for two hundred years when Grand Duke Ferdinand III bought it from a picture dealer who had got it from a poor widow for *twelve crowns*.

And it may be that after I have paid my tribute to the 'Madonnas,' you would see me standing again in front of 'La Donna Velata,' and would know that I was saying over, softly, to myself:

'Raphael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view — but one, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
. . . . . .

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Learn and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas.
. . . . . .

You and I will never read that volume.
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours, the treasure!"
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.'

When you leave the Pitti, you will find Piazza San Felice on which is Casa Guidi (the Brownings' house) practically at the southwest end of the Palace, where Via Maggio, leading from Ponte Santa Trinità, makes an acute angle with Via Guicciardini, or with the extension of it which is Piazza Pitti. There, Via Romana begins, at Number 19 in which is the Museum of Physical and Natural History (which is open free on Tuesdays, Thursdays,

and Saturdays, from ten to three), where you will almost certainly wish to stop for long enough to see the Galileo Tribune, with his telescope and instruments, and that index finger of his which so greatly moved Leigh Hunt.

'Above all,' Hunt wrote, 'I know not whether the most interesting sight in Florence is not a little mysterious bit of something looking like parchment, which is shown you under a glass case in the principal public library [!]. It stands pointing towards heaven, and is one of the fingers of Galileo. The hand to which it belonged is supposed to have been put to torture by the Inquisition for ascribing motion to the earth; and the finger is now worshipped for having proved the motion. After this let no suffering reformer's pen misgive him. If his cause be good, justice will be done it some day.'

Farther on in this little journey we shall recall what Milton said of his visit to Galileo. But for the moment we are back again in Via Romana running southwesterly to Porta Romana, where we may take a road (the superb Viale dei Colli) to Piazzale Michelangelo; or another, to Poggio Imperiale, the palatial villa which Cosimo II built for his wife Maria Maddalena, sister of Emperor Ferdinand II of Austria; or go straight on to the Certosa di Val d' Ema.

Poggio Imperiale is now a Government College for young women, but well worthy of a visit if Colonel Young is warranted in his belief 'that it must have been there that all these, and the other great astronomical wonders which during the next two or three years successively became known to Galileo, were first narrated to others.... We can imagine,' he goes on to say, 'the enthusiasm with which, after a night spent among the stars, he would hasten down to relate to Cosimo some fresh discovery; as well as the amazement with which the circle gathered in the

Grand Ducal villa on the slope of the Arcetri hill first heard the astounding truths which Galileo had to relate.'

The first hitherto unknown stars revealed to Galileo by his telescope in the first year of Cosimo's reign were the satellites of Jupiter, to which Galileo gave the name of Stellæ Medicæ.

Galileo was of a Florentine family which flourished with the Republic and declined with its fall. Through some of the temporary fortunes of that decline, the parents of the future astronomer were living at Pisa when he was born, but it was to the Monastery of Vallombrosa that the lad was sent to be educated, and thence to the University of Pisa. He wanted to become a monk, but his father intervened, and strove to make of him a man of medicine. Of mathematics he knew none at all, until he chanced, one day, to overhear a lesson in geometry given to the pages of the Grand Ducal Court of Francis I and Bianca Capella. 'His attention was riveted, his dormant genius was roused, and he threw all his energies into the new pursuit thus unexpectedly presented to him.'

When he was twenty-four, Galileo had begun to be called 'the Archimedes of his time,' and was made mathematical lecturer at the University of Pisa; and there his discoveries and demonstrations (some of the former resulting from his observation of the swinging lamp in the Cathedral, some of the latter made from the Leaning Tower) involved him in such unpopularity that he found it prudent to resign his professorship and withdraw to Florence in 1591.

The next year he was nominated to the chair of mathematics at the University of Padua, where he remained for eighteen years, his lectures being attended by distinguished persons from all parts of Europe and in such numbers that a hall seating two thousand had to be assigned for them.

Galileo constructed the first thermometer, but did not

perfect it to practicability. He did not invent the telescope. That honor belongs to an obscure German optician. But Galileo heard of a new instrument 'for increasing the apparent size of remote objects,' 'and after one night's profound meditation on the principles of refraction, he succeeded in producing a telescope of threefold magnifying power. Upon this attempt he rapidly improved, until he attained to a power of thirty-two, and his instruments, of which he manufactured hundreds with his own hands, were soon in request in every part of Europe.'

Galileo's direction of his new instrument to the heavens formed an era in the history of astronomy. Discoveries followed upon it with astounding rapidity and in bewildering variety.

It was on the 7th of January, 1610, that Galileo first saw the satellites of Jupiter, and named them in honor of Cosimo II. In September he was nominated philosopher and mathematician extraordinary to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and here at Florence he passed his remaining years (two-and-thirty, they were) with the exception of his stays in Rome. Cosimo established him in the villa at Arcetri, which he continued to inhabit, with interruptions, until he died there, in 1642, at the age of seventy-eight. It was there that 'one John Milton, a young English poet, destined soon to lose the sight of his eyes, came, in 1638, to visit the great Italian astronomer, grown blind already by weight of years and of sorrow.'

'There it was,' Milton wrote, 'that I found and visited Galileo, grown old, a prisoner of the Inquisition, for thinking, in astronomy, otherwise than the Franciscan and the Dominican licensers thought.'

In Galileo's Tower at Arcetri are still preserved, in the study he used for many years, his microscope, many of his astronomical instruments, his death-mask, and other in-

teresting relics. 'And by the rough wooden steps by which he himself climbed towards the sky one can now ascend to the square roof, to see the stars by night; and to see, by day, a vista almost unparalleled for beauty in all this revolving world in which we live.'

The 'Torre del Gallo,' they call it. And if you visit it, you'll wish to recall Rogers' lines:

> 'We hail
> Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of old
> For its green vine; dearer to me, to most,
> As dwelt on by the great astronomer;
> . . . . . Sacred be
> His villa (justly was it called the Gem),
> Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw
> Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars.'

The villa in which he lived, and died, is now numbered 23 Via del Piano di Giullari. It is just south of the Tower and east of the Imperial villa.

After this détour, rejoin the main road from Porta Romana, and proceed to the Certosa, one of the finest of the later mediæval monasteries. It was founded by Niccolò Acciaioli, that astute Florentine who was Grand Seneschal of Naples and practically the ruler of that kingdom during the stormy days of Queen Joanna, after the murder of her husband and co-heir. (The stretch of Lungarno between Ponte Santa Trinità and Ponte Vecchio, on the other side of the river, where the fine shops are, bears the name of Acciaioli, probably for that one of the family named Donato, who died one hundred and twenty-five years after Niccolò, and was an eminent humanist of the early Renaissance.)

Architecturally and historically, the Certosa is interesting, and it has some artistic treasures worth journeying to see. But I dare say that many of us are interested chiefly in the purchase — there on the spot where the Carthusian

monks distil it — of green and yellow Chartreuse, made from the honey of the monks' own bees and sold in those enchanting little 'Della Robbia' flasks which are such welcome gifts when we get home. And we like, too, a glimpse of the living-quarters of the Carthusians, whose manner of life has so much in it that appeals to our sense of romance.

As you return, through Porta Romana, make, I pray you, a visit of special reverence to Piazza San Felice; and, standing there as the day fades (perhaps your last day on this visit to Florence), give yourself to such reflections as Elizabeth and Robert Browning inspire.

Of all the Great Wayfarers who have come to Florence throughout the ages and have loved her and labored here to great effect, and left their memories enshrined with her, none brought a sublimer comprehension to her than these English poets, these mature runaways from paternal ire.

'See' them, with what eye you have for such retrospections, finding this place to live, and gathering together here their simple household goods (embarrassed, often, for everyday necessities, like spoons, but over-supplied with those antique chests of drawers which Robert could not resist), and settling into that Italian routine so different from the course of their staid life in London. Sit with them by their fireside, o' nights, when tiny, frail Elizabeth is waiting for the call to go, ever so gladly, down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death to bring back a new life, a new bond between them. Watch them in their ecstacy as that baby, making his immemorial, groping way through all the earliest lessons of our common life, fills their earth with miracles — for this it is to live beside a baby. Share with them their joy in the beauties of Florence, the emotion that is stirring Italy to union and a national life. No mere museum of a dead past is Italy to them, but an in-

tensely living land, vibrant as ever with great passions, ardent as ever for great experiments. Hark to the talk that flows when their distinguished friends and acquaintances come here to visit them. But, best of all, listen as he reads to her one of his many tributes to their idyllic comradeship:

'My own, see where the years conduct!
At first, 'twas something our two souls
Should mix as mists do; each is sucked
In each now: on, the new stream rolls,
Whatever rocks obstruct.

'Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands?

'Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart,
You must be just before, in fine,
See and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the divine!

'But who could have expected this
When we two drew together first
Just for the obvious human bliss
To satisfy life's daily thirst
With a thing men seldom miss?
. . . . . .

'Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this!
. . . . . .

'How the world is made for each of us!
How all we perceive and know in it
Tends to some moment's product thus,
When a soul declares itself — to wit,
By its fruit, the thing it does!
. . . . . .

I am named and known by that moment's feat;
There took my station and degree;

So grew my own small life complete,
As nature obtained her best of me —
One born to love you, sweet!
. . . . . .
'So, earth has gained by one man the more,
And the gain of earth must be heaven's gain too;
And the whole is well worth thinking o'er
When autumn comes: which I mean to do
One day, as I said before.'

It was here that she wrote 'Casa Guidi Windows' and 'Aurora Leigh.' I wish we had a chapter for 'Florence in "Aurora Leigh"'! For that priestly procession in the 'great square of the Santissima,' where, on Aurora's austere English father

'A face flashed like a cymbal on his face
And shook with silent clangor brain and heart,
Transfiguring him to music. Thus, even thus,
He too received his sacramental gift
With eucharistic meanings; for he loved.'

For the 'verse he set in Santa Croce to her memory' when she left Aurora motherless at four years of age:

'Weep for an infant too young to weep much
When death removed this mother.'

For the Florence to which Aurora returned with Marian and Marian's nameless child; the house she found 'on the hill of Bellosguardo':

'A post of double observation o'er
That valley of Arno (holding as a hand
The outspread city) straight toward Fiesole
And Mount Morello and the setting sun,
The Vallombrosan mountains opposite,
Which sunrise fills as full as crystal cups
Turned red to the brim because their wine is red.
No sun could die nor yet be born unseen
By dwellers at my villa: morn and eve
Were magnified before us in the pure
Illimitable space and pause of sky,
Intense as angels' garments blanched with God,
Less blue than radiant. From the outer wall

> Of the garden, drops the mystic floating gray
> Of olive-trees (with interruptions green
> From maize and vine), until 'tis caught and torn
> Upon the abrupt black line of cypresses
> Which signs the way to Florence. Beautiful
> The city lies along the ample vale,
> Cathedral, tower and palace, piazza and street,
> The river trailing like a silver cord
> Through all, and curling loosely, both before
> And after, over the whole stretch of land
> Sown whitely up and down its opposite slopes
> With farms and villas.'

And how Aurora sat there, evenings, on her height

> 'Until the moon, diminished to a curve,
> Lay out there like a sickle for his hand
> Who cometh down at last to reap the earth.'

And all those exquisite, Apocalyptic scenes she makes us see with her from her mountain-side. I'd love room for them all, here, and for fragments of comment, of tribute, too. I'd fain have every reverent soul that goes to Florence see, through Elizabeth Browning's vision, not this fairest of cities only, but that City to which it seems so fittingly the antechamber:

> 'Along the tingling desert of the sky,
> Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
> Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
> The first foundations of that new, near Day
> Which should be builded out of heaven to God.'

But mayhap you've brought a tiny pocket volume of 'Aurora' with you, and will re-read it here, upon one of these circling hills. 'Casa Guidi' should be in it, too! How many times I've conned it in these years just past (the soul-searching years since the flame of enthusiasm that war kindled had died down, and all the world was raking the gray ashes for some bits of salvage) I cannot count; nor can I say what disillusionment it has held at bay.

I always end my Florence lecture, or talk, with some of

the concluding lines of Casa Guidi, and I find that people love the glorious 'lift' they give our thoughts as Florence, with her loveliness and her great story, fades somewhat in our sight, though graven forever in our memory.

The lines are addressed to Barrett Browning, 'not two years old,' 'to whom the earliest world-day light that ever flowed, through Casa Guidi Windows chanced to come!'

Him she charges to

> '. . . be God's witness that the elemental
> New springs of life are gushing everywhere
> To cleanse the watercourses, and prevent all
> Concrete obstructions which infest the air!
> That earth's alive, and gentle or ungentle
> Motions within her, signify but growth! —
> The ground swells greenest o'er the laboring moles.
>
> 'Howe'er the uneasy world is vexed and wroth,
> Young children, lifted high on parent souls,
> Look round them with a smile upon the mouth,
> And take for music every bell that tolls;
> (Who said we should be better if like these?)
> But *we* sit murmuring for the future though
> Posterity is smiling on our knees,
> Convicting us of folly. Let us go —
> We will trust God. The blank interstices
> Men take for ruins, He will build into
> With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
> With generous arches, till the fane's complete.
> This world has no perdition, if some loss.'

It is this *forward* look, in confidence, that Florence gives us as no other city does.

What 'the elemental new springs of life' now gushing in Florence, may do to 'cleanse the watercourses' of Italy and all the world, we need not try to guess. The great fact for us, it seems to me, is that Florence lies there for our stream of life to flow through and take therefrom that which shall make our far fields verdant and fruitful.

To have been in Florence and not to have felt this is, it seems to me, like having been on the Transfiguration Mount without having seen the Miracle.

PART IV
VENICE AND BEYOND

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I
VENICE

It is my experience that travellers, except those who are students of architecture, sculpture, and painting, and perhaps a few who are specially interested in Venetian history, incline to do very much less sight-seeing in Venice than they do anywhere else in Italy. The majority, perhaps, reach Venice after having traversed Italy from Naples and are pretty well fatigued with their strenuous efforts to comprehend Rome and Florence; so that by the time they get to Venice they are thoroughly ready for relaxation. And they couldn't seek it in a better place. Those who visit Venice in the summer months, and make of their stay by the Adriatic a combination of seaside pleasures and the restfulness of sight-seeing in a gondola, will find themselves greatly refreshed thereby for the rest of their journey; and those who arrive at a time when the Lido is less attractive as a residence may still get the benefits of a delightful interlude in their sight-seeing 'by taking it easy' at Venice. With this in mind, I have given the major part of our book to Rome and Florence where the most serious sight-seeing is done, and saved only a brief chapter for Venice which really ought to be principally a playground.

There are, of course, certain things about the yesterdays of Venice that every intelligent traveller, however much on pleasure bent, likes to have somewhere in the back of his mind as he enjoys the beauty and charm of Venice. So

we'll refresh our recollections of a few of these, trying to select only those which make more appealing to us the things we see as we wander about this dreamlike city, bent upon romance first and last of all things.

There was an old tradition among the Venetians of long ago that Saint Mark, on his way from Alexandria to preach in Aquileia, was caught in a violent storm and driven to land on one of the islands where Venice is now built. And as he stepped forth from his frail bark an angel saluted him and said, 'Peace to thee, Mark, my evangelist,' adding that one day Mark's body should find a resting-place and veneration here. Nearly eight hundred years later some Venetians who were trading with the Infidels, in defiance of the prohibition against their doing that, succeeded in stealing Saint Mark's body and carrying it to Venice. The body, it seems, was being guarded where it lay by a man named Theodore, and when the three Venetians begged his help in getting the body away, he warned them of the dangers, but finally consented to help them. They went by night to the sepulchre where the body lay and put it in a basket and covered it with cabbages and swine's flesh, and in the tomb they had robbed they laid another body, and sealed it as before. On the voyage back toward Venice a mighty wind arose by night and the ship was driven onto the rocks, when Saint Mark awakened the master-mariner and warned him of their danger so that the voyage was accomplished without mishap, and Saint Mark came to the resting-place which had long ago been promised him. Over the principal entrance of the Cathedral of San Marco to-day you may see this story pictured in mosaics, gorgeous in their colors and with gold. The church, built as a shrine for his remains, was begun in 830. Whether Theodore came with the remains or not, I have not been able to learn, but it is not he who shares with Saint Mark the honors as

patron Saint of Venice, and whom you see on his pillar as you stand looking out from the Piazzetta between the Pillars of Saint Theodore and Saint Mark which frame, as it were, one of the loveliest prospects in the world. *That* Saint Theodore is an earlier patron of Venice, before Saint Mark's day.

After the building of the shrine of Saint Mark, the anniversary of his body's coming to Venice was the occasion for the marriageable girls of Venice to repair to the Church of San Pietro di Castello on a little island at the east end of the city, bearing their dowries with them in caskets, for the ceremony of formal betrothal to their lovers. One Saint Mark's Day, in 944, some pirates from Trieste concealed themselves in the thick brush which then covered part of the island of San Pietro, forced their way into the church during the ceremony, seized the brides and the caskets, and rushed back to their boats on the beach. The Doge, who was present, called the people to arms and the avengers set forth in pursuit, overtaking the pirates in a remote part of the lagoons, defeating them, and returning in triumph with the brides and their dowries. To commemorate the rape and rescue of the brides of Saint Mark it was, for a long time thereafter, the custom for the Doges, on the day of the Purification of the Virgin, to proceed in state to the Church of Santa Maria Formosa where twelve poor girls, unable to provide themselves with dowries, were dowered by the community. If you do any sight-seeing at all in Venice, you will almost certainly go to the church where this ceremony took place to see the 'Saint Barbara' of Palma Vecchio which is one of the pictures that all the world knows and nearly everybody admires.

In course of time a newer and larger and more sumptuous Church of Saint Mark was built on the site of the old one destroyed by fire in 976, but the new church was an empty

shrine, for all trace of the Saint's body had been lost. So it was decided to institute a solemn fast and procession and pray for a sign revealing the hidden relics. On the 25th of June this procession took place and a great light shone from a pillar near the Altar of Saint James, part of the masonry fell away, a hand with a ring of gold on the middle finger was thrust out, and a sweet fragrance filled the church. So the body was found and a great festival was instituted to commemorate the discovery. Among those who visited Venice when the fame of this miracle was spread abroad was the Emperor Henry IV, whom we have met before in these pages. He was magnificently received in Venice and greatly impressed with the beauty of its site and the splendors of its architecture.

This was about the time that the enthusiasm of the First Crusade was sweeping over Europe, and from that time on, for a number of years, Venice played a great part in the story of the Crusades, that great movement which carried the men of Western Europe into the East to wrest from the Infidel the Holy Sepulchre, and as a result of which those men carried back from the East the elements of a new civilization. The Venetians were traders, primarily, and were drawn into the Crusades not by their enthusiasm for the undertaking, but because they had ships and sailors for the transportation of those armies flocking to the East; and mid all the fervent enthusiasm of those times they kept their heads cool and their efforts well directed toward the extension of their commerce and dominion in the East. We read of one bargain they drove in the Fourth Crusade, when their Doge agreed to furnish transports for forty-five hundred horses, nine thousand esquires, forty-five hundred knights, and twenty thousand footmen with provisions for nine months. The sum asked for these was a stiff one, and it was suggested that Venice would add to the fleet at her

own expense fifty armed galleys on condition that of all the conquests made on land or sea 'we shall have the one half and you the other.' There were many disappointments and delays before the great fleet sailed, but at length it got under way, and must have been, indeed, a gorgeous spectacle as it sailed out of this harbor and disappeared toward the East.

The vessels, we are told, were one mass of glittering steel and magnificently colored banners. The air trembled with the blast of trumpets and with the swelling chorus of 'Veni, Creator,' sung by those aboard and those on shore. I'm sure you'll like to stand at the Riva degli Schiavoni and imagine yourself a spectator, watching those splendid vessels flaunting their golden lions of Saint Mark on crimson banners as they disappear toward the land of the Holy Sepulchre.

With all that they did on that Crusade we must not concern ourselves here; but not to recall in Venice those pages of history which were written here during the years of the Crusades is to miss much that is most colorful and romantic in the past of this bride of the Adriatic. A Venetian annalist of the end of the thirteenth century has left us a detailed picture of his city as he knew it, describing it as 'the fairest, noblest, and pleasantest city in the world, filled with all beauty and excellency. From all places come merchants and merchandise and goods run through that city even as waters do from fountains. Provisions in abundance men find there, and bread and wine, and land fowl and water fowl, meat — fresh and salt; and great fish from the sea and from the rivers. You shall find within that fair city a multitude of old men and youths who for their nobleness are much praised. Merchants and bankers and craftsmen and sailors of all kinds, and ships to carry to all places, and great galleys to the hurt of her enemies. There too are seen

ladies, youths and maidens adorned most richly. Toward the east is the fairest church in the whole world, the church of Monsignor Saint Mark, and next is the palace of Monsignor the Doge, great and most marvellously beautiful. Toward the south is the end of the Piazza, over the sea; and on one side of that Piazza is the palace of Monsignor the Doge and on the other side are palaces to house the commoners, and these hold as far as the Campanile of Saint Mark which is so great and high that the like could not be found. Next are the palaces of the Treasurers whom the Venetians call the Procurators of San Marco.'

I quote this in some detail because, although it was written 'in the year of the Incarnation of Our Lord, 1267,' it is still, as you see, an exact description of the main square of Venice; and I doubt if there is another place in the civilized world where so little change occurred in nearly seven centuries. Another reason for quoting it and thinking of Venice as it was at that time is that so Venice looked when Marco Polo knew it, and Marco Polo's story is one of those I am sure you will wish to recall while you are in his native city.

He was born there in the year 1254, of a family which though noble was engaged in trading with Constantinople. When Marco was six years old, his father, in company with his younger brother, set out on a trading venture to the Crimea. They prospered in their business, but were unable to return as they had come, owing to the breaking out of a Tartar war on the road behind them. As they could not go back, they went forward, across the desert to Bokhara, where they stayed for three years, at the end of which time they were advised to visit the great Kubla Khan, a party of whose envoys were about to return to Cathay. The brothers joined them, travelling 'northward and northeastward' for a whole year before they reached the

THE PIAZZETTA AT VENICE

From the Bodleian Manuscript of Marco Polo

Khan's Court in Cathay. He received them kindly, asked them many questions about Europe, and especially about 'all that is done at Rome.' He then sent them back to Europe to ask the Pope for a hundred missionaries to convert the Khan's people to the Christian Faith. The return journey took three years, and on their arrival at Acre the Poli learned that the Pope was dead. They therefore decided to return to Venice to wait until a new Pope should be elected. They found that Nicolò's wife had died, and Marco, now a lad of fifteen, had been living for some time in the house of one of his uncles. At Venice they waited two years for a new Pope to be elected, and then felt that they must go back to the Great Khan and tell him why their mission had failed. They therefore set out again in 1271, taking Marco with them. Before they had gone far on their journey a Pope was elected, but he was not able to spare one hundred missionaries. He sent two, but they turned back when they reached the edge of the unknown. The Poli journeyed on for three and a half years and arrived at the Khan's Court, not far from Pekin, in the middle of 1275. He received them honorably and graciously, making much of Marco, who learned the speech and customs of the 'Tartars,' and was employed by the Khan as a visiting administrator to wild and distant provinces, where Marco noted carefully the strange customs, delighting the Khan with his tales of adventure when he returned.

Some seventeen years passed thus, and the Khan was growing old, so the three Venetians became eager to return home. At first, Kubla refused to allow them to leave his Court; but the Khan of Persia had sent to Cathay for a wife, and, as it was necessary for her to go by ship, Kubla entrusted the three Venetians, who were skilled mariners, with the care of the Princess, fitting out for the journey a splendid squadron of ships which was about two years on

the voyage to Persia, during which time the expedition lost six hundred men. The Khan of Persia was dead when his bride arrived, so the beautiful maiden was handed over to his son, who sent the Poli forward across country with troops of horse, and they arrived safely at Venice in the year 1295, having been gone almost a quarter of a century.

'There are,' says John Masefield, in his introduction to 'The Travels of Marco Polo,' 'some curious tales of their arrival at home. It is said that they were not recognized by their relatives, and this is not strange, for they returned in shabby Tartar clothes, almost unable to speak their native tongue. It was not until they had ripped the seams of the shabby clothes, producing stores of jewels from the lining, that the relatives decided to acknowledge them.'

Venice was at war with Genoa then, as she usually was; and in the year after their return Marco sailed away in command of a galley in the fleet of Andrea Dandolo, which was defeated and Marco was carried a prisoner to Genoa, where he languished for about three years during which time he seems to have dictated his adventures to a fellow-prisoner from Pisa who could write French. Marco returned to Venice in 1299, and probably married shortly afterwards. Little is known of his life from then on, except that on account of the extravagance of his stories he was nicknamed 'il Milione.'

'It is only,' Masefield reminds us, 'the wonderful traveller who sees a wonder, and only five travellers in the world's history have seen wonders. The others have seen birds and beasts, rivers and wastes, the earth and the local fullness thereof. The five travellers are Herodotus, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar, and Marco Polo, himself. The wonder of Marco Polo is this: that he created Asia for the European mind. When Marco Polo went to the East, the whole of Central Asia, so full of splendor and magnificence, so noisy

with nations and kings, was like a dream in men's minds. . . . The popular conception of the East was taken from the Bible, from the tales of old Crusaders, and from the books of the merchants. All that men knew of the East was that it was mysterious and that Our Lord was born there. Marco Polo, almost the first European to see the East, saw her in all her wonder more fully than any man has seen her since. His picture of the East is the picture which we all make in our minds when we repeat to ourselves those two delightful words, "The East," and give ourselves up to the image which that symbol evokes. . . . The Middle Age, even as our own Age is, was full of talk of the earthly Paradise. It may be that we have progressed in learning to talk of it as a social possibility instead of as a geographical fact. We like to think that the old Venetians went eastward on their famous journey half-believing that they would arrive there just as Columbus (two centuries later) half expected to sight land "where the golden blossoms burn upon the trees forever." They did not find the earthly Paradise, but they saw the splendors of Kubla, one of the mightiest of earthly kings. . . . The imagination is only healthy when it broods upon the kingly and the saintly. In Kubla the reader will find enough images of splendors to make glorious the temple of his mind. . . . He is like a king in a romance. It was the task of a kingly nature to have created him as he appears here. It makes us proud and reverent of the poetic gift to reflect that this king, "the lord of lords," ruler of so many cities, so many gardens, so many fish pools, would be but a name, an image covered by the sands, had he not welcomed two dusty travellers who came to him one morning from out of the unknown after long wandering over the world. Perhaps, when he bade them farewell, the thought occurred to him that he might come to be remembered "but by this one

thing" when all his glories were fallen from him and he lay silent, the gold mask upon his face, in the drowsy tomb where the lamp, long kept alight, at last guttered and died and fell to dust.'

This introduction of Masefield's seems to me so exquisite a thing, so worthy of Masefield and of the wonder-seer he commemorates, that I thought there could be few things you'd rather have in mind in Venice; so I have given it to you at some length, that you may stand here in the Piazza, which looks so much as Marco Polo knew it, and try to feel yourself one with him as he compared his native city with the splendors he had seen in the Far East.

On another occasion you must seek out the remains of his house close to where the Malibran Theatre now is, in a little court still called the 'Corte del Milione.'

The next story important to remember at Venice — next in point of time, that is — is that of Marino Faliero whose tragedy haunts the Doge Palace. In Marco Polo's day the Falieri were neighbors of his, but Marco had been dead some years when Marino Faliero, then a man of seventy-four, was elected Doge of Venice to succeed the saintly Andrea Dandolo, scholar, man of letters, and ardent patriot. Faliero had distinguished himself as a naval commander and as an ambassador, and when he was about to make his entry into Venice as Doge on an October Sunday in 1354, a thick mist arose and the air became so dark that he was compelled to land at the Piazza of San Marco on the very spot where, between the two columns, evil-doers were put to death. To the superstitious Venetians this was an evil augury, and when, just a month later, the whole of the Venetian fleet was captured by the Genoese, probably no one was surprised, although every one was plunged into mourning. Venice was still stunned by this blow when Faliero entered upon his plot to become Prince, or Lord, of

Venice. One of the conspirators disclosed the plan to a friend who was endangered by it, and the Council took steps to thwart Faliero's intention. He and his co-conspirators were arrested, tortured, and executed. The lesser among them were hanged on the red pillars of the balcony of the Palace from which the Doge was wont to look on at tourneys and bull-fights, and they were hanged with gags in their mouths. Faliero was given a more formal trial at the end of which it was decreed that he should have his head cut off and that the execution should be done on the landing-place of the stone staircase where the Doges take their oath when they first enter the Palace. On the following day, the doors of the Palace being shut, the Doge had his head cut off about the hour of noon, and when the execution was over one of the Council of Ten showed the bloody sword to the people, crying out with a loud voice, 'Lo, the doom that hath fallen on the traitor.'

In the vast Council Hall of the Doge's Palace, where Tintoretto's 'Paradiso' 'looms like a sunset mid thunder clouds,' the line of ducal portraits about the room is interrupted at one point with a black painted space and a sinister inscription in Latin, saying, 'This is the place of Marino Faliero, beheaded as a criminal.' Byron's 'Tragedy of Marino Faliero' has made this story a familiar one to English readers. It was after the death of Faliero, who had been his friend for many years, that Petrarch came to Venice, seeking a quiet home for his old age.

He probably lived here for about eight years, from 1360 to 1368, and during this time determined to bequeath to the city of Venice, which had shown him much honor, a portion of his rich library. Boccaccio was his guest here for many months, and together they talked and walked and sailed the canals and the lagoons in perfect sympathy, and there still exists a letter of Petrarch to Boccaccio asking the

latter to come again and to stay longer next time. The house occupied by Petrarch was called the Palazzo del Molin and it stood on the Riva degli Schiavoni, a short distance east of the Doge Palace. It probably was not the house now marked by the tablet and pointed out as Petrarch's, but the building on the corner of the little Calle del Dose, some forty or fifty paces to the east of the generally accepted spot. It had two towers from which Petrarch had a perfect view of the city and of the Adriatic and from which he could look at will over the navies of the then known world as they entered and left the harbor, or down upon the crowds of busy men beneath his windows. Laurence Hutton thought that Petrarch's life here must have been a happy one 'as must be the life of any man who brings to Venice some knowledge of its history, some idea of its art, some fondness for its traditions, and letters of introduction to some of its men of mind in all professions.'

It seems that at one time during this stay, when the Venetians held a famous festival in Piazza San Marco to celebrate a victory over the Greeks in Candia, the poet was seated in the place of honor at the right of the Doge in the gallery of the Cathedral and in front of the bronze horses, and he tells of the many youths decked in purple and gold, ruling with the rein and urging with the spur their horses in the then unpaved square and watched by a throng of spectators so great that a grain of barley could not have fallen to the ground.

I think you will like, as you look up at the balcony and the famous Quadriga of bronze horses (which probably once adorned the triumphal Arch of Nero, and certainly were sent by Constantine to Constantinople whence they were brought to Venice in 1204), to see Petrarch sitting there in the seat of honor at the Doge's right hand, reviewing this great spectacle. (Those horses, by the way, were

carried to Paris by Napoleon and set upon his Arc du Triomphe du Carrousel, and brought back here after his downfall. During the late War they were taken to Rome for safe-keeping and housed in the court of the Palazzo Venezia along with the Verrocchio 'Colleoni' and other treasures.)

The pigeons which are such a feature of the Piazza have their direct relation to that festival and to the victory it celebrated; for the tradition is that these are the direct descendants of the carrier pigeons which brought to Venice from spies in Candia information leading to the capture of the island. And if you like, you may, when you are feeding the pigeons to-day, imagine their remote ancestors being fed from the very hand of Petrarch. The poet was, however, not happy enough in Venice to end his days there; and left it for a more tranquil spot at Arqua, some forty miles from Venice on the way to Ferrara, where he built himself a house which we may visit if we are so inclined. Here, in one of the letters he wrote to Boccaccio, he expressed the hope that death might find him reading or writing, and the story told of his end is that he was found dead on July 18, 1374, with his head bowed over a book. Much of the Doge Palace is as Petrarch knew it, and the Great Sala del Maggior Consiglio had been enlarged to its present vast dimensions some years before he came to Venice.

A great many years of Venetian history flowed between Petrarch's withdrawal from Venice and the setting-up of the Aldine Press, but the connection between them is very close and we cannot, I think, do better than to follow it.

Venice, like several other great Italian cities which have given hospitality and inspiration to many great writers, has produced surprisingly little in what we might call native-born literature; but she played a notable part in the cause of the New Learning by favoring as she did the art of

printing at a time when it had scarcely begun to be an art. Early in the fifteenth century there had been printed at Venice, it is said, more books than at Rome, Milan, Florence, and Naples all together. When this new process made its appearance and first began to be patronized and talked about as a novelty, most of the books were so badly edited and so poorly printed that many a real booklover whose library was made up of exquisite hand-lettered and illumined volumes prided himself on not permitting a single example of printing to intrude among them. And this state of contempt for the new way of making books might have continued much longer had it not been for the labors of a man called Aldus Romanus, who settled at Venice in 1490 and seems to have lived in the parish of Sant' Agostino, not far from the church of the Frari. It is said that he had been a tutor and was discouraged by the careless transcriptions of classic literature that existed in textbooks. He dreamed of making careful books, and as a beginning toward this end he became, after he settled in Venice, a reader or lecturer on the classical tongues, 'reading and interpreting in public for the benefit of the noble and studious youth of the city, the most renowned Greek and Latin writers, collating and correcting those manuscripts which it was his intention to print.' He published Latin and Italian masterpieces in a type which he is said to have modelled on the handwriting of Petrarch as it was to be studied in the manuscripts left by the poet to the city of Venice.

The first book published by Aldus in this type was an edition of Virgil, and thereafter there issued from his Press a great number of beautiful books which are still the greatest treasures of all noted collections. The fame of his beautiful books brought so many visitors to the Press of Aldus that he was moved to hang out a sign which read: 'Whoever you are, Aldus requests you, if you want anything,

ask for it in a few words and depart, unless, like Hercules, you come to lend the aid of your shoulders to the weary Atlas. Here will always be found, in that case, something for you to do, however many you may be.'

According to tradition, a certain Hercules named Erasmus came in 1506 to lend his shoulder to the support of the load; and Laurence Hutton thought that 'Erasmus in the workshop of Aldus, printing, perhaps, his own Adages, is a picture for a poet or a painter to conjure with. Venice in all its glory never saw a greater sight.' And, while we are talking of printing, may be the best possible time to remind you that the first periodical ever published was made in Venice. It was a monthly magazine, and even after the invention of printing it appeared in manuscript. It was called 'La Gazetta,' perhaps from *gazzera*, a magpie or chatterer, or more probably from *gazzetta*, the small Venetian coin which was its price after it began to appear in type.

In Venice there are few historical personages of whom the traveller needs to be aware in order to enjoy and appreciate what he sees. There are practically no Venetian authors with whom he need chide himself for not scraping an acquaintance. There are few Venetian sculptors. As Thomas Okey has said in his 'Story of Venice,' 'Alone among the nations of Europe, Venice has given birth to no great literature. Save her crumbling architecture, all that she conceived of the beautiful is expressed in painting. . . . Through the millennial tale of her existence as a State, no great poet, no great thinker, no great dramatist meets us.' Among her architects there are few whose names are familiar to us for any works done outside of Venice; and even for those done in Venice the fame of the architect has not often survived outside the pages of books that are seldom read.

The earliest craftsmen of Venice were Byzantines, and the

beauty they brought from the Eastern Empire so stamped itself on this City of the Sea that no other type of loveliness has ever become thoroughly associated with it. San Marco was modelled on the Church of the Holy Apostles at Constantinople, and for its adornment there were brought from that city a number of mosaicists who wrought with such beauty that their art also became identified with Venice and has remained so throughout the centuries.

If you go, as I hope you will, into the workrooms of the Salviati Studios on the Grand Canal, you will see artist-artisans there employed on vast designs for mosaics some of which may be intended for use far off in America. I remember seeing there, once, mosaics in preparation for the chapel of Leland Stanford, Junior, University — thousands of miles away from the Grand Canal.

Venice, being rich, was always able to import for her beautifying the best artists of other lands; and as fast as Umbria and Tuscany and other provinces developed a notable school of art, Venice drew upon it without, however, seeming to displace the strongly Oriental in her individual type of beauty. Andrea Pisano is said to have worked at Venice, but the curious and characteristic thing about it is that we don't know what he did there. His work in other places is identified and is continually winning renown for him. What he did in Venice is lost in the sum total of her loveliness. The marked difference between Venetian Gothic and Renaissance architecture, and that of other Italian cities, is due to the fact that, whereas Tuscan architects drew their inspiration from ancient Rome, the Venetians, having much readier intercourse with Greece and the Eastern Empire, drew their inspiration mainly from that source.

Of all the architects who wrought at Venice, if you have an impression of two or three only you will not do ill.

Chief among these is the bosom friend of Andrea del Sarto whose name was Jacopo Tatti, although we know him only as Sansovino. He was a Florentine, who, while studying at Rome, attracted the attention of Bramante and of Raphael. After the sack of Rome in 1527, he came to Venice, and here his first employment was to strengthen the domes of San Marco, which he did so successfully that he was appointed chief architect and given a house and a handsome salary. In 1536, the Venetian Senate decreed the erection of a Library worthy to house the books left to the Republic by Petrarch and others, and Sansovino was given the commission to build this. His Library, which faces the Doge Palace, is one of the most beautiful buildings since ancient times. Sansovino lived to be ninety-three years old and was the friend of Titian and of every other great man of his time. Their testimony regarding him is that he was a most lovable person, ever ready with help and counsel, winsome in his youth and venerable in his old age. Vasari says that at ninety-three his eyes were still undimmed and he bore himself erect as ever. He was, like most great architects of those times, a sculptor as well, and executed the bronze doors leading to the Sacristy of San Marco, the six bronze reliefs in the Choir of that church, the lovely stone reliefs in the Chapel of the Rosary at Santi Giovanni e Paolo, and the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune at the top of the Giants' Stairway in the Doge Palace. To him, also, we owe the Loggia of the Campanile and many other beautiful things in Venice. Sansovino died in 1570, and was buried at San Gimignano in a church that he himself had built. When this church was demolished in 1807, his remains were brought to Venice and now rest in the Seminario della Salute, close to that gorgeous mass which dominates the outlet of the Grand Canal.

Andrea Palladio, who also wrought much in Venice, was

a native of Vicenza; and for Venice he built the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore and that of the Reddentore. Those palaces which he designed in other places, notably at Vicenza, in a style so distinctly his own, although so directly influenced by the classic, seem not to have pleased the Venetian nobles to the point of ordering anything like them here, although he designed many patrician villas on the mainland not far from Venice. His fame, and that of Sansovino, brought to Venice to study under them another native of Vicenza named Scamozzi, who became responsible in time for the completion of Sansovino's Library and for certain additions to the Procuratie Nuove on the south side of the Piazza.

Those Venetian painters to whom you will wish to pay your respects regardless of how brief your stay here may be are, first of all, in point of time and perhaps in point of loveliness, the Bellini, who came from Padua where their father had maintained a school of painting. The brothers Bellini, Giovanni and Gentile, came to Venice about 1460. Giovanni remained at Venice until his death in 1516, at the ripe age of ninety. (There must have been something in the manner of life at Venice conducive to longevity in artists; for Titian lived to be ninety-nine, and Sansovino to be ninety-three, and Giovanni Bellini to be ninety. But when we reflect that Michelangelo, most tempestuous of all artist souls, lived to be eighty-nine without having spent any appreciable time in Venice, we may conclude that perhaps it wasn't Venetian climate that was responsible.) Giovanni Bellini was the master of Titian and of Giorgione and many another great painter and, as Mr. E. V. Lucas says of him, he could 'paint like a Paduan, a Tuscan, a Fleming, a Venetian, and a modern Frenchman.' But although he is called the father of Venetian painting, 'his child only faintly resembles him, if at all.' Yet his crea-

tions, once seen, 'haunt us,' says Mr. Okey, 'like memories of beloved friends.' Ruskin thought that Bellini's altar-piece at the Frari and his other in Santa Zaccheria are the two finest pictures in the world. Gentile Bellini was less great than his brother Giovanni and lived not so long. It may be that you will not encounter in Venice any of his works except the three scenes illustrating the Miracles of the Holy Cross which are now in the Accademia.

Carpaccio was one of the painters trained under the influence of the Bellini. Little is known of his life except that he travelled in the East, that he was working in Venice in 1479, and that he died in 1525. Perhaps the best-loved of his pictures are those telling the story of Saint Ursula, including that one showing Ursula in her nice great bed in what Mr. Lucas calls 'perhaps the best-known bedroom in the world.'

And now we come to the romantic, almost mysterious, personality of Giorgione, of whom it has been said that 'he lifted Venetian painting to the highest sphere of poetic inspiration and technical perfection, and influenced the whole of its subsequent progress.' Yet he lived but a short time and left few works. Indeed, some writers assert that only one is beyond dispute, and that has been daubed over by a restorer. However, it's reasonably certain that he did the 'Gypsy and the Soldier' in the Giovannelli Palace, which I hope you will not fail to see. Access to this palace of Prince Giovannelli is usually possible on presentation of a visiting-card; and any gondolier will take you to it without further direction from you than saying the name. You will, of course, suitably reward the household servant who shows you through the palace and permits you to see this great work of art. Giorgione lived only a little more than thirty years and is said to have died of grief at the infidelity of his mistress. His whole soul was attuned to beauty; and with

him romantic, as distinguished from religious, painting leaped into being.

Titian, who was born in the same year, probably outlived Giorgione by more than threescore years — almost by threescore and ten. Titian was a native, not of Venice, but of a Venetian province, Cadone; but he came to Venice as a child and was placed under the Bellini for instruction in art. One of his earliest known works is the 'Visitation of Saint Mary and Saint Elizabeth' in the Accademia. Before he was forty, he was internationally famous and his brush was sought by kings and princes throughout Europe. Honors were showered upon him at home and abroad. He made vast sums of money and his house was the scene of almost regal entertainments. When you stand in the Church of the Frari before Titian's tomb, you will, I think, like to remember that among his last words as he lay dying were that he was almost ready to begin.

Next we have Palma Vecchio, Titian's junior by about three years, but dead long before the latter. You will probably feel not quite satisfied with your visit to Venice unless you have seen Palma's well-known 'Saint Barbara' in the Church of Santa Maria Formosa, which is called the most grandiose and majestic female figure in Venetian art.

Paris Bordone, a pupil of Titian's, is represented at Venice by what has been called the most essentially Venetian picture in the world, 'The Fisherman and the Doge,' the story of which is as follows: On a night in 1340, during a violent storm, a fisherman chanced to be anchoring his boat off the Riva when a man appeared and bade him row across to the island of San Giorgio Maggiore. Reluctantly the fisherman obeyed; and at the island there came aboard another man in armor, and orders were given to proceed to the Lido. There a third man joined them and the fisherman was told to make for the sea. They had not gone far when

THE FISHERMAN AND THE DOGE (DETAIL)

By Paris Bordone

they met a ship filled with devils which was on her way to Venice to unload this cargo; but when the three passengers in the fisherman's boat rose and made the sign of the Cross, the ship with the devils aboard instantly vanished. Thereupon the fisherman recognized his passengers as Saint Mark, Saint George, and Saint Nicholas. From Saint Mark he received a ring, and in the picture he is handing this ring, commemorating the deliverance of Venice, to the Doge. The magnificent architecture, the rich costumes, the romantic story told, all contribute to make this picture one of the most popular in Venice.

And now we come to Tintoretto, a painter who may be studied only at Venice where the Accademia and the Doge Palace are rich in his works and the Scuola of San Rocco is a veritable Tintoretto museum with sixty-two of his compositions.

Younger than Tintoretto was Veronese whom we know best through his Banquet compositions, 'The Supper at the House of Levi,' 'The Marriage at Cana,' and so on.

You will, of course, wish to recall Canaletto, who painted the Venice of his day for us so faithfully, his day being the eighteenth century. When you are lunching or otherwise refreshing yourself at Florian's Café in the Piazza, be sure to ask for the postcard which they distribute to patrons showing Francesco Guardi, who also painted Venetian pictures in much the style of Canaletto, offering his canvases for sale to the patrons of Florian's nearly two hundred years ago.

I shall not undertake to offer you any suggestions about seeing San Marco or the Doge Palace or the other outstanding sights of Venice, the particulars about which your guide-book gives you so fully and satisfactorily, nor to act as your guide in the Accademia.

With regard to the palaces of the Grand Canal, my sug-

gestion, humbly given, is that you enjoy them for their beauty without trying to tax yourself much with their history except in the case of those few which are associated with some of the great sojourners in Venice. Most of the guide-books give the names of the palaces on each side of the Grand Canal, and the majority of gondoliers call them out more or less unintelligibly on our every journey up and down this great waterway. But I find it confusing to try to identify more than the very few I have mentioned, and even of those only a few at one time.

So, suppose that you are making your first gondola ride down the Canal from the vicinity of the Piazzetta toward the Rialto and the railway station, and that you have decided to limit yourself to the left-hand palaces for that occasion. The first of the palaces to which I direct your reverent attention is the Rezzonico in which Robert Browning died. It was built by the same architect, Longhena, who built the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. It was on the 12th of December, 1889, that Browning died here, in the left-hand corner room on the top floor. And from here he had a municipal funeral which proceeded to the Island of the Dead, which was reached as the sun was setting on that short winter day. Later, his body was removed to Westminster Abbey. The tablet on the palace reads, 'Open my heart and you will see graved upon it, Italy.'

A very little farther along we come to the three Giustiniani palaces, in the first of which W. D. Howells wrote his charming book on Venetian life; and in the next one of the three Wagner wrote part of 'Tristan and Isolde.' The last of the Giustiniani palaces was bought in 1437 by one of the Foscari and has ever since borne that name. It was here that Henry III of France was lodged when he came to Venice on his way from Poland to assume the crown of France.

When you come back, direct your attention to the other bank and note, nearest to the railway station, the Palazzo Vendramin Calergi in which Wagner died on February 13, 1883. The tablet on the wall was composed by D' Annunzio, who wove the personality of Wagner and his associations with Venice into a novel which is called, in its English translation, 'The Flame of Life.'

I don't know that I would make an effort to identify anything else on this side until I came to the Ca' d' Oro, or golden house, which your gondolier will by no means let you miss identifying. It was built in 1425 and has no history of outstanding interest for most of us.

After you leave the Rialto Bridge behind you, you may want to note Palazzo Manin, now the Bank of Italy, because it was built by Sansovino. A few minutes more and you will be abreast of the three Mocenigi palaces with the blue-and-white striped posts in front. In the middle one of these palaces Byron settled in 1818 and wrote 'Beppo' and began 'Don Juan,' and, as Mr. Lucas says, 'did not a little mischief.' He was not new to Venice when he came here, this being subsequent to the time when he studied Armenian in the monastery on the island of San Lazzaro and when he wrote to Tom Moore, 'I have fallen in love; which, next to falling into the canal (which would be of no use, as I can swim), is the best or the worst thing I could do.' He was more or less of a tourist on that first visit, however, and it was not until he came here to the Mocenigo Palace two years later that he set up state with gondolas and an opera-box and many servants. And here, shortly after his arrival, he was visited by Shelley, who brought with him Claire Clairmont and her daughter, who was Byron's daughter, too. Shelley was so entranced with Venice that he wrote:

'If I had been an unconnected man
I, from that moment, should have formed some plan
Never to leave sweet Venice, — for to me
It was delight to ride by the lone sea;
And then, the town is silent — one may lie
Or read in gondolas by day or night,
Having the little brazen lamp alight,
Unseen, uninterrupted; books are there,
Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair
Which were twin-born with poetry, and all
We seek in towns, with little to recall
Regrets for the green country.'

It was in the next palace, with dark-blue posts, which also belonged to the Mocenigi, that Giordano Bruno was staying as a guest when he was betrayed to the Inquisition by his host and taken to Rome to be burned as a heretic. The Palazzo Moro-Lin, just beyond the Mocenigi palaces, was the house of the Venetian of high degree who seems to have been the model for Shakespeare's Othello. This man returned in 1508 from Cyprus, where he had been for several years and had probably acquired a coat of tan as well as a stock of adventure stories; but he certainly was not a Moor or black man, although the Venetian gondoliers insist that he was; taking Shakespeare's word for it above that of their own historians.

If you proceed toward the Iron Bridge (which is such an eyesore, although doubtless a great convenience to Venetians), you pass the Casa Falier, from whose windows Howells made many of the observations which he subsequently wrote into 'Venetian Days' when he had moved across the Canal. In what is now an annex of the Grand Hotel, Ruskin did most of his work on the 'Stones of Venice.' And from here on, the palaces of other days are all become the hotels of to-day. Of the three comprising the Grand Hotel, two are of the fourteenth century and one is of the seventeenth.

Next, comes the fourteenth-century palace known as the 'house of Desdemona,' which has no known connection with any character who might have furnished Shakespeare with a suggestion for that unhappy heroine, but is interesting to many of us because Duse once lived in it. The Hotel Europe was a Giustiniani Palace; but I doubt if it would interest you to give names of the families who once lived in state in all those palaces wherein now the visitors to Venice camp during their brief sojourn.

Much time should be spent afoot in Venice and much in the small out-of-the-way canals wherein one sees the Venice that is to-day going about her business in apparent unconcern with the tourists who hover around the Piazza.

The only churches I urge upon you beside San Marco are Santi Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari. Beside the former you will find Verrocchio's superb equestrian statue of Colleoni, and within the latter you will find Titian's 'Madonna di Pesaro' and his 'Assumption,' and that Bellini altar-piece which Ruskin held to be one of the two finest pictures in the world. Titian is buried in the Frari, and so is Canova. Three churches seem to me to be enough for the traveller with few days for Venice. These, and the Doge Palace, and Venice in general.

Such time as there is to spare beyond these and the Accademia, or even omitting the latter, may best be employed in journeys to Torcello and to Chioggia and over to the Lido.

II

AFTER VENICE

For the final chapter of our book we may find space for only a few of the many other things which should be in it. Were it not that I hope and expect to do another book on Italy ere long, beginning with Sicily and coming up, through the hill towns and many delightful places for which there was no room here, to the Italian Lakes; and, in another direction, along the Italian Riviera, I should be inconsolable for the omissions which have been necessary here. The purpose of this book, however, was to give the hurrying traveller, unfamiliar with Italy, something to aid him in making acquaintance, not with the 'sights' of the principal cities alone, but with those outlines of Italy's development in history and art which do most to give one a feeling of familiarity there.

A number of those who have written books on Italy have taken the attitude that Italy is not to be known in her cities; that, to make genuine acquaintance with her, one must seek the small places and especially those least frequented by the multitude of tourists. There is a measure of wisdom in this for the traveller who speaks and understands Italian, who is deeply interested in architecture and schools of painting, and who is read beyond the ordinary in Italian history and literature. Such a one does, indeed, find a flavor of old Italy in sundry small places which the cities cannot duplicate. But it is my very earnest conviction, based on a knowledge of Italy which includes nearly all her small towns as well as her great, that the average individual speaking English only, who goes to Italy for a month or six

weeks now and again in a lifetime, does well to spend the major part of it in Rome and Florence, with excursions out from each. And so I have, acting on this belief, devoted most of this book to those two cities wherewith our whole cultural fabric is most concerned.

Verona, being on the main railway line between Venice and Milan and so accessible for a glimpse *en route* between those two cities, I am briefly including her because I think she yields a great deal in return for the simple effort of getting off the train there and getting on another later in the same day. Five or six hours in Verona suffice to give the average traveller some impressions for which he will, I am sure, be grateful on many and many an occasion as he pursues the rest of his way through life.

There is no small city of Italy (that is, if one may call the capital of a province, a garrison of many thousand men, and a city of more than ninety thousand inhabitants 'small') which more richly and in a greater variety of ways rewards one for a visit. Of the early history of Verona one need not be especially conscious except to remember in a general way that there was a great deal of that early history even long before the time when Verona became a Roman colony in the youth of Julius Cæsar. Our interest in it goes for the most part no farther back than the time when Dante came here and was given hospitality after his exile from Florence. The Scaligers were the rulers of Verona then; and of all that they did, during more than a century of magnificent supremacy, there is little of which general literature takes much note except for this gracious gesture of princely hospitality to an exile.

It was about the time that Dante came here that the tragedy in the Montague and Capulet families probably occurred; and it is a little surprising that Dante made no reference to this in the 'Divine Comedy.' It is barely

possible that these two young persons never lived at all; but, thanks to the genius of a great English dramatist and poet, they are the most ever-living of all the Veronese, and Verona would be well worth a visit were it for nothing else than to realize what the power of the pen is. Juliet's house is shown to the visitor and also her tomb; and I can testify that, whether or not she ever lived in the one and lay in the other, having seen them and other things in Verona makes a great difference in our enjoyment as we read or witness the play or hear the opera. At the Grand Opéra in Paris the production of 'Romeo and Juliet' is so superb a thing pictorially as well as histrionically (when Muratore sings Romeo, especially) that one who knows Verona is best able to appreciate the splendid fidelity with which it is done.

The Piazza Erbe and Piazza dei Signori of Verona are two of the most picturesque and beautiful public squares in all Italy. There are several churches of great interest and beauty, and the Arena, or Colosseum, is in excellent preservation. There is a Roman theatre of unusual interest; and the Giardino Giusti is one of the most beautiful gardens in Italy, with many superb old cypresses four and five hundred years old and one hundred and thirty feet or more in height.

These are a few only of the reasons for that stop at Verona. More detailed suggestions for a half-day's programme there are contained in my Travel Study Course on 'Your Trip to Italy.'

From Verona to Milan is a journey of some two and a half hours, which may be made by a train passing through Verona from Venice after dinner-time and reaching Milan not too late for a comfortable night's rest.

The story of Milan in the 'Mediæval Towns Series' is by Ella Noyes, who begins her Preface thus: 'Everybody has been in Milan, but who knows Milan?' I echo her question.

Most travellers are satisfied with a glance at the Cathedral, a drive out to see Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' and a walk through the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele. But to see these is not to know Milan; and, indeed, it is not easy to know the Milan which charms and satisfies, for that is rather heavily overlaid with the modern, commercial city which is more un-Italian than any other place in Italy. Yet, not even the modernness of Milan could have developed under any other than Italian skies and from any other than Italian temperament.

Edward Hutton says that Milan is the only town in Italy which in the modern sense is a great city at all. 'She alone is as thoroughly alive, as full of business, as miserable and as restless as the great cities of the North. She alone is wholly without a sense of ancient order and peace. She alone is inexhaustibly a monstrous confusion of old and new, of wretchedness and prosperity, of vulgar wealth and extreme poverty. She alone, in her hurried success, her astonishing movement, her bewilderment and her melancholy, has given herself without an afterthought to the modern world.'

This is the first impression Milan makes upon the traveller, and yet those who know how to seek out her remaining glories of another day find not a little here to help them re-create the Milan of other and far different days.

Of the Roman city, Mediolanum, very little remains except the sixteen columns of white marble which may have belonged to the great Baths of Mediolanum or to the palace of the Emperor. But of the early Christian city there are reminders not a few, and the oldest of these is the Church of San Lorenzo which stands close to those sixteen Roman columns. San Lorenzo is important for us to see because it was studied to such great purpose by nearly all the greater architects of the Renaissance. Another very

old church which no one should neglect to see is Sant' Ambrogio, founded by Saint Ambrose who was Bishop of Milan in the fourth century. Before the western façade of this church is a vast Atrium, very like a cloister with roofed walks on the four sides — such an atrium as used to stand before the old Saint Peter's at Rome.

Concerning the Cathedral, it does not seem necessary to say much of anything, since your guide-book has such detailed information about it; and Santa Maria delle Grazie you will see when you go on your visit to Leonardo's 'Last Supper' which is in the former Refectory of the Abbey, of which the church was one of the finest in Milan; the choir and the fine dome are by Bramante.

Milan has at least three galleries which should be seen by even the most hurrying visitor. The Brera is the largest and has the greatest number of important pictures; but if something in the way of art had to be sacrificed for lack of time, I should make the sacrifice at the Brera rather than at the Poldi-Pezzoli or the Ambrosiana. The former of these is a collection made by a wealthy Milanese gentleman who died in 1879 and left his house with all its treasures to the city. I know few other places in all Europe more satisfying to visit. The Ambrosiana Library, rich in priceless manuscripts and rare books, has, also, a collection of pictures some of which are supremely interesting.

And, now, with this suggestion, in outline only, of what the principal sights are at Milan, let us review briefly a few of the chapters of Milan's history which most largely enter into general literature and art. And in this I think we need not go back a great way nor tarry a long while; for the personages who have most largely entered into world literature from Milan are most of them concerned with the fifteenth century or with the years immediately preceding and succeeding it.

We hear more or less, in years earlier than these, of the Visconti, one of whom proclaimed himself perpetual Lord of Milan about the time that Dante was born. And for more than a hundred and fifty years thereafter he and his descendents ruled Milan as Vicars of the Emperor, with unimportant intervals, extending their dominion far and wide and creating a sovereignty more powerful than any other in Italy. One notable thing about the Visconti rule was that they employed mercenary troops for their wars, and the Milanese, not being trained to arms, were not only less dangerous to their tyrants, but considerably more profitable to themselves. All classes, noble and plebeian, engaged in commerce and industrial arts, and the general security of life and property in the Milanese State was greater than anywhere else in Italy. Milanese merchants travelled all over England, France, and Flanders, buying fine wool for the very beautiful cloths which were woven and dyed at Milan. Silk began to be an important manufacture at Milan as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. Another craft for which the Milanese were famous was the making of very fine armor. This was chiefly for export, as the Milanese did a minimum of fighting. For themselves, with the money earned in breeding war horses and manufacturing armor for peoples who engaged in fighting instead of hiring it done for them, the Milanese went in for luxurious living, for richly ornamented dress, and, too, for the finest arts of peace. No other capital in Europe had such splendid palaces, 'such comely-paved streets, such fair fountain gardens and plaisaunces trodden by beautiful exotic beasts and birds.'

The Visconti, although self-constituted rulers, of rather humble birth, gradually assumed the dignity and estate of royalty, and began making alliances with the sovereign houses of Europe. One of the Visconti youths married

Isabella de Valois, and his sister was given in marriage to the Duke of Clarence, the son of Edward III of England. This last marriage, celebrated in 1368, was attended with unprecedented magnificence. The young bridegroom brought with him a train of two thousand Englishmen, and the cavalcade which went forth to meet him was splendid in the extreme. At the head of it came Galeazzo Visconti himself, the ruler of Milan, who was said to be more beautiful in person than any other man in Italy. He was wearing on his flowing golden hair a wreath of roses and was attended by a great company of his principal vassals. With him was his wife, Bianca of Savoy, and his daughter-in-law, the young Isabella de Valois, followed by eighty damsels apparelled in scarlet with sleeves of white cloth and jewelled girdles. At the marriage feast the very meats were gilded, and with each of the sixteen courses the guests were served with splendid gifts such as highly bred hounds with velvet and silken collars and leashes of silk; falcons with chains of gold and hoods of velvet; richly ornamented saddles and other trappings for horses; suits of armor fashioned by the most famous Milanese armorers; brocades of gold and richest silk; silver flagons with enamel; silver-gilt basins; mantles and doublets thickly sown with pearls; and splendid coursers and war horses, each more gorgeously caparisoned than the one before. It is said that Petrarch, the poet, occupied a place of honor at this feast and I'm sure we all hope that the poet got something of everything that was passing. Indeed, I know that many of us, if we could have our way, would like to see our poets similarly entertained more than once in a lifetime.

It may interest you to know that the Visconti, although lavish with their private guests, did not set tables in the street for the common people as the Romans had done on the occasion of triumphs. No oxen were roasted whole, no

wine vats were broached for all who liked to drink. Rather were the people more heavily taxed than before to meet the cost of all these presents to the royal relatives of the Visconti. And it may as well be admitted, first as last, that the Visconti had to pay lavishly for their distinguished alliances, not in feasts alone, but in cold cash and rich estates. And although they had been obliged to buy their way into high society, so to speak, they became very haughty, with their new royal relations, and increasingly unpopular, therefore.

In their determination that their subjects should not be rent by partisan feeling for either of the two great factions between whom the rest of Italy was then divided, the Visconti forbade any one to call himself either a Guelf or a Ghibelline on pain of having his tongue cut out; and by way of forestalling those crimes which darkness favors, they decreed that any one who was found abroad in the city at night for any reason whatever should lose a foot and thereby be aided in home-keeping at all hours. Yet, tyrannical as they were, the Visconti had such high regard for the attainments and ideals of Petrarch that they are said to have felt as great a triumph in being his hosts for several years as they could have felt in the conquest of a province. It was under inspiration that his companionship provided, doubtless, that they founded the University and Library at Pavia, and in many other ways took great pains to advance learning and culture in their dominions.

The sovereignty of the Visconti was vested, not in one member of the family at a time, but in several, and in 1378 we find one of them who had been Petrarch's patron dying and leaving his share of the rule to a delicate and studious young son — the bridegroom of Isabella de Valois, who was now dead. This Gian Galeazzo is entitled to our very respectful remembrance since he was the founder of the

Cathedral of Milan and of the Certosa at Pavia, and it has been said of him that 'there is nothing more dramatic in all the sensational stories of mediæval Italy than Gian Galeazzo Visconti's sudden spring to power.' His uncle, with whom he shared the rule, was the most tyrannical of their race and felt great scorn for the young man who was hardly ever seen outside of his palace at Pavia.

But one day Gian Galeazzo set forth from Pavia for Milan, accompanied by four hundred men-at-arms, to visit — so he said — a holy shrine near Varese and to embrace his dear uncle on the way. Laughing at his nephew's weakness in setting forth on a peaceful errand with so formidable a guard, the elder Visconti sent two of his sons on ahead, and, swinging himself into the saddle, galloped off, with two or three servants only, to meet his nephew. They had scarcely exchanged greetings when nephew made a sign to the captain of his guard, and in a moment uncle found himself a prisoner. His sons were seized at the same time and all three were hurried into a near-by castle at the gate of Milan, which had been built by the father of Gian Galeazzo. The latter, thereupon, rode triumphantly into Milan and was received with great joy, which found its supreme expression in the General Council unanimously conferring upon him and his male heirs forever the sole and absolute dominion of Milan. This was treacherous conduct, but his excuse for it was that his uncle and cousins had been intriguing against him and that they had been oppressing the people.

And now, the former recluse of Pavia began to show, not only his own subjects, but all Italy how little they had understood him or his studious pursuits. The chaotic state of Italy at the time made many things possible to him, and, although he was himself no soldier, he knew how to choose his generals and how to make them fight furiously in his

interests. So extraordinary was his success in arms that he came to be regarded as something almost diabolical. He conquered Verona and overthrew the Scaligers; he captured Padua and sent its ruler to die in a dungeon; he acquired Pisa without a blow, and became master of Perugia, Siena, and Assisi. Finally, he was able to negotiate with the Emperor that his conquered cities should be constituted a Duchy and he himself be made Duke of Milan with the power to transmit this title to his male heirs forever. The ceremony of investiture took place in the Piazza of Sant' Ambrogio where, upon a great throne, the new Duke was crowned in the sight of as many of his people as could crowd about it, while in the Basilica afterwards, the Bishop who was destined to become Pope Alexander V preached the coronation sermon and praised the new Duke for his beauty of person and virtuous tranquillity of mind.

Whatever we may say for Gian Galeazzo's way of getting what he wanted, he was indisputably an able administrator and statesman. By wisdom, economy, and the wise supervision of finances he lightened the burden of taxation which his predecessors had rolled up to wanton waste, and put the State upon a sound financial basis. He conquered by force of arms, but he held his conquests by virtue of his excellent government. A quite horrible phase of this strangely compounded man was that while he seemed to shrink from deeds of wanton violence, he had an apparent passion for subtle plots which led his enemies to grievous ends. The same spirit which had made him enjoy being taken for a weakling when he was preparing himself for a treacherous seizure of the absolute power, caused him to undertake many other surprises of a nature no more benevolent. Yet, with all, he did not doubt his own righteousness, was assiduous in his devotion to all holy practices, and not only invoked the aid of Heaven on all his enterprises, but felt quite assured that he enjoyed it.

He surrounded himself with the greatest scholars of the day and made them his councillors and familiar associates. With them he read and discussed the poets of antiquity, so that his castle was called a temple of wisdom. 'There was,' it has been said, 'no sort of human activity which he did not seek to stimulate for the advantage and glory of his State.'

His time was the time of the formation in Italy of great States which were being evolved as the greater tyrannies swallowed up the lesser. In this he was the leader, and it seemed that under him there might develop a great Italian kingdom such as the poets and dreamers of Italy had long looked forward to. In 1402, Gian Galeazzo was at the summit of his power. Bologna had surrendered to him; and his bravest and most obstinate foe, Florence, lay virtually at his mercy. His armies had been instructed to close round the city on the Arno, and he had his mantle, sceptre, and diadem prepared for his coronation as King of Italy.

The plague was raging at Milan, so he withdrew from that capital to his villa at Melegnano, eleven miles from Milan on the road to Parma; and there, on the 10th of August, he was seized with the deadly contagion of which he died a few days later, at the age of forty-nine.

From Miss Ella Noyes's chapter on the Visconti in 'The Story of Milan,' to which I am much indebted for the foregoing outline, I quote the final paragraphs in which she ably sums up what the cause of human liberty lost and won in that defeat by death of Gian Galeazzo's kingly purposes.

'Who can tell the thoughts of the man as he lay on his death-bed, in his hands at last all that he had labored for day and night without ceasing, and they powerless to close upon it? Who can measure the passion of that defeated brain? His death caused infinite joy in Florence, and in Italy generally. Yet there were many who with an anony-

mous poet of the time wept for the loss which had deprived the country of one who might have healed it of its worst disorders.

'Their lament was justified. The direct result of the tyrant's death was the release of all the elements of disorder and reaction in Italy, the revival of angry factions, the break-up of a great organized State among a host of greedy and warring pretenders, and the terrorism of military adventurers over the whole country, ending in the establishment of a dynasty in Milan destined to sell Italy to her final shame and ruin. What if Gian Galeazzo had lived a few years longer? Florence would probably have fallen before him, Florence whose incurable spirit of individualism had been the one barrier between him and his ambition. But was that single little torch of liberty, which itself was soon to waver and be spent, worth the sacrifice of a united and peaceful Italy, strong enough to resist all outward foes, forward enough to lead all Europe in the path of progress?

'Yet if that noble fruition of art and civilization which glorifies the fifteenth century in Florence was conditional on her independence, then Italy through all the tears of her after centuries of sorrow and humiliation might well answer Yes.'

This man, and all that he was and all that he aspired to be and was not, is distinctly, it seems to me, a personality we should have in mind as we stand looking at that amazing structure, the Milan Cathedral, which with its sister church at Pavia, the Certosa, remains an ever-beautiful monument to his immeasurable ambition for the State of which he was the head. His bones lie, now, beneath a magnificent monument in the right transept of the Certosa, which I would that every appreciative visitor might see.

Gian Galeazzo's three sons by Isabella of Valois had died in infancy, leaving him with one daughter only, Valentine, whom he had married to the Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI of France. About this loving and enduring woman there clings an air of romance not often matched in all the annals of French history. You will recall the murder of her husband by the minions of the Duke of Burgundy; and her great grief for him; and the fact that she was the mother of Charles, Duke of Orleans, the royal poet who was so long a prisoner in the Tower of London and whose son ascended the French throne as Louis XII.

There is much that is most interesting to reflect upon at Milan and elsewhere when we recall that Louis XII was the great-grandson of Gian Galeazzo. By a second marriage, with his cousin (whose father he had entrapped, deposed, and imprisoned), Gian Galeazzo left two young sons, fourteen and ten years old respectively at the time of his death.

The consanguinity of their parents was fatal to the mental and physical health of these two lads, the elder of whom succeeded to the dukedom and the younger of whom was created by his father's will Count of Pavia. The young Duke was not merely incompetent, but was a madman of terrible ferocity, who delighted in having state prisoners torn to pieces under his own eyes by dogs trained for the purpose. 'The story of Milan during his reign is like some dreadful dream, in which, when sleep has fallen on the incessant riots of fighting, through the darkness of the night stalk the awful figures of the maniac prince gloating in his sport, and his huntsman, Squarcia Giramo, beside him, with their terrible hounds in leash, on the scent of human blood. The Duke's appetite for blood was rewarded with Dantesque fitness. He died in 1412, suffocated in his own blood, in the precincts of the palace, under the daggers of

three Milanese nobles who had sworn to rid the world of a monster; and his body, lying in its blood in the Cathedral whither it had been carried and left alone by the general horror, had for its only pall blood-red roses strewn upon it by a harlot.'

During the ten years which had elapsed since Gian Galeazzo's death, much that he had upbuilded had fallen again into its component parts. So that the dukedom which fell to the younger brother, Filippo, was very far from being the extensive and forcefully united dukedom that his father had left on the eve of its becoming a kingdom. The new Duke had many of the qualities which might have restored what his brother had lost, but they were offset by his mental afflictions which made him supremely fearful and superstitious. So great was his dislike and distrust of practically all men that he tolerated few persons around him except his astrologers. He was seldom seen by his subjects, and it is said that they shuddered when they did see this pale fat man who increased their horror by condemning his own wife to death in 1418.

And now we come to the period of Milan's story which plays a greater part in romance, in the chronicles of art, in those popular phases of history that we all know, than all the rest of her annals put together.

It is a short period — little more than half a century — but it is the most fascinating, most thrilling half-century in the story of mankind; and in Milan it was more colorful, more eventful, more amazing, even, than in most places. I mean the last fifty years of the fifteenth century, the effulgent morning of the Renaissance.

In Milan, the story may be told as the story of a family — the Sforza. And if you will imagine yourself, when you go out to the Castello, to be visiting it in the person of a Milanese who was an octogenarian in 1525, you will be able

to recall as the memories of your long lifetime most of the events which made it notable. Thus:

When you were a very little boy, the stories you loved best were those of the Condottieri (conductors, or leaders, of the roving bands of foreign mercenaries, or soldiers-of-fortune) who were so dashing and daring, so dreaded and yet so admired. There was a time when most of the Condottieri were foreign, like the troops they led. But latterly, there had been some great Italian captains, too; and you tingled and thrilled at the tales told you of Gattamelata (whose superb equestrian statue Donatello wrought for Padua) and of Colleoni (whose not less superb equestrian statue Verrocchio is going to model for Venice) and of Francesco Sforza (whose equestrian statue, modelled by Leonardo da Vinci, you are going to see set up in front of the Castello — the clay model of it, only — and then shot to pieces by the Gascon archers of the King of France).

Colleoni and Sforza, with their companies, fought now for Venice and now for Milan, in the days when your daddy was a young man; and what tales of them he told you!

How you loved the story of the first Sforza (Francesco's father) who, when he was a peasant boy of twelve, flung his woodsman's axe into a tree, and ran away to join one of the fighting companies! And how you used to weep when you heard of his death from drowning in a swollen river into which he had plunged, one day, under the arrows of the enemy, to save a boy of his company.

That happened when your daddy was a baby, and Sforza's son, Francesco, was only twenty-two. Young though he was, Francesco soon showed that he was a great soldier; and so brilliantly did he serve that fat, pale, fear-ridden Visconti, Filippo Maria, that the latter offered Francesco the hand of his only child, Bianca Maria, the daughter, not of either of his wives, but of his mistress,

Agnese del Maino. Bianca was a child of eight when she was solemnly and gorgeously betrothed to the young Condottiere of thirty. She was the apple of her unworthy father's eye, and was given a brilliant education by his orders. But Bianca's father was so weak a ruler that he realized his only hope of holding the power lay in playing the Condottieri off one against another and never allowing any one of them to feel secure in his strength. So, no sooner had he brought about this betrothal than he began humiliating Francesco who, thereupon, betook himself and his company off to fight for Pope Eugenius IV who had been chased out of Rome and taken refuge in Florence. And for a while, after Francesco deserted the fortunes of Milan, the cowardly Duke was surprisingly fortunate in war; but for some reason he did not bestow on any other favorite the hand of Bianca, and presently there came a day when Francesco, fighting for the Pope and Florence and Venice against Milan, was so victorious that Filippo thought best to propitiate him by offering him his bride and a rich dowry of land and gold. But the wedding was not yet. There was more playing fast and loose on the part of the Duke and more triumph and prestige on the part of the Condottiere. At last they were married at Cremona when Bianca was seventeen and her bridegroom was almost forty. The Duke did not live long after the marriage, and with his last breath expressed a wish that after his death everything might fall to ruin.

For a while his wish was fulfilled. There was disruption and almost anarchy, and out of it all came a brief-lived Republic whose first act was to tear down the old castle of Porta Giovia where this Castello now stands. You were too young to know anything about that old castle and its destruction, but your father used to tell you how the thoughtful people in Milan were far from exultant to see it

destroyed, knowing as they did how many of these predatory companies were wandering about with covetous eyes upon the rich city of Milan.

He told you, too, when you were old enough to comprehend, how the Republican leaders had quarrelled with one another and how many claimants there had been for the Duchy that had not ceased to exist because some of the citizens declared it a Republic. It was in these troublous times that Francesco came forward with his power of command and his devoted followers and laid siege to Milan with the purpose of entering it as conqueror and dictator. That siege was in the year when you were born and it lasted a long time, reducing the city to grievous straits through the suspension of trade and through famine.

At length the Republic fell, the gates were opened to Francesco, and as he entered in triumph he was followed by his soldiers wearing around their necks and shoulders strange garlands of loaves of bread which the starving people snatched from them as they passed, and devoured voraciously. That day was Francesco Sforza, son of the peasant lad, proclaimed Duke of Milan by general consent of the citizens.

Francesco was gratified by the enthusiastic reception given him, but he did not place too much confidence in its lastingness; so he began to rebuild the destroyed castle and to fortify it with enormous walls and with two huge round towers frowning down upon the Milanese and warning against rebellion. When you were a very little boy your father used to bring you here to watch the new Duke's new castle rise, and you can remember your father's comments which he didn't expect you to understand, expressing satisfaction, on the whole, with the new rule, with the return of commercial prosperity, and with all that Francesco was doing to beautify the city of Milan and bring to it learned and gifted men.

The young Duchess Bianca Maria was not only beloved by all, but was admired for her abilities. She bore her husband six sons of whom you used to hear many stories, when you were a little boy, extolling their excellence in the studies which their mother so carefully superintended, and all those habits of courtesy and chivalry in which she had them trained. You were a lad of sixteen when Francesco died, and old enough to comprehend very well the action of the Duchess Bianca when she rose from her mourning and put the great castle into a state of defence as a precaution against rebellion.

Her oldest son, Galeazzo Maria, was in France fighting for Louis XI in his war against the Barons. To come back to his Duchy he had to pass through territory bristling with castles of those who were the enemies to what they called the pretentions of his House. And to get by these, he came disguised as a travelling merchant; which, however, did not preclude his having many hairbreadth escapes, all of which you learned about when he had got safely back to his inheritance. He was just twenty-two, the same age that his father had been when he succeeded to the tasks of the first Sforza.

But in spite of his good mother's careful education of him and his father's many admirable traits of character, the young Duke was more like his maternal grandfather, the last of the Visconti, than like his paternal grandfather, the sturdy peasant who died to save a young lad of his company. You can remember how your father used to shake his head sadly and say that too much had been done for the young Duke and not enough left for him to do for himself. Probably you were too young to share these opinions of your father's, and yet you must have had a healthy, hearty, young fellow's contempt for the Duke's inordinate vanity and love of luxury. He was a tall and rather

splendid-looking young person, but decidedly effeminate in his love of decking himself in costly fabrics and blazing gems, and in his almost idolatry for his beautiful white hands.

You were a young fellow of twenty-one when he set off on that visit to Lorenzo de' Medici, recently become head of the Florentine Republic. With him went his consort, the beautiful Princess Bona of Savoy, whose sister was the wife of Louis XI of France; and never had been seen such a train of luxury. [See Part III, Chapter III].

Bianca was far from approving her son's course of life, but he resented her attempts to exercise in his reign anything like the influence which his father had gladly yielded her, and it was not long before she withdrew to her dower city of Cremona whence the young Duke took her and shut her in the Castle of Melegnano. Here, after a few months, she died, probably of grief and chagrin, but some said of poison administered by her son's orders.

He was a strange compound, was Galeazzo Sforza, and many the tales you could tell us of the extraordinary events during his reign; but time passes and there is much else that you must wish to recall. And after all, it wasn't a long reign — only ten years. And then, three young men who believed that by striking down Galeazzo they could bring back the Republic, assassinated him in the Church of Saint Stephen, in 1476. He was a far from praiseworthy ruler and a far from admirable man; and yet those young assassins who believed they were acting in a great cause were no less stupid than assassins nearly always are. You didn't realize it at the time, and you were surprised when you heard that the cynical Pope, Sixtus IV, when told of the murder, exclaimed, 'To-day is the peace of Italy dead.' You couldn't realize all that was involved when those daggers flashed to their gaudy mark; but the Pope had not been too fearful.

Galeazzo left three legitimate children, the eldest a little boy of ten; and three illegitimate children, the youngest of whom was that Caterina destined to make so much vigorous history as the Lady of Forlì.

The widowed Duchess at once assumed authority as regent for her little son, Gian Galeazzo, with a Sicilian named Simonetta as her chief minister. The murdered Duke's brother, Lodovico, who was destined to play so great and spectacular a part in history, was then absent in France, as was also another brother, the Duke of Bari. Immediately on hearing of their brother's death, however, they hastened back, and were joined by a younger brother, Ascanio, who had been in Rome. And with what adherents they could muster they made ready to oust Simonetta and seize the government.

Their first efforts were unsuccessful; but there came a day when Lodovico found his chance. Duchess Bona had a lover, a handsome young secretary, to whom she could deny nothing, and when this lover sought to overrule Simonetta, there was a clash which created two parties at Court. Those Milanese nobles who hated Simonetta because he was a Sicilian and shared none of their interests, joined with the young lover in urging the Duchess to dismiss her chief minister. And somehow or other news of all this got to Lodovico in exile at Pisa, and he came stealing into the gardens of the Castello one day, in defiance of the decree of banishment pronounced against him, made his way into the Castello itself, and presented himself before Duchess Bona, who received him joyfully. Simonetta, realizing what was about to happen, turned to her and said, 'Most illustrious Duchess, I shall lose my head, and you shall lose your State.' Three days later, he was arrested and carried to the Castle of Pavia, where a year later he was tried, tortured, and beheaded.

Then came stirring days, indeed, at the Castello. When Francesco Sforza rebuilt, here, he raised, on the site of the old Visconti Castello di Porta Giovia, a stronghold called the Rocchetta, and to the east of it a palace called the Corte Ducale, with a wide passageway between them. It was the Rocchetta, the inner keep of the Castle of Milan with its strong garrison and impregnable defence, which made its commander able to impose his will upon the city. And, knowing this, the young lover of the Duchess persuaded her to appoint his father as castellan of the Rocchetta. But the commander her husband had named refused to surrender the keys, and one day when most of the attendants of the little Duke were off duty, the old commander of the Rocchetta and a fellow-conspirator crossed the narrow bridge which led from the palace to the donjon, snatched up the little Duke, carried him to the fortress, and delivered him to the custody of his uncle, Lodovico.

In possession of the Duke's person and of the stronghold, Lodovico was in a position to dictate terms to the Duchess, who had no alternative but to surrender to him the regency and the guardianship of her son. Now, Lodovico was the Lord of Milan. He was just a year younger than you and had barely attained the age of thirty when he made himself master of Milan.

Besides being a man of singularly handsome and commanding presence and remarkable abilities which practically everybody recognized, he was reputed to be the richest Prince in Italy. It was about this time that he presented his suit for the hand of Isabella d' Este, the elder daughter of Duke Ercole of Ferrara; but Isabella had just been betrothed to the heir of the Marquis of Mantua, so her father offered in her stead her sister Beatrice, a year younger. Beatrice was at that time five years old and was living at the Court of her maternal grandfather, King

Ferrante of Naples, whither she had been taken by her mother on a visit a year or two before. Lodovico accepted the hand of this baby with great willingness, since the arrangement suited his purposes admirably. He was deeply in love with his accomplished and charming mistress, Cecilia Gallerani, who was installed in great state in the Castello at Milan, and treated by Lodovico's Court with practically all the deference due to a Duchess. He would have been happy to marry Cecilia, but realized that it would bring about grave complications among his courtiers; so he contented himself with making the formal alliance with the little daughter of the proud House of Este, and enjoying the companionship of Cecilia who was a highly learned lady, the centre of a brilliant literary and artistic coterie, and well fitted in many ways to be the Egeria of a man like Lodovico.

For five years more the little Beatrice stayed on at the Neapolitan Court of her Spanish grandfather, and then she returned to her father's house at Ferrara and resumed her long-interrupted association with her immediate family, including her sister Isabella. During all this time Lodovico had never seen his affianced bride and continued to content himself with the companionship of Cecilia and with his busy patronage of all those arts that both he and Cecilia so ardently loved.

It was at this time that Lorenzo de' Medici sent Leonardo da Vinci to Milan, which then became his residence for the next sixteen years, during which time he modelled the colossal equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, painted the 'Last Supper' for the monks of Santa Maria delle Grazie, filled numerous portrait commissions, and did an almost infinite variety of work in engineering, architecture, and other manner of services for a great princely patron. You can remember him well: the noble figure so familiar about

the Court and other high places of Milan; and you can remember Bramante, too, who also spent many years at Milan, transforming the old mediæval city into a stately Renaissance capital. Perugino was another of those whom Lodovico brought to labor at Milan. He favored poets and lesser versifiers, too, and not infrequently took a hand in the sonnet-making. And you remember that it was with a silver lute, shaped like a horse's head, that Leonardo first commended himself to the notice of Lodovico.

Thus the years went by, and little Beatrice was growing to an age when it might have been expected that her betrothed would begin to press the matter of their marriage. But when her father made suggestions to that end, Lodovico, you will remember, had excuses to offer for further delay. You at Milan knew well the reason, and probably they at Ferrara knew it as well; but still the bridegroom tarried.

Meanwhile, the little Duke of Milan, the kidnapped little Duke, grew older, but scarcely grew up. He was frail in body and undeveloped in mind, and horses and dogs were the only things in which he took any interest. All outward respect was paid to him as the Duke of Milan. He lived in great state, surrounded by regal pomp on public occasions, but nobody was deceived as to where the sovereignty really lay. When the young Duke was in his twentieth year, he was married to the Princess Isabella of Aragon, the first cousin of little Beatrice, his uncle's betrothed. And so frail was he that the festivities of his own wedding exhausted him to the point of obliging him to keep his bed for some weeks afterwards. His young wife had strong character and deep feeling and did her best to rouse him to assert his sovereignty, but without success.

When, however, a son was born to them, Lodovico seemed to feel that it would be well for him to think of his own

marriage. His position might need some strengthening, now that there was another heir. So wedding preparations were set afoot at Ferrara, which must have been taxed, indeed, at that time, since Isabella's marriage preparations were going forward at the same time, and also those of the young brother of Isabella and Beatrice, Alfonso, who was to be married to Lodovico's little niece. (This Alfonso it was who was later to become the husband of Lucrezia Borgia.)

You remember, as if it were yesterday, the magnificence of the fêtes with which the fifteen-year-old Beatrice was welcomed first to Pavia and then to Milan. You could tell tales of them for hours on end if you could find listeners with time to hear them. You remember how admirably the young bride bore herself and how readily she won the affections of her husband and of his Court. You remember how gorgeously Lodovico had prepared the Castello for her coming, and what was her pleasure in all the sumptuousness and pageantry of her new life, until she learned that beneath the same roof with her there dwelt that brilliant woman who had been her husband's comrade for more than a decade, and to whom he still turned for companionship of a sort the girl bride could scarcely be expected to give him. It was told freely throughout the household of the Castello, and beyond that through Milan, how the young Duchess was heartbroken when she learned that Cecilia, at the time of Lodovico's wedding, was on the eve of bearing him a child; and how the young bride so vigorously and yet so lovingly expressed her sense of outrage at this situation that the Duke, her husband, put away Cecilia and devoted himself wholly to his young wife. Cecilia was richly dowered, however, her son was acknowledged as Lodovico's son, and her old lover remained her loyal friend even after he had secured for her a marriage with one of his loyal courtiers.

The situation between Beatrice and her cousin Isabella was one which was sufficiently difficult and, but for the sweetness of Beatrice's disposition, might have been much more so. Isabella was the Duchess of Milan and the daughter of a king-to-be, and entitled to the highest honors in everything; whereas those honors seemed to go to the young bride of the Regent. Unable to stir her husband to any assertion of those rights of his which he was so far from fitted to maintain, Isabella brought bitter complaints to her grandfather, who liked Lodovico not at all and was glad of this excuse and opportunity to proceed against him.

Lodovico's power was now so great that, as is the way with human nature, there were many who wished to see him humbled. So many were the Italian rulers who were willing to league themselves against Lodovico that it became expedient for him to make some strong alliances in case of need; and looking beyond Italy for these, he formed one with Charles VIII of France, promising to support the latter if he invaded Italy to claim the Neapolitan kingdom of his ancestors; and at the same time an alliance was formed with the Emperor Maximilian I of Germany by giving him in marriage the sister of the young Duke of Milan, Bianca Maria, with an enormous dowry. You remember how Milan buzzed with gossip over this strange brace of alliances; for Charles VIII of France had broken his long-standing troth to Maximilian's young daughter Margaret, in order to marry Maximilian's own fiancée, Anne of Brittany.

Then came the eventful year of 1494, when Lodovico openly invited Charles to invade Italy, and at the same time openly proclaimed himself the true Duke of Milan on the ground that he was the first-born son of Francesco after the latter became Duke, whereas Galeazzo Maria had been born the son of a great Condottiere only. Furthermore, he an-

nounced that Maximilian had promised to invest him with the ducal title. These were bold steps for Lodovico, both of them; and you remember well the sensation they caused. You recall, too, that Lodovico was far from reassured when he heard that Savonarola regarded the expected advent of Charles as the scourge of God upon Italy for its sins.

Only too well do you recall that summer of 1494 when Charles arrived in Italy with his fifty thousand men, and was met by Lodovico and by his father-in-law, Ercole of Ferrara, and by Beatrice whose beauty and vivacity made a deep impression on the uncouth Charles. You remember the gorgeous reception at Milan which the young Duchess Isabella refused to attend. And how, when Charles arrived at the Castello of Pavia, she threw herself weeping at his feet and implored him to renounce his designs against Naples where now her father was king. But Charles, although embarrassed by her plea, said that he could not now give up what had cost him so much trouble and money. So he and Lodovico went on their way, and had gone only so far as Piacenza when news reached them that the young Duke of Milan was dying; and before his uncle could reach his side, that youth's feeble and ignoble spirit had fled.

Many there were who believed that his uncle had had him poisoned; but this was an undeserved aspersion upon Lodovico, who was probably incapable of such a crime. Indeed, you were often told by those who were with the young Duke at the last that he never wavered in his affectionate devotion to his uncle and never resented the burden of sovereignty being lifted from his inadequate shoulders.

Then Lodovico went back to Milan from his nephew's death-bed, and had himself invested with the ducal sceptre in the midst of great pomp.

And now Charles, in the south, was too successful; and those who feared the too-great power of one were willing

to combine against him as they had been to combine against Lodovico; so that when he left behind him his conquered kingdom of Naples and started back for France, he learned that the new Duke of Milan had joined with the Emperor, the King of Spain, and others to oppose him.

All that happened in the diplomatic shifts and rearrangements is too intricate to recall in detail, but you all knew that somehow the Duke of Milan, brilliantly aided by the young Duchess Beatrice, had negotiated the withdrawal of the French King's army, so that it seemed to all that Lodovico had saved Italy. His prestige was then at its height, and you all believed as much as he did what the astrologers told him — that he was the grand arbiter of Italy's destinies. It was his jester, probably expressing Lodovico's own sentiments, who voiced the unfortunate vaunt, 'The Pope is my chaplain, Venice my treasurer, the Emperor my chamberlain, and the King of France my courier.'

And then, when everything seemed to indicate that Lodovico was one of the greatest favorites of Fortune, Beatrice died in childbirth before she had completed her twenty-second year. Will you ever forget the pall that Milan wore in mourning for the young Duchess? The Duke sat for nine days in a darkened chamber, alone, refusing all comfort; while in Santa Maria delle Grazie the monks chanted incessant masses for Beatrice's soul. Before that, Lodovico had been heavily afflicted in the death of his illegitimate daughter Bianca whom he loved exceedingly and who was very dear to Beatrice also. But great as was the father's grief for this oldest child of his, he bore it with some fortitude while he was still companioned by that bright young spirit who was his wife. When Beatrice went, his courage seemed to go with her and his belief in his good fortune.

This was at the beginning of 1497, and all Milan seemed apprehensive as well as sorrowful. Never can you forget how at the close of a short winter's day the long procession of mourners bore Duchess Beatrice by the light of a thousand torches to her last resting-place under Bramante's dome, in the church of that abbey in whose refectory Leonardo's 'Last Supper' was nearing completion. Such grief, every one agreed, had never before been known in Milan. And now, the church where she lay sleeping became the chief object of Lodovico's thoughts. Every day he went to visit it and to weep and pray beside her tomb. It was a Tuesday on which she died, and every Tuesday thereafter Lodovico fasted, and also on Saturday, which was the day the tomb had claimed her. His tall, commanding figure, which used to be so gorgeous as it moved about in the Castello, and elsewhere, was hung with a sable cloak now, and the shoulders beneath this cloak had begun to droop.

Nor was this any time to fail in spirit, for a second French expedition threatened Italy, and Milan in particular. For a time it was held in abeyance by the sudden death of Charles VIII; but scarcely had his cousin of Orleans ascended the throne as Louis XII than he announced his intention of invading Milan to claim the Duchy which he felt was his by right of his descent from his grandmother, Valentine Visconti. At the approach of this French army, Lodovico's courage and belief in his great destiny suddenly failed him, although the Castello was the strongest fortress in Europe with a garrison of three thousand men and cannon to the number of eighteen hundred. The Duke, instead of defending it, seemed to have no thought but that of flight.

He took affecting leave of his two infant sons that Beatrice had given him, and sent them to Como, followed

by twenty mules laden with baggage and a large chariot bearing Lodovico's most precious jewels and two hundred and forty thousand gold ducats. All the rest of his treasures he left in the Castle, and drew up a last deed by which he disposed of his vast properties. While he was engaged in this, a deputation came to tell him that the provisional committee of public safety had decided to admit the French.

They were still speaking when the tumult broke, and shops and houses were hastily closed and barricaded. Terror and confusion reigned everywhere as Lodovico took leave of his servants in the Castello and, mounted on a black horse, rode away from it toward the Porta Vercellina. There he turned to his companions and with a noble and dignified air thanked them once more for their faithful services. 'May God be with you,' he said, and with a last wave of his hand, put spurs to his black charger and rode off. The sun was setting in the western sky and the sorrowing courtiers thought that their master had gone to Como; but he alighted before the gates of Santa Maria delle Grazie and entered the church where Beatrice was buried. There he knelt long in prayer, and when at last he rose to go, three times he turned round while the tears streamed down his pale face, to look back at the resting-place of what had been dearest to him in the world.

After he had left Milan, a report came back that he had been captured; but it was not true. He had reached Innsbruck and the hospitality of his niece, the Empress. You recall what was your indignation when you heard that the governor left in command of the Castello had surrendered it to the French for a large sum of money and how the treasures of the Sforza were divided up among the invaders and scattered to the four winds.

When word of this reached Lodovico, lying ill of asthma

MADONNA AND SAINTS AND, KNEELING, THE DONORS
LODOVICO SFORZA AND BEATRICE D' ESTE
WITH THEIR TWO SONS
By Bernardino di Conti

in the castle at Innsbruck, he remained silent for some minutes and then he said, 'Since the day of Judas there has never been so black a traitor.' And all the rest of that day he never spoke again. When the new French King made his triumphal entry into Milan, there were all about him men who only a few days before had been fighting under Lodovico's banner and eating at his table.

When Louis XII returned to France, he left as his viceroy one whose rule was so tyrannous and rapacious that the people of Milan soon turned against him and were glad to welcome back Lodovico, with the Swiss and German mercenaries he had collected. But it was a short triumph; and soon Lodovico was conquered and captured and carried away into that pathetic captivity in France where he languished and died in the dungeon at Loches. He was forty-nine when his career was over and he entered upon a living death which lasted for eight years; and with his downfall Milan lost her independence forever.

Those restorations of the Sforza in the persons of his and Beatrice's two sons were mere puppet shows wherein greater powers pulled the strings. So far as sovereignty in Milan was concerned, it was shot to pieces by the assaults first of France and then of Germany, as effectively as the Gascon archers shot to fragments Leonardo's great clay model which was to have brought Francesco Sforza down through the ages as Gattamelata and Colleoni have come. Lodovico had been for seventeen years in his grave, whose location no one knows, when the successor of Louis XII was taken prisoner after the defeat of his forces at Pavia, and Milan passed into the empire of Maximilian's grandson, Charles V.

If you, reader, have been visiting the Castello in the presence of that old man who was Lodovico's senior by only a year, you have been seeing it through eyes which

may be full of tears for the passing of Milan's glory, but which, of course, cannot have any pre-vision of how long that eclipse will be. Through all these four hundred years since Pavia, multitudes of people have lived at Milan and many of them have prospered, and much human history has been enacted there. But of great events there have been almost none at all with the exception of those associated with Bonaparte, to which it may be that generations succeeding ours will add those events associated with the rise of Mussolini, whose home is here.

So that it does not seem too much to say that for your probably brief stay at Milan you will have no great need to recall much more than a scant century of her past, nearly all of which you may review at the Castello.

And here I am going to leave you, not with any idea that I have helped to remind you of all that you will wish to recall in Italy, but with the hope that this little volume has served you at times according to your desire. From Milan you may proceed to the Italian Lakes, or to Genoa and along the Riviera. There is much that might be said about both journeys; but that must be for another book at another time.

THE END

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